134

Oct. 11, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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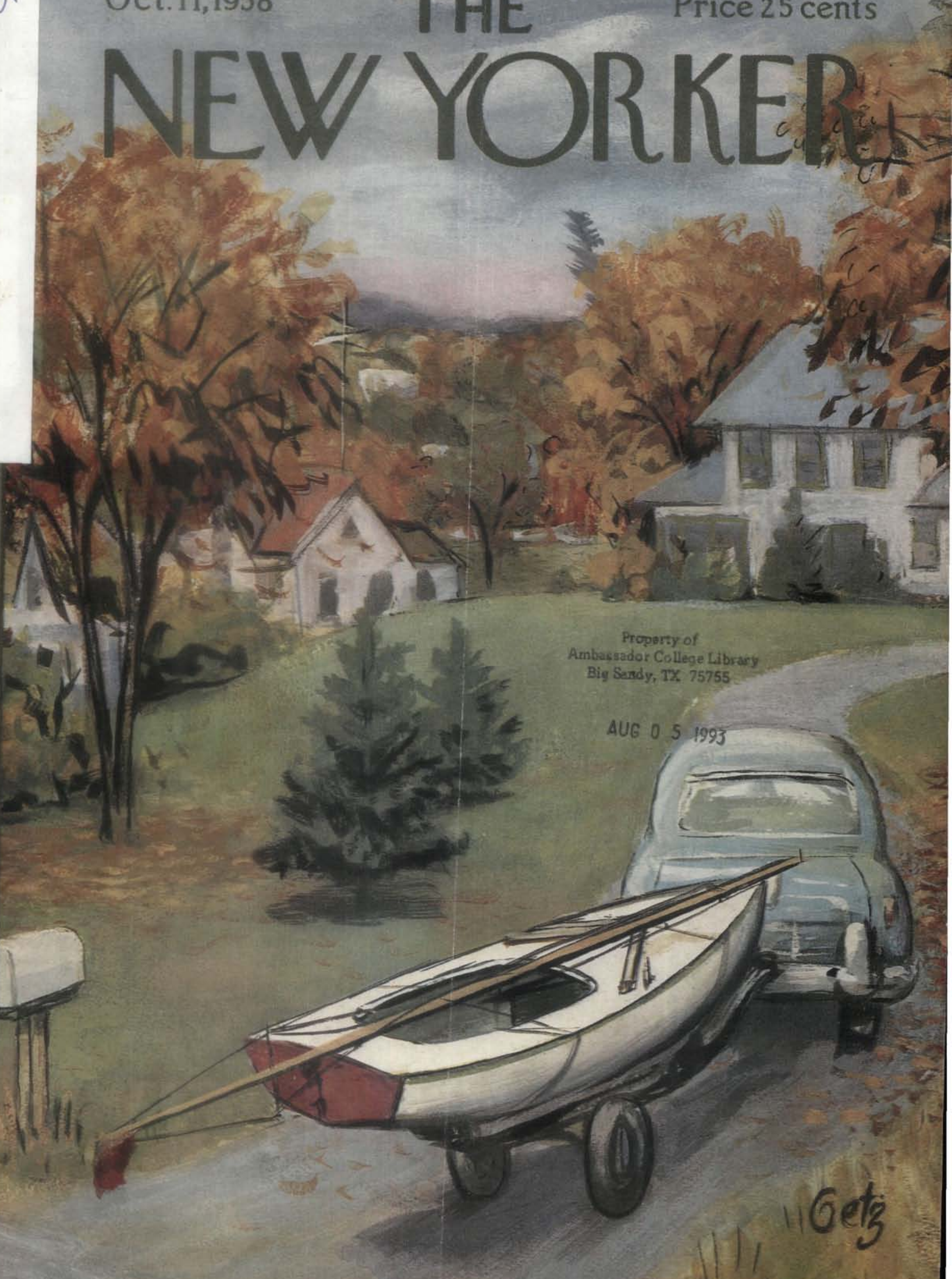

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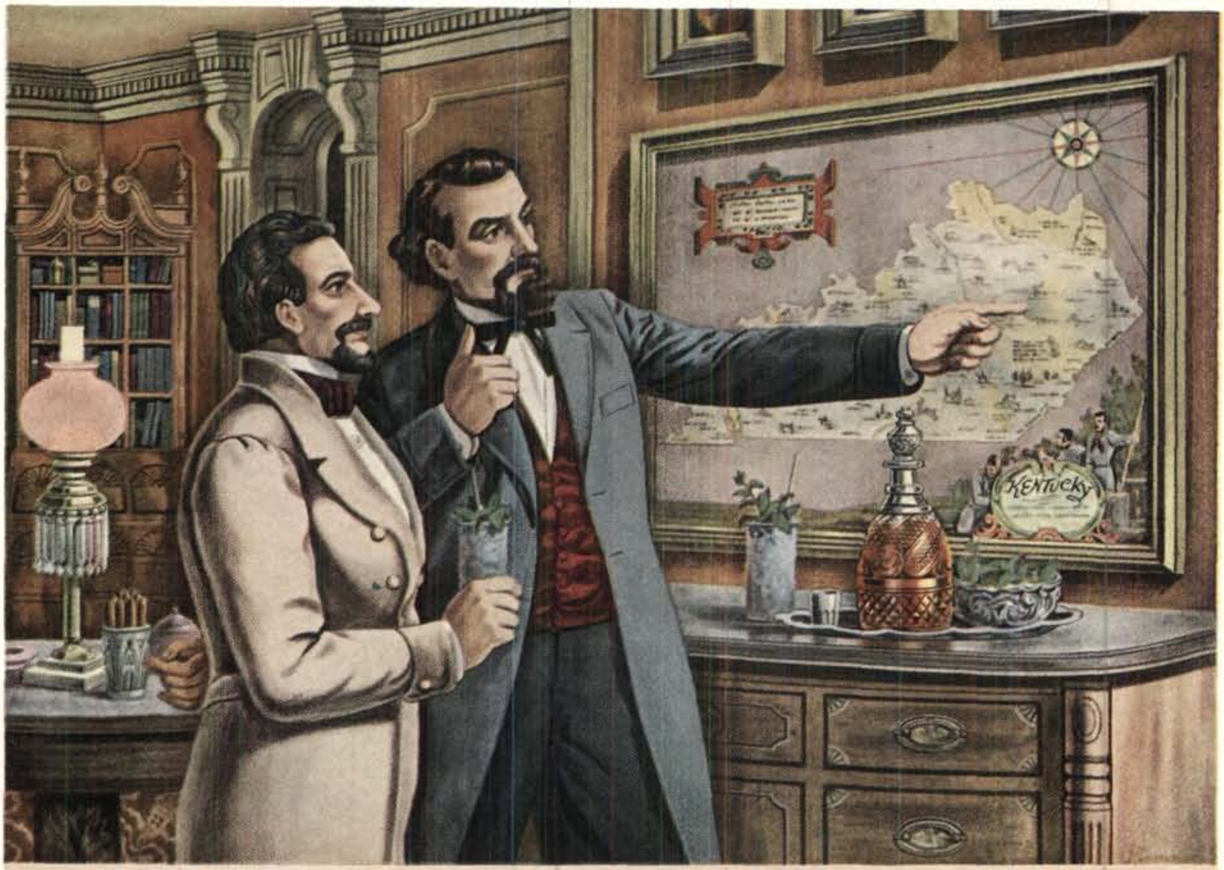

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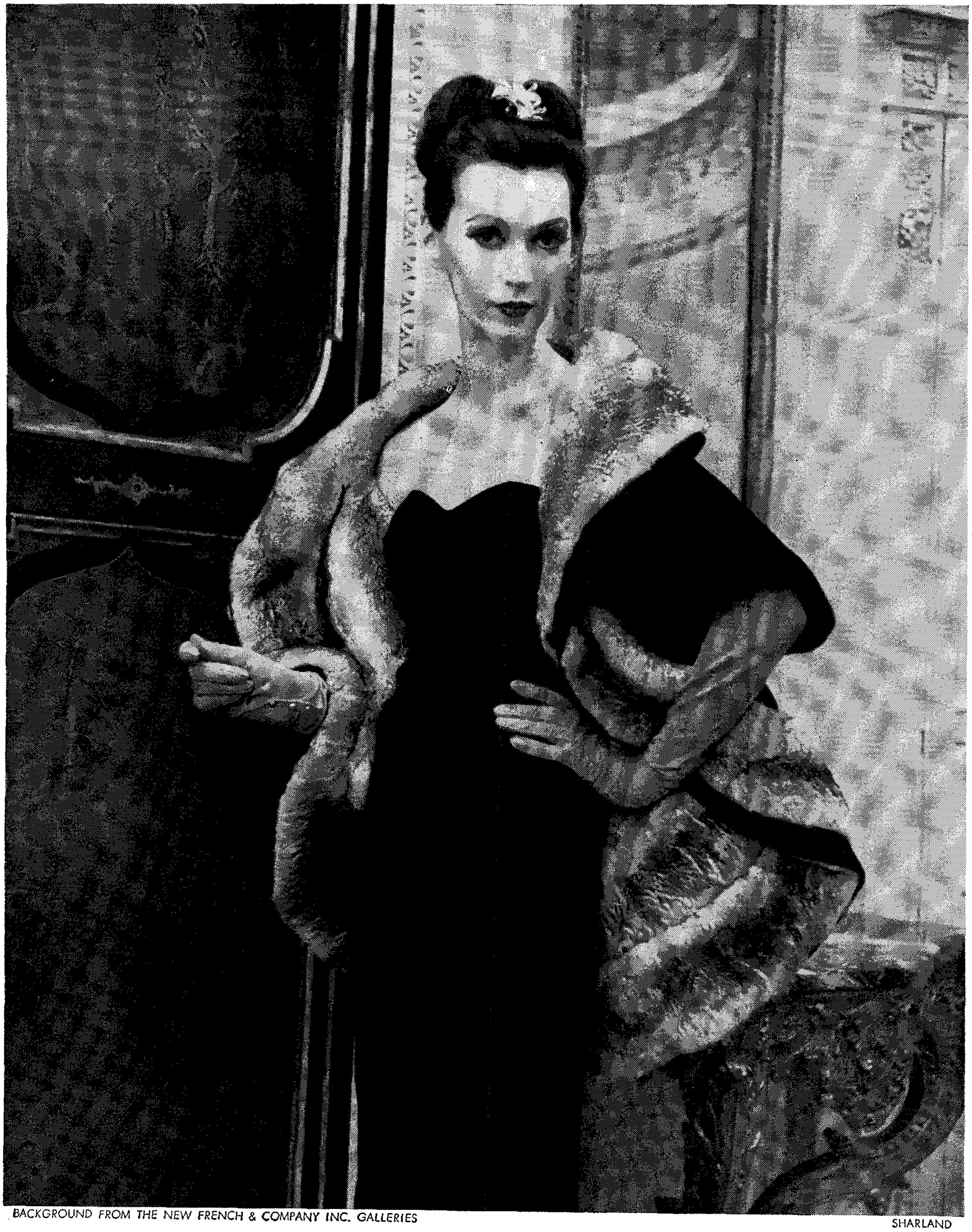

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Say, Darling—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Ralph Bellamy portrays Franklin Delano Roosevelt with tremendous competence in Dore Schary's play about the period in the late President's life when he was stricken with polio and gradually learned to master it. Mr. Bellamy is splendidly supported by Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, Henry Jones, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Touch of the Poet—A strong, slow dose of posthumous Eugene O'Neill. With Helen Hayes, Eric Portman, Kim Stanley, and Betty Field. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two for the Seesaw—William Gibson's accurately reported piece about a couple of lonely people in New York is impressive whether or not you can accept the likelihood of such a romance. Dana Andrews and Anne Bancroft serve as the whole cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

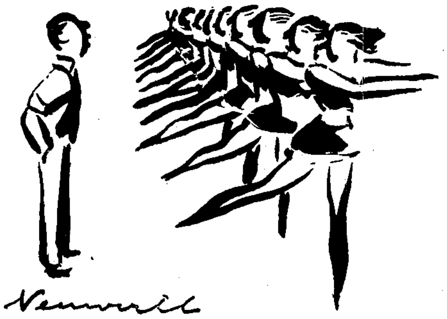
The Visit—About a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady, and the whole thing is chillingly powerful theatre. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**the dark at the top of the stairs:** William Inge's play about an Oklahoma family in the nineteen-twenties. Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart head the cast. Mr. Hingle will be replaced on Monday, Oct. 13, by George L. Smith. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **look homeward, angel:** The sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel, stripped down to its essentials by Ketti Frings. Currently with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Drink to Me Only—A comedy by Abram S. Ginnes and Ira Wallach, with Tom Poston, Paul Hartman, and Georgann Johnson. Directed by George Abbott, and produced by George Ross, in association with John Robert Lloyd. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** Judy Holliday in a comedy about a telephone-service answerer who takes her work seriously. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **jamaica:** Lena Horne in a West Indian idyll with Harold Arlen songs. The cast also includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **the music man:** Robert Preston, who stars in it, and Meredith Willson, who wrote the book, music, and lyrics, are those chiefly responsible for this musical, which has to do with an Iowa con man and his girl. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are also in the cast. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **my fair lady:** Edward Mulhare and Sally Ann Howes are at present the principals in this musical version of something or other by Shaw. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **west side story:** "Romeo and Juliet," moved uptown and set to music. Carol Lawrence, Larry Kert, and Muriel Bentley lead the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Goldilocks—A musical with a book by Jean and Walter Kerr, music by Leroy Anderson, and lyrics by Joan Ford and the Kerrs. The cast includes Don Ameche, Elaine Stritch, Russell Nype, and Pat Stanley. Staged by Mr. Kerr and presented by the Producers Theatre. Opens Saturday, Oct. 11. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The World of Suzie Wong—A play by Paul Osborn, based on the novel by Richard Mason, with France Nuyen, William Shatner, and Ron Randell. Directed by Joshua Logan and produced by David Merrick, Seven Arts Productions, and Mansfield Productions. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 14. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week, and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

Théâtre National Populaire—Appearing for the first time in the United States, in a three-week repertory of five plays. Presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the French government. The schedule for the first week: De Musset's "Lorenzaccio," with Gérard Philipe, Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Marivaux's "Le Triomphe de l'Amour," with Maria Casarès and Jean Vilar, Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8; Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

The Girls in 509—Peggy Wood and Imogene Coca in a comedy by Howard Teichmann. The producer is Alfred de Liagre, Jr., the director Bretaigne Windust. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Oct. 10: "Lucia di Lammermoor." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

The Bald Soprano and **Jack**—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Blood Wedding—Federico Garcia Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Boy Friend—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 7:30.)

Children of Darkness—Colleen Dewhurst and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Crucible—A revival of Arthur Miller's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play. Michael Higgins and Ford Rainey head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

The Family Reunion—Lillian Gish, Florence Reed, and Fritz Weaver in T.S. Eliot's play. Stuart Vaughan is the director. Previews Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 16-19, at 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 20. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525.)

The Golden Six—Viveca Lindfors in Maxwell Anderson's new play, directed by Warner LeRoy. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 9-10, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 11, at 6:30 and 9:30. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 13. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Special matinée Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 2:40.)

Héloïse—A powerful and intelligent reconstruction of the medieval love story of Abélard and Héloïse. Eugene Miles and Mitzi Hoag figure as the unfortunate lovers in a workmanlike but not altogether inspired production. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 7.)

Lulu—A revival of Frank Wedekind's play, in which Eva Gabor plays a *femme fatale* who attracts and destroys whole crowds of admirers. Miss Gabor is extremely pretty (but in the manner of a kitten, not a tigress), and Wedekind's drama, to contemporary taste, seems more ludicrous than tragic. (Fourth Street Theatre, 83 E. 4th St. OR 4-5710. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

The Playboy of the Western World—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara and Helena Carroll. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Threepenny Opera—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Ulysses in Nighttown—As Leopold Bloom, Zero Mostel singlehandedly rescues this dramatization of a segment of James Joyce's novel, chiefly by annihilating the author's conception of the character and substituting his own flamboyant personality. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-6244. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A.—"N. Y. Export, op. Jazz," "The Concert," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "3 x 3." (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly at 8:40. Matinée Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Oct. 11.)

Ballet Español Roberto Iglesias—Presented by S. Hurok for a one-week engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Oct. 12.)

Percival Borde—With his company of dancers, singers, and musicians, plus Pearl Primus as assisting artist. (Jan Hus Auditorium, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 19. For tickets, call AL 5-8067.)

Geoffrey Holder—With his dance company, including Carmen de Lavallade. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Rodeo—Roy Rogers, Trigger, Trigger, Jr., and their Wild West friends will wind up the festivities here on Monday, Oct. 13. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 7:30; Friday and Saturday at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday and Monday at 2 and 6.)

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Mabel Mercer—Romantic and satiric songs. The second program in a series called "Monday Nights at Nine." (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Monday, Oct. 13, at, unsurprisingly, 9.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—It looks like a perpetual Academy Award night, which may or may not be the end of a perfect day. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never say die. Dancing.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Victor Herbert gets a fond farewell from the hearty voices of Ray Middleton and Jimmy Carroll every night at nine-thirty, and also at twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Music for dancing comes from an orchestra led by Joseph Ricardel and from Alan Logan's band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a daily hoofers' haven. The wherewithal is the product of a small group of musicans, usually Stanley Worth's.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The presiding officer in the Persian Room is again Ted Straeter, leader of just about the best dance band in town. Mark Monte and his quintet play jaunty dance music, too. At dinner and supper there are visitations by Lisa Kirk, a fine, upstanding girl who now has four young men in her life. She and they toss a junior revue to the winds without apparent effort. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, which is town-and-country in both scenery and populace, presents dance tunes by the bands of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen, starting at eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's light cavalry plays from four until seven every day in the Palm Court and then in the Edwardian Room during dinner. No dancing in either pasture.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye and his orchestra, who are in a music-for-the-masses state of mind, look after people who like to dance in the mighty Grill. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the Maisonette, there are songs of sixpence by the fashionable Constance Moore, a bloom from Hollywood, and a rare one, since she's as much at home onstage as she is on screen. The tiny dance bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari keep up an animated conversation the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Now that Emile Petti, his piano, and his band are at work in the Café Lounge, it's possible that New Yorkers who remember when will start looking for their dancing pumps. The music is on at the cocktail, the dinner, and the supper hour every day of the week.

Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, a truly plush quadrangle, has Chauncey Gray's orchestra alternating with Quintero's band for dancing after nine, and there is dinner music earlier. Closed Sundays.

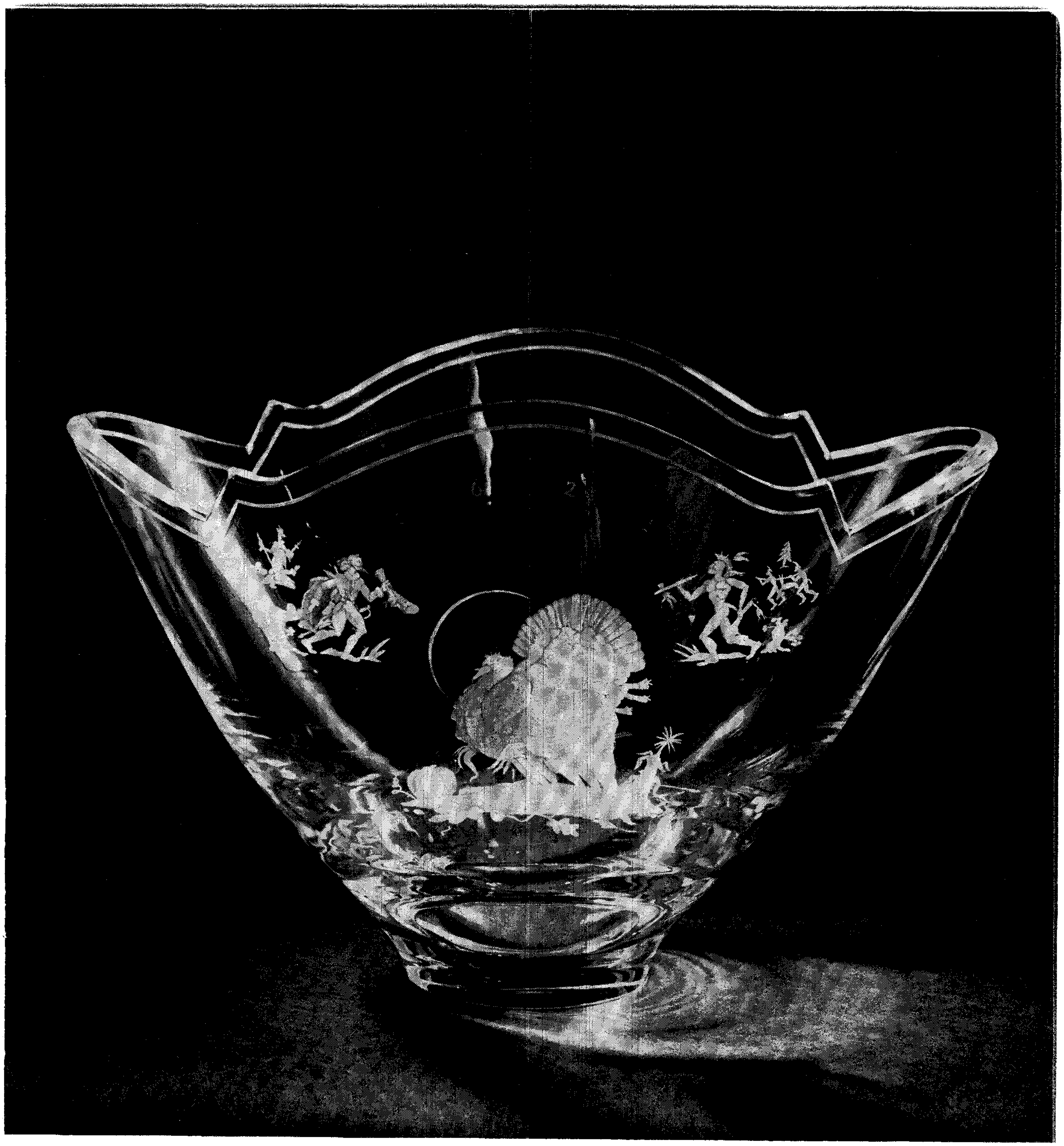
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, Marguerite Piazza, a Metropolitan alumna, is cutting a few capers that she never learned from Mr. Bing. She's a bit stately for her new calling, but handsome is as handsome does. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Béla Babai's band do the dance music full blast. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the banks of Peacock Alley, as it winds its sinuous way around the block, sits the trio of Jozsi Ribari, which throws off dance music from eight-thirty until one every night but Sunday, when, from eight to twelve, the Babai band does the job.

Note—The Rainbow Room is living proof that there's always room at the top, for it outranks Texas in size, to say nothing of its ability to offer the wayfarer something better than 3.2 beer. It operates from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday, and Joseph Sudy's trio plays drinking songs most of the time. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High fashion in state of mind, décor, and decorum. Addison Bailey, a storehouse of songs that matter, presides over the scenery and the piano from cocktails through supper; Joel Forbes is the Sunday operator. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Some really good type-casting for metropolitan life after dark. At the back end of the awning-striped dining room, after eight, a piano offers up the nighttime blend of sociability and nostalgia that's essential to the prevailing mood. Ralph Strain will be calling the tunes through Sunday, Oct. 12: Rack Godwin will take on the job as of Tuesday, Oct. 14. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): College and beach-club reunions practically *in perpetuum.* They necessitate a great deal of piano, both solo flights and teamwork, by the innkeeper (Goldie Hawkins) and Bob Printz, and occasional sorties, vocal or instrumental, by the reunionists. The first chord is struck at five. Closed Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, whose lyrics deal, tersely or lightly, with the slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid, reigns supreme and serene in her pet cubbyhole, at which she arrives along about midnight. Sam Hamilton, who puts music to her words, is also a piano soloist who adds nice touches to well-remembered songs. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini, whose guitar is placid at nine, waxes passionate in true Mediterranean fashion before he finishes up at one in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Dinner and supper to the theme of "Volare, Cantare," which issues from a posse of violinists led by Theo Fanidi. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, playing old black magic on the dark keys and old white magic on the others, has the run of the Steinway from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain, you come to think, is a never-never land of all play and no work, with emphasis on song, dance, and the pursuit of happiness. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): What may have been the town house of Joan of Arc, the Knights Templars, or William Randolph Hearst, and largely in its pristine state of décor. The menu is twentieth-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

century, though, and the music of Norbert Faconi, an amazingly agile walking, talking violinist, is from the Vienna woods. He is on from eight-thirty through supper every night but Sunday. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): The Iberian Peninsula in *miniature*, and some of its indigenous arts—cuisine, piano, and guitar—in full size. The music begins at seven-thirty and lasts into the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): At ten in this tongue-in-cheek little art gallery, the Signatures, a vocal and instrumental quintet new to these parts, start larricking. On Monday, Oct. 13, a new cast—Aaron Bell's trio, which rings not a few changes on modern music. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): An evening-long *seminar on* how to play the zimbalon, an instrument that is now one with the whooping crane. Even the headwaiter sings in the course of a long but cheering musicale. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A wonderful part of town to live, as well as eat, drink, and be merry, in. At frequent intervals, from eight-thirty to one-thirty or two, there's piano by George Feyer, whose music is in the Tinker Toy vein. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the faintly bleak bar of the Hotel Earle, after nine every night but Monday, Laurie Brewis, a chipper pianist, is reviving the melodies you thought everyone but you had forgotten. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Piano, small talk, and an extremely relaxed version of the way things are in the Village bars. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Restaurant life of an impressive order. Jules Kuti, who has a piano on his hands from five to eleven every evening but Sunday, is giving it more lively touches than he used to. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a fairly splendid split-level ranch house, has Al Mello scampering most effectively up and down the piano from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, except Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): A ten-pound musical candy box. The music is violins in a state of swoon, the candy is the vocal duet of Caroline and Belen, who are Paris in essence. Closed Sundays. . . . **STANHOPE GATE**, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): After a hard day at the Metropolitan Museum, you might try a stirrup cup in the decorator's-delight bar of the Stanhope Hotel, between nine and twelve-thirty, when the guitar of Fernando Sirvent, who takes his work (mostly Spanish) seriously, is audible. No music Mondays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Something for everyone, whether balletomane, fun lover, circus buff, or mere worshipper at the temple of Venus. The principal boy of the mainly girl show is Dick Shawn, a talkative chap who is not without his moments. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Joe E. Lewis, who has seen all and done all in the course of a jam-packed life, is offering his salty remembrances of his own *temps perdu* in the midst of largely unnecessary surroundings. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

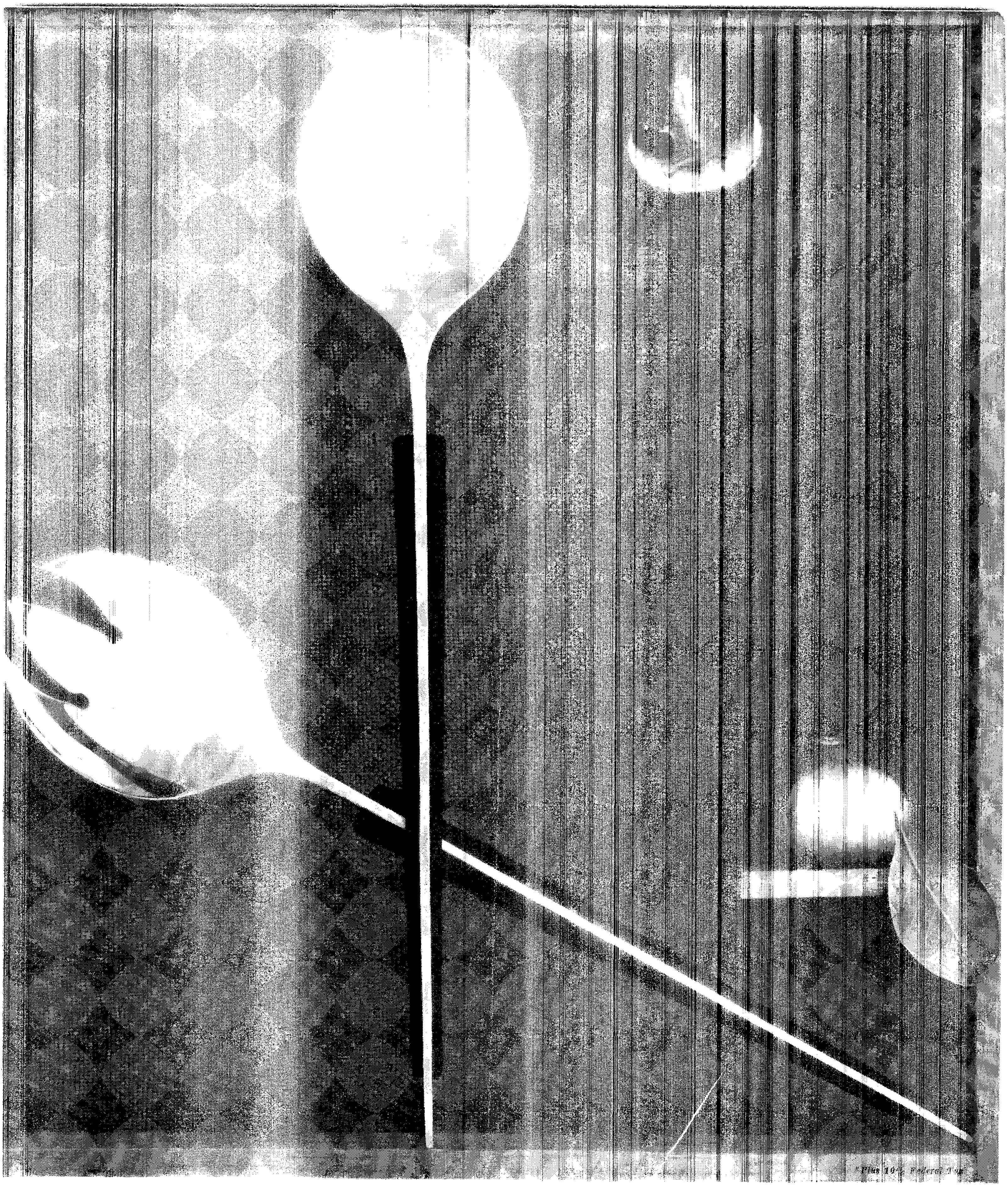
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): As bright an evening as can be found—namely, a merry rearrangement (on the American plan) of *la comédie humaine* by Mike Nichols and Elaine May, who are never at a loss for words; the plangent tarradiddles of Martha Davis and Spouse, who love each other, their audience, and life; and the ballads of Dorothy Loudon, who is two parts wryness and one part soda. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard provide the background. Fridays and Saturdays, the romp begins as early as nine-forty-five. . . . ¶ Except on Sundays, Alex Fogarty is conducting his cocktail and dinner piano sessions in the lounge, where, every night except Saturday and Monday, from 2 to 4 A.M., there's also a catch-as-catch-can session by the Lyons group. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): The most recent, and by far the most sumptuous, of the series of cloisters put together by Julius Monk, a Regency *régisseur* if there ever was one. At nine-thirty and twelve, his most recent, and his largest, masque, which involves the airy services of Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, Gerry Matthews, Jean Arnold, Jane Connell, and George Hall, is making its first flights. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (CI 5-9465): A slightly earlier Monk pavilion, upholstered in a manner that could give pointers to a good many interior decorators. Every so often, from nine-thirty on, Alice Ghostley rises and shines with a brilliance unusual even for her as she picks her way through songs sharper by far than any serpent's tooth. The exemplary pianos of Don Evans and Carl Norman embellish not only her sallies but all the rest of the evening. Miss Ghostley may depart this giddy life on Wednesday, Oct. 15. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): A chaste and decorative Florentine school of cookery that is turning itself into a supper club. Calm, clear piano by Dick Hankinson from dinnertime on; after the theatre, there is sporting life by Isobel Robins, a golden-haired angel with some fetching ways and arias. Thursdays she's supplemented by the triple-sec humors of Orson Bean, and Fridays Milt Kamen adds his remarkably indirect discourse. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The small bar is a rostrum for Phil Leeds, to whom all sorts of funny things happen on his nightly way to work, and for Gigi Durston, a singer we haven't heard in quite a few years. She is off Sundays, when old movies take her place; he is away Mondays, which are amateur talent nights. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those veteran Villagers, are at the twin pianos whenever there's a pause for breath. . . . **LE CUPIDON**, 40 E. 58th St. (PL 5-4842): Corinne Calvet, now in person and not in the movies, is almost persuasive enough to convince listeners that they are in metropolitan France, but some of her lyrics were hammered out by a village blacksmith under the spreading horse-chestnut trees of Paris, Kentucky. *Dancing. Closed Mondays.* . . . **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): So thin is this upstairs playhouse that nearly every seat is on the aisle. "Nightcap," the minute revue on tap, has a cast of four diligent young people and a series of editorials (mostly set to music) on the world's more prominent foibles. Not all the words are incised in marble, but no matter. Bobo Lewis, girl scatback, gets into the game as of Tuesday, Oct. 14. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): It could be a hideaway in Port Said or merely a figment of almost anyone's imagination. The piano is run by Baldwin Bergersen, a composer and musician of considerable merit. The guiding spirit is Janice Mars, who sings her songs with a simplicity, a directness, and an honesty that one can hope represents the beginning of a new trend. Dead silence Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM**, 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, one of the most compulsive young Lochinvars ever to come from out of the West, is chanting his paeans to dawn's early light and playing his cloudburst piano in a stage set that is mad about red plush. Russ Haddock's trio, a topnotch kettle of fish, assists Mr. Short and also performs on its own. Mr. Short takes Mondays off; the Haddocks have Tuesdays to themselves. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): The original Village green is again *being enlivened by Jimmie Daniels, who* thought the place up, and his troupers—Mae Barnes, a voice that can be heard round the world; Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, who make music for madmen; and Phyllis Diller, who could quite reasonably change her name to Dither. Miss Diller folds her tent on Sunday, Oct. 12. The shop is shut tight the next evening; on Tuesday, Oct. 14, Kaye Ballard, who'd be denounced as a witch if she opened in Salem, will start talking.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Rex Stewart, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroe-



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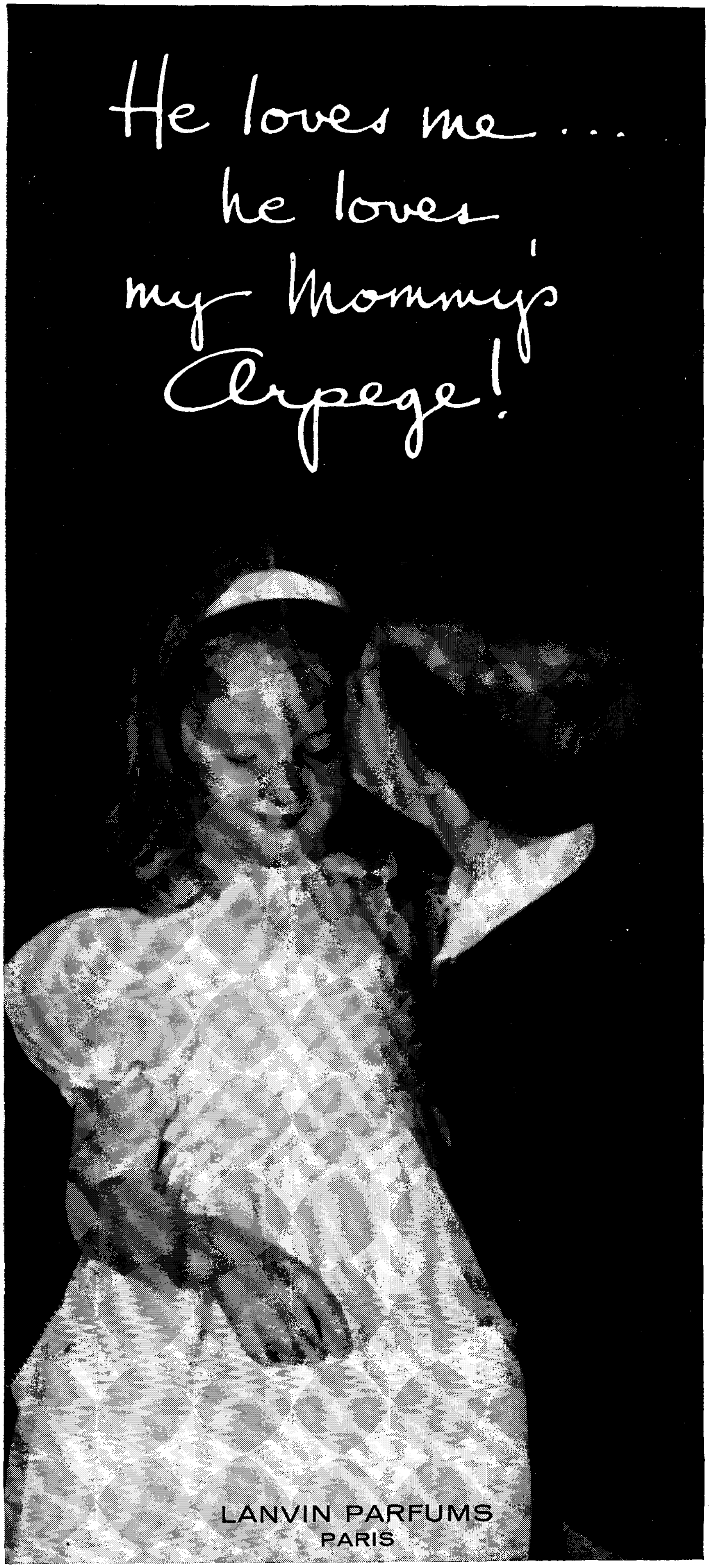
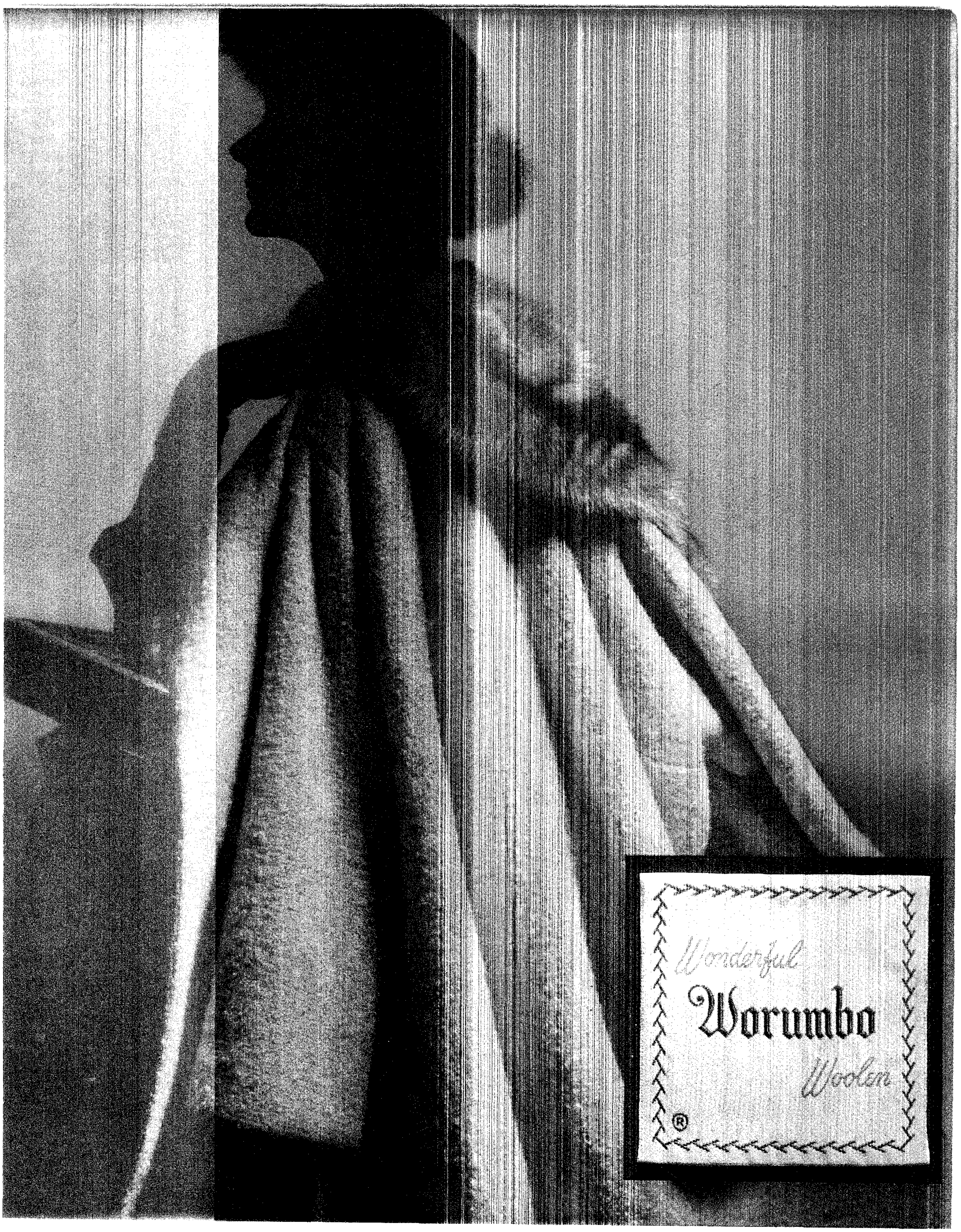


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

der, Herb Hall, George Wettling, and Leonard Gaskin are all men whose pleasing job is the production of the unbleached, yard-wide music of yesteryear. Mr. Condon, the proprietor, often joins in with his one-man school of raconteur-style guitar. Bob Hammer is the interlude professor at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carmen McRae, a bundle of only partially pent-up energy, is whipping out her *haute-couture* jazz ditties with profound effect; Irwin Corey, whose relationship to jazz or any other subject has never been quite clear, nevertheless has many an unwise and witty word to say about them. Sundays there are matinées, four to seven-thirty, in addition to the nighttime sessions. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Undaunted by the pine panelling of this satire on Camelot, Tyree Glenn's admirable quartet goes blampety-blamp through a rugged assortment of setting-up exercises, and André Previn's trio indulges its rather sweet tooth. At dinner, Ving Merlin's instrumental trio treads softly among the beefsteaks. Sunday, Oct. 12, Eli's Chosen Six and Hobart's Finger Lakes Five, whose names are an accurate commentary on their music, will have the place to themselves. Final fact: On Monday, Oct. 13, Joe Bushkin's quartet replaces the Previns. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): The way Bourbon Street looked, back in 1900, to Wilbur de Paris, Sidney de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, Wilber Kirk, and other ancestor worshippers. Don Frye is the intermission pianist, and visiting brass shoots the evening breeze every Monday. Closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A hotbed for the forced growth of variations on the modern theme. The spellbinding is being done by Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, which now and then just lies down and screams, and the quintet of Tony Scott, an Angry Young Clarinet. On Thursday, Oct. 16, Johnny Richards' gang will replace the Fergusons. Mondays are made loud by guest practitioners. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Don Shirley, who heads the trio at work within the oval bar, sometimes paints his piano every color of the rainbow, but underneath it all he is a masterly technician. Nine-thirty is starting time. No music Mondays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band looks remarkably natural on the local bandstand, its home for many a winter. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **VERSAILLES**, 418 Sixth Ave., at 9th St. (AL 4-8346): The sounding board, and a perfect one, for the trio of Charlie Mingus, whose long search for something new in the new music has now been rewarded. His last night is Sunday, Oct. 12; Joe Saye's threesome arrives on Tuesday, Oct. 14. Closed Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Some venerable musicians, worthily engaged in ringing the local welkin. They are Claude Hopkins, Tony Parenti, Herb Fleming, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Buster Bailey, and Cozy Cole. Reveille is at 3 P.M. Mondays through Fridays, at 1:30 P.M. Saturdays. Saturday afternoons, and Monday and Tuesday nights, another deal—groups headed by Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Early American history in the making, and profusely illustrated. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, the historians should include Buck Clayton, Willie the Lion Smith, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, Panama Francis, and Lawrence Brown. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A trifle hard of hearing, mostly because some convention or other is always erupting underfoot. For those who listen as they run, Dorothy Donegan hammers home the points she has to make on a thoroughly cowed piano. Her trio, which alternates with Charlie Beal's trio, gets to work at about half past nine. The Beal group leaves on Saturday, Oct. 11. Other faces, other paces on Sundays. There is also cocktail and dinner piano every day. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289



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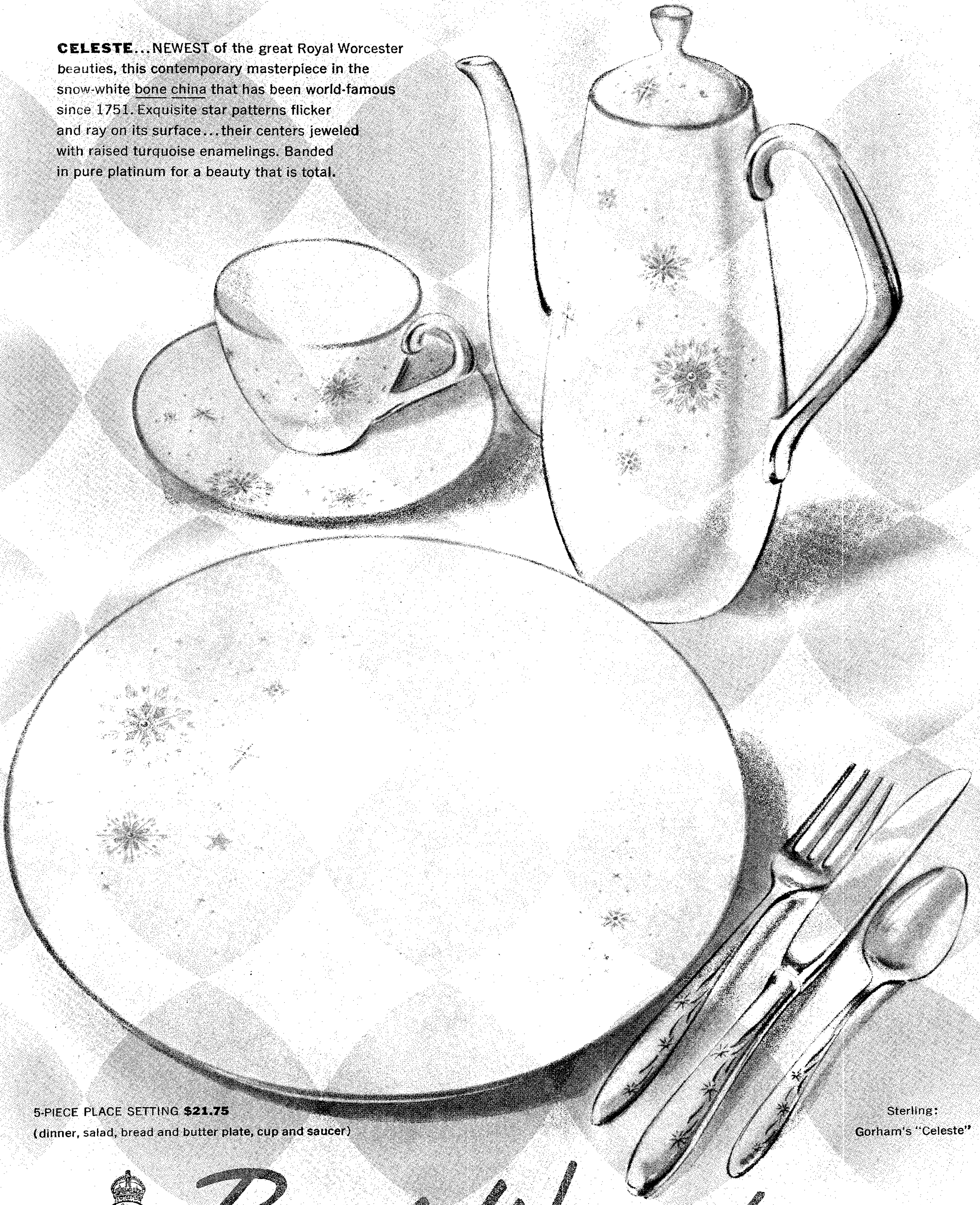

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lennie Tristano, who's on an exchange scholarship from his own far-out planet, runs through his close-coupled, slightly brooding piano études after nine-thirty from Wednesday through Sunday. Eddie Costa's trio, which is given to hardpan progression, is here on Mondays and Tuesdays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Blue jeans are the New Look of the fashion show in this unquestionably Village emporium. The soothsayers on the stand (all of them thoroughly believable) are Thelonious Monk, perhaps the foremost Surrealist poet of the piano, and his parishioners. Mondays, when they take the evening off, Mal Waldron's band fills in. . . . **GOTHIC ROOM**, Hotel Duane, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): After ten, a youth movement known as the Commuters makes dance music of a progressive flavor beside a tiny exercise area. Helen Streiff, a merry little cricket who's there Fridays and Saturdays, is in charge of the lyrics department. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

SAUL BAIZERMAN—A memorial exhibition of sculptures in bronze and hammered copper; through Oct. 25. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

HY COHEN—City street scenes and interiors, a little melancholy in mood; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

NICOLAS DE STAËL—Landscapes and still-lifes; through Nov. 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE—Water colors, dated 1929-46, in an exhibition that coincides with the Dove show at the Whitney Museum; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

RONNIE ELLIOTT—Gently sentimental abstractions, in the Tachiste manner; through Oct. 25. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL—Abstract oils; through Oct. 25. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

FREDERICK FRANCK—Drawings of Albert Schweitzer's hospital, in Lambaréné, and other African subjects; through Friday, Oct. 10. (Associated American Artists, 712 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.) . . . ¶ Recent paintings, as well as another group of drawings from Africa; through Oct. 31. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St. Mondays, 1 to 5:30; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

EDWARD GIOBBI—Dreamily wistful, mutedly Expressionist oils; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Heller, 63 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

RICHARD HUNT—Welded sculptures by a promising young Chicago artist. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

PEPPINO MANGRAVITE—A retrospective of oils and gouaches; through Oct. 22. (Casa Italiana, Columbia University, Amsterdam Ave. at 117th St.)

GABOR PETERDI—Abstractions; through Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.)

PICASSO—Five large oils; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

HOWARD WARSHAW—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

HENRY WARD RANGER CENTENNIAL—A loan exhibition of about a hundred and fifty oils and water colors, selected from purchases made with Ranger funds since 1919 by the Council of the National Academy. The painters include George Luks, Andrew Wyeth, Childe Hassam, and Xavier Gonzales. Through Sunday, Oct. 12. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 6.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Such nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists as Thomas Eakins, Marsden Hartley, and Sol Wilson; *through* Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . DE NAGY, 24 E. 67th St.: Larry Rivers, Robert Goodnough, Helen Frankenthaler, and other painters; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . EMMERICH, 17 E. 64th St.: Oils by, among others, Adolph Gottlieb, Theodoros Stamos, and Adja Yunkers; through Nov. 1. . . . MARCH, 95 E. 10th St.: Paintings by Robert Hauge and Beate Wheeler and sculptures by Steve Montgomery; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The October offering consists of paintings selected by Will Barnet, Paul Burlin, and Ernest Fiene; through Oct. 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . NORDNESS, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Two works apiece by ten painters and sculptors, among them Edward Millman, Walter Meigs, and Julian Levi; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Noel Davis, Ben Benn, Paul Riba, and others; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . WASHINGTON IRVING GALLERY, Irving Pl. at 17th St.: Ruth Vodicka, Jonah Kinigstein, and George Papashvily are among those displaying paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Oils, water colors, and drawings by Picasso, Raoul Dufy, Darrel Austin, and other French and American artists; through Saturday, Oct. 11. . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Three painters (Alexander M. Bing, William Halsey, and Nicholas Marsicano) and three sculptors (Joseph Konzal, Jorge de Oteiza, and Raymond Rocklin); through Oct. 25. . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Afro, Alan Davie, and Mirko; through Oct. 25.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by artists from Sisley and Rodin to Picasso and Lipchitz; through Nov. 1. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: A loan exhibition of distinguished paintings purchased through the gallery, in a tenth anniversary showing; through Nov. 1. . . . KLEEMANN, 11 E. 68th St.: Fritz Winter, Emil Nolde, Ernst Barlach, and others have works on view in a mixed-mediums exhibit; through Saturday, Oct. 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 5.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Klee, Giacometti, Kandinsky, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . WILDENSTEIN, 19 E. 64th St.: Ten refrigerators decorated by well-known French artists, including Léonor Fini, Georges Mathieu, and Bernard Buffet; through Saturday, Oct. 18.

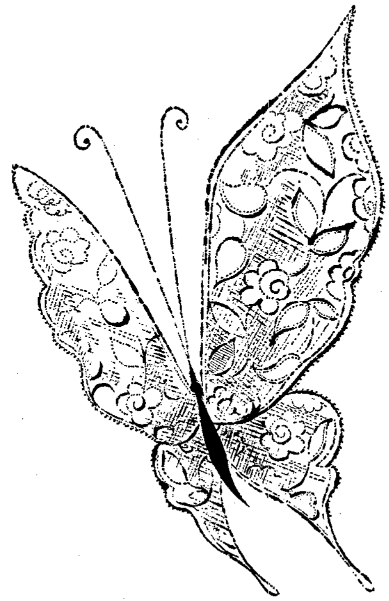
Chinese; Group Show—Paintings by five winners of John Hay Whitney Fellowship awards, including Seong Moy and James Leong; through Nov. 1. (Mi Chou, 36 W. 56th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Japanese; Group Show—Paintings, determinedly Western in style, by eighteen members of the Gutai Group, of Osaka; through Oct. 25. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the BABCOCK, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Gladys Rockmore Davis; starting Monday, Oct. 13. . . . DE NAGY, 24 E. 67th St.: Kenneth Noland; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . GALERÍA SUDAMERICANA, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St.: Leonardo Nierman; starting Monday, Oct. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . NORDNESS, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: Louis Guglielmi; starting Tuesday, Oct. 14. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Camille Bombois and Louis Vivin; starting Monday, Oct. 13. . . . PETITE GALERIE, 718 Madison Ave., at 64th St.: John Groth; starting Monday, Oct. 13. . . . WASHINGTON IRVING GALLERY, Irving Pl. at 17th St.: Group Show; starting Monday, Oct. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Paintings dating from Colonial times to the present, from the Museum's collection, by



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such Americans as Gilbert Stuart, George Inness, Georgia O'Keeffe, and John Marin; starting Thursday, Oct. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A loan show of sculptures, reliefs, and collages by Jean Arp; through Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Eleven paintings and sculptures (by, for instance, Léger, Marin, and Brancusi) collected by the late Philip L. Goodwin; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A group of European paintings and sculptures (by Seurat, Lipchitz, Mondrian, and others) that have been given or promised to the Museum; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ A photographic display called "Architecture Worth Saving;" through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—African sculptures, including figures, masks, and religious objects in wood, stone, metal, ivory, and clay; through Jan. 4. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, from 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirteenth annual of abstract paintings and sculptures by members and guests of the Spiral Group, including Joseph Meert, Herbert Kallem, and Harold Baumbach; through Oct. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective of oils, collages, pastels, and water colors by Arthur G. Dove; through Nov. 16. A good complement to the exhibition is the Dove show at the Downtown Gallery, 32 E. 51st St. . . . ¶ An exhibition of paintings and sculptures acquired since May 1957; starting Wednesday, Oct. 15. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Thursday evening, Oct. 9: "The Ballad of Baby Doe.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 10: "Turandot.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 11: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 12: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 12: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English). . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 15: "The Silent Woman.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 16: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "The Ballad of Baby Doe.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 9, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 10, at 2:30; Saturday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 12, at 3 (all with Guiomar Novaes, piano); and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 17, at 2:30; Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3 (all with Van Cliburn, piano).

American Symphony of New York—Enrico Leide conducting a free concert, with Joyce Crandall, soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Sculpture Court, Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 2.)

Chicago Symphony Orchestra—Fritz Reiner conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Arnold Gamson directing a performance of Bellini's "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi," in concert form, with Laurel Hurley, soprano; Giulietta Simionato, mezzo-soprano; Richard Cassilly, tenor; David Smith, baritone; and Ezio Flagello, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 8:45.) . . . ¶ A preview (for which all seats have been sold; only standing room is left) will be held at the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (TR 9-5512), on Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Eleanor Steber—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

Twilight Concerts—Saturday, Oct. 11: The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Kroyt Duo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 18: The New York Chamber Soloists, conducted by Margaret Hillis. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Afternoons at 5:30.)

Anita Cerquetti and Eugenio Fernandi—Soprano and tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Fine Arts Quartet—The first two in a series of four programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 13, and Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—The first concert in the series, this one by the Vienna Octet. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. For tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays, 4 to 7.)

Victoria de los Angeles—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:40.)

Vienna Octet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New York Pro Musica—A program of early German baroque music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Operas-in-Brief—"The Barber of Seville," the first in this year's series of abbreviated operas presented by the Amato Opera Theatre. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—George Chuvalo vs. Pat McMurtry, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 17. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—saturday, oct. 11: Brown vs. Dartmouth, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Yale, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Lehigh, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Notre Dame vs. Army, at South Bend, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Cornell, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . saturday, oct. 18: Army vs. Virginia, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Brown, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven, at 2.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 15, at 7:30.)

Horse Show—International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Friday through Wednesday, Oct. 10-15.)

Hunt Racing—Blind Brook Hunt Meeting. (Purchase. Saturday, Oct. 11.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 18.)

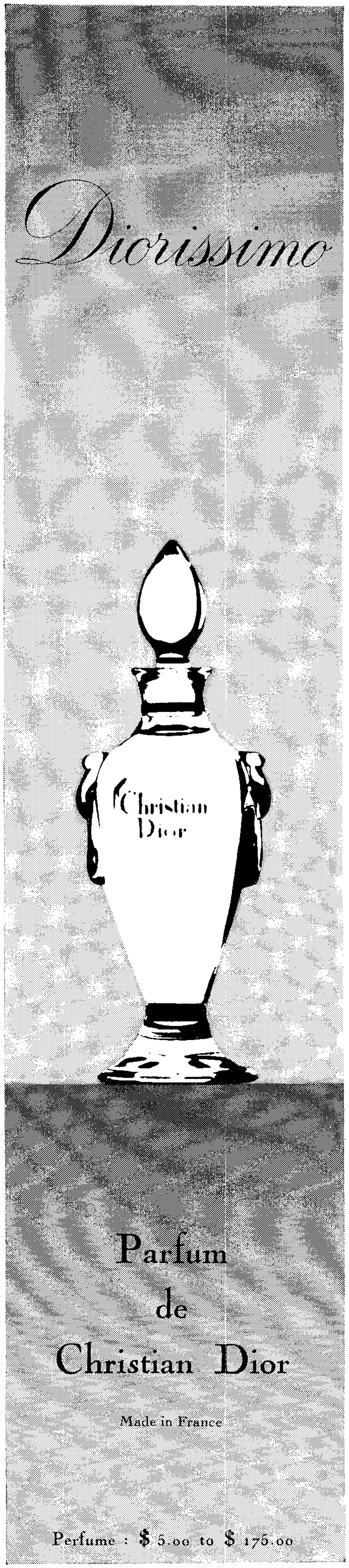
Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At meadow brook club, Jericho. . . . blind brook polo club, Purchase.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. College All-Stars. For the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for Babies. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 7:15.)

Racing—At belmont park: Weekdays at 1:15; through Monday, Oct. 20. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 11; the Ladies Handicap, Monday, Oct. 13; and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . garden state park, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (A train leaves Penn Station at 10:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Trapshooting—The Annual Inaugural Tournament. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 11-12, at 10 A.M.)

Trotting—At yonkers raceway: Weekdays at 8:25; through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Buses to



the track from the Mount Vernon station.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Nightly at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 11.

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERT—Opening children's concert of the season by the Little Orchestra Society, Thomas Scherman conducting, with Mary Judd, soprano; Madelyn Vose, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 11, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

BALLET—"The Littlest Circus," story ballets. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"How to Look at Paintings," an exhibit comprising European and American works, visual demonstrations of materials and techniques of artists, peephole and push-button displays, and so on. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Oct. 13, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Eclipse at Danger Island," has to do with the total solar eclipse of Sunday, Oct. 12, over Danger Island in the South Pacific. (Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 13, at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5.) . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Interviews with United Nations figures and films of General Assembly meetings are shown on WCBS-TV on Saturday mornings from 9 to 9:15, and on Sunday mornings from 11 to 11:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

FRENCH & CO.—The opening exhibit in their new quarters contains art and antiques on loan from more than seventy American museums and private collections, including those of Byron C. Foy, Mrs. Edgar Garbisch, and J. Paul Getty. Also on view are the company's permanent collections of furniture, tapestries, paintings, antiques, and panellings. For the benefit of the Spence-Chapin Adoption Service. Through Oct. 25. (978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—This year's fall edition will include a large selection of Early American furniture and decorative objects, an array of old Christmas balls, an assortment of doorknobs and knockers, and sundry other items. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Saturday, Oct. 13-18, from 1 to 11, and Sunday, Oct. 19, from 2 to 7.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 10-11, at 1:45: Part II of the Lillian S. Ullman collection—Early American furniture and decorations, porcelains and pottery, and paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 14, at 1:45: First editions of English and American authors from the library of Dr. Don Carlos Guffey.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 4 elections are Thursday and Friday, Oct. 9-10, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 11, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

NOTE—Columbus Day is Sunday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 83rd Street, starting at 1.

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NEW YORK

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

The Bridge on the River Kwai—Comedy, tragedy, satire, melodrama—whatever you fancy, you'll find it somewhere along the line in this excellent film, which depicts the ups and downs of British military units in the Far East during the Second World War. Incisively directed by David Lean, the picture offers superlative photography and a faultless cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through Oct. 12. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Case of Dr. Laurent—Jean Gabin and Nicole Courcel in a topnotch French film that describes natural childbirth in terms at once informative and dramatic. Mr. Gabin is cast as a doctor trying to get the idea of painless parturition across to the peasants of a French Alpine village, and Miss Courcel as a young pregnant woman who subscribes to his theories. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

Damn Yankees—A jolly musical having to do with a man who sells his soul to the Devil for a guarantee that the Washington Senators will beat the Yankees to a pennant. Ray Walston and Gwen Verdon, who play the Devil and his undulant assistant, are most diverting, and the show, which benefits from the brisk direction of George Abbott, is accompanied by many spirited tunes. (Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th, CI 7-6000.)

The Defiant Ones—Under Stanley Kramer's direction, Sidney Poitier and Tony Curtis perform admirably in this grim story of a Negro and a white man, full of hatred for each other's race, who escape together from a Southern prison camp and, in the course of fleeing from a posse, learn something about tolerance. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Gigi—Plenty of chromatic views of Paris, a lot of nice songs, and some beguiling performances by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, and Louis Jourdan distinguish this adaptation of Colette's novel about a girl who snares the richest and handsomest buck in Paris after being trained by her family to become a courtesan. Alan Jay Lerner is responsible for the book and lyrics, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Cecil Beaton for the costumes. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

The Matchmaker—Shirley Booth brings all her acting stratagems to bear on this adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers when the world was about a century younger. Cast as a sly Miss Fixit, Miss Booth sees to it that all hands—among them a merchant (Paul Ford), his clerk (Anthony Perkins), and a Manhattan milliner (Shirley MacLaine)—wind up euphorically. Good enough, if nostalgia is your fancy. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Me and the Colonel—Danny Kaye is most ingratiating in this pleasant comedy based on S. N. Behrman's play. It has to do with the lively adventures of a Jewish refugee fleeing the Nazis after the invasion of France in 1940. In company with the refugee is a Polish colonel (Curt Jurgens) who is none too bright, and a French girl (Nicole Maurey) who has eyes for both her escorts. The direction, by Peter Glenville, is altogether satisfactory. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

REVIVALS

Arsenic and Old Lace (1944)—The Brooklyn poison classic. Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 14, tentative.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—An Italian film, made by Vittorio De Sica, about a search for a stolen bicycle. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 12-14, tentative.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man's career. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 12-14, tentative.)

The Great Adventure (1955)—A Swedish film that tells of a ten-year-old boy and the woods and lakes, teeming with wildlife, that he explores. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 15.)

The Inspector General (1949)—Danny Kaye, in a Napoleonic setting, creating endless confusion. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874: through Oct. 14, tentative.)

King Solomon's Mines (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; Oct. 12-14.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 13.)

The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis interpreting the 1935 Pulitzer Prize winner. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 14-15.)

Operation Mad Ball (1957)—Fun in the Army. Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 11.)

Stage Door (1937)—From the Kaufman-Ferber play. Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, and Adolphe Menjou. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 14-15.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Tennessee Williams' story of a shabby New Orleans family. With Vivien Leigh and Marlon Brando. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

To Have and Have Not (1944)—Vichy violence and intrigue in the West Indies. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Oct. 12-14.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series of films directed by Paul Rotha—Through Oct. 11: "Contact" (1933), "Shipyard" (1935), "Today We Live" (1936), and "The Peace of Britain" (1936). . . . ¶ Oct. 12-15: "New Worlds for Old" (1938), "A Few Ounces a Day" (1941), "Five and Under" (1941), and excerpts from "Nightshift" (1942). (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Big Country," Gregory Peck, Jean Simmons, Charlton Heston.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Onionhead," Andy Griffith, Felicia Farr.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"The Old Man and the Sea," Spencer Tracy. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 5. Reserved seats only.)

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE, revival.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, Burl Ives.

Odeon, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"Windom's Way," Peter Finch, Mary Ure.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 12: **THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.**
Oct. 13-14: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 15, at 8:30: "The Roots of Heaven," Trevor Howard, Errol Flynn, Juliette Greco. (Opening night will be a benefit for The Lighthouse, The New York Association for the Blind. Thereafter, nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Barbarian and the Geisha," John Wayne, Eiko Ando.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, Oct. 13, at 2:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Monday, Oct. 13, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
DAMN YANKEES.

Royale, 242 W. 45th (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Oct. 9: "Raw Wind in Eden," Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler.
From Oct. 10: "The Decks Ran Red," James Mason, Dorothy Dandridge.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE DEFIANT ONES.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"South Seas Adventure," the fifth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Extra performance Monday, Oct. 13, at 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Oct. 9: "Foxiest Girl in Paris" (in French), Martine Carol.
From Oct. 10: "The Girl on the Third Floor" (in French), Marina Vlady, Peter Van Eyck.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 15 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Oct. 12: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 13: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 14 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.
From Oct. 15 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Oct. 9: "A Town Like Alice," Virginia McKenna, Peter Finch.
From Oct. 10: "Dangerous Exile," Louis Jourdan, Belinda Lee.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 12: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 13: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
ME AND THE COLONEL.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Inspector Maigret" (in French), Jean Gabin.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Of Life and Love" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 14 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas; and "Specter of the Rose," revival, Michael Chekhov.
From Oct. 15 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 15: "Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through Oct. 11 (tentative): "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.
Oct. 12-14 (tentative): **CITIZEN KANE,** revival; and **THE BICYCLE THIEF** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 15 (tentative): "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Oct. 14 (tentative): "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.
From Oct. 15 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 12: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 13: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Oct. 9: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "A Novel Affair," revival, Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton.
Oct. 10-11: "And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens; and "Four Bags Full" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Bourvil.
Oct. 12-13: "Imitation General," Glenn Ford, Red Buttons; and "Cry Terror!," James Mason, Inger Stevens.
Oct. 14-15: **THE OLD MAID,** revival; and **STAGE DOOR,** revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 14 (tentative): **ARSENIC AND OLD LACE,** revival; and **THE INSPECTOR GENERAL,** revival.
From Oct. 15 (tentative): "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Pather Panchali" (in Bengali), Kanu Banerji.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 11: "A Certain Smile," Rossano Brazzi, Christine Carère; and "The High Cost of Loving," José Ferrer, Gena Rowlands.
Oct. 12-14: **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT,** revival; and "The Prince and the Showgirl," revival, Marilyn Monroe, Laurence Olivier.
From Oct. 15: "One Summer of Happiness" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist; and "The Game of Love" (in French), revival, Edwige Feuillère, Nicole Berger.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through Oct. 12: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 13: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Hot Spell," Shirley Booth, Anthony Quinn.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Oct. 12: "The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.
From Oct. 13: "Senechal the Magnificent" (in French), Fernandel.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Rocket from Calabuch" (in Italian), Edmund Gwenn, Valentina Cortesa.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THE MATCHMAKER.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
Through Oct. 12: "Crime and Punishment" (in French), Jean Gabin, Marina Vlady.
From Oct. 13: "The Seventh Seal" (in Swedish), Max von Sydow.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 11: **OPERATION MAD BALL,** revival; and "Bonjour Tristesse," revival, Deborah Kerr, David Niven.
Oct. 12-14: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES,** revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Jane Powell, Howard Keel.
From Oct. 15: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 9: "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "Strangers in the House" (in French), revival, Raimu.
Oct. 10: "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival; and "Dr. Knock" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet.
Oct. 11: "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Angelika" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Dieter Borsche.
Oct. 12: "Il Trovatore" (in Italian), revival, Enzo Mascherini; and "Carmen" (in French), revival, Viviane Romance.
Oct. 13: **MARTIN LUTHER,** revival; and "The Path of Hope" (in Italian), revival, Raf Vallone, Elena Varzi.
Oct. 14: "Four Bags Full" (in French), revival, Jean Gabin, Bourvil; and "Lovers and Lollipops," revival, Lori March, Gerald O'Loughlin.
Oct. 15: **THE GREAT ADVENTURE,** revival; and "The African Lion," revival, a full-length Walt Disney film.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 12: "The Naked and the Dead," Aldo Ray, Cliff Robertson; and "Jamboree," Fats Domino.
From Oct. 13: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through Oct. 14: "Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas; and "Night Ambush," Dirk Bogarde, Marius Goring.
From Oct. 15: "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle; and "Triple Deception," revival, Michael Craig, Julia Arnall.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis; and "Gun Duel in Durango," George Montgomery.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Oct. 12: "The Hunters," Robert Mitchum, May Britt; and "The Girl Most Likely," Jane Powell, Cliff Robertson.
From Oct. 13: "Attack of the Puppet People," John Agar; and "War of the Colossal Beast," Sally Fraser.

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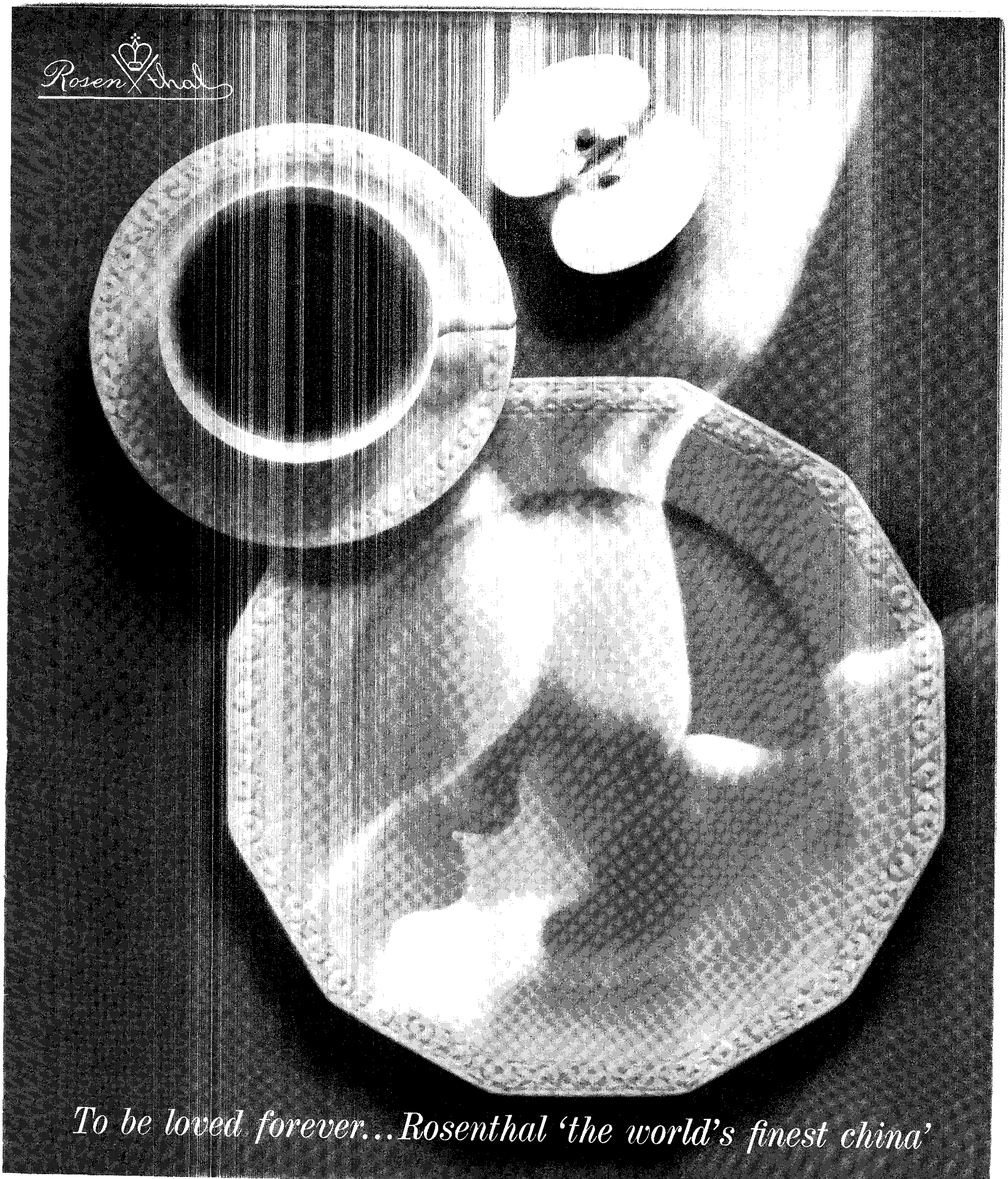

The name ROSENTHAL on fine china is the hallmark of a dedicated tradition of European hand-craftsmanship, expressing the love of the artisan for his art, in creating and developing new concepts of timeless design. *Illustrated:* Maria White, designed to complement both modern and traditional homes with a gracious old-world newness of its own. A distinctive feature of this collection is the variety of unusual serving pieces which may be purchased separately as impressive gift items. Five piece place setting, $10.50. For illustrated brochures on all patterns, send 10c to Dept. Y11. THE ROSENTHAL-BLOCK CHINA CORP., 21 East 26th St., N. Y.

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as well-bred and well-groomed as a royal princess,

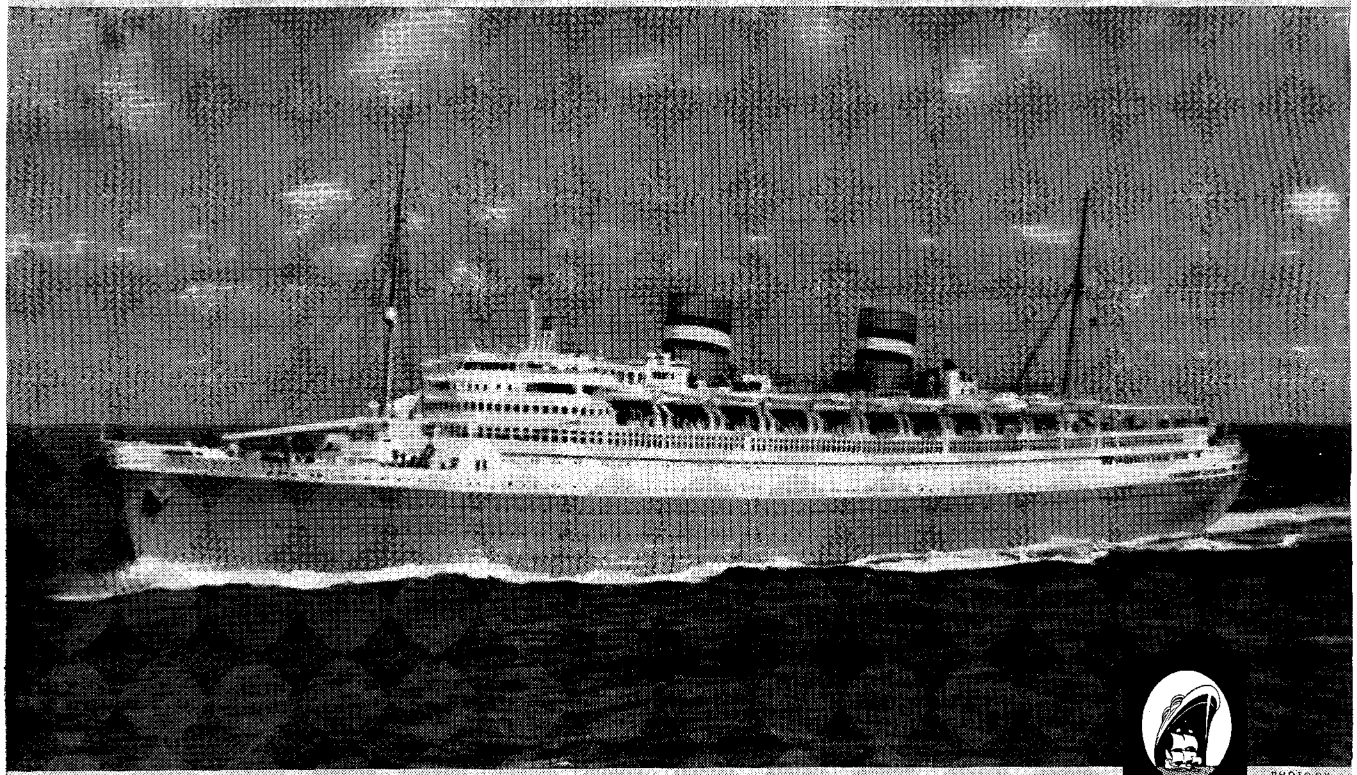
as cheerful as a sunny morning on the Champs Elysées,

if her cooking merits the commendation of the Cordon-Bleu,

if she's as wise as a porpoise about the ways of the sea,

and if she's fun on a trip...

she must be a Holland-America ship!



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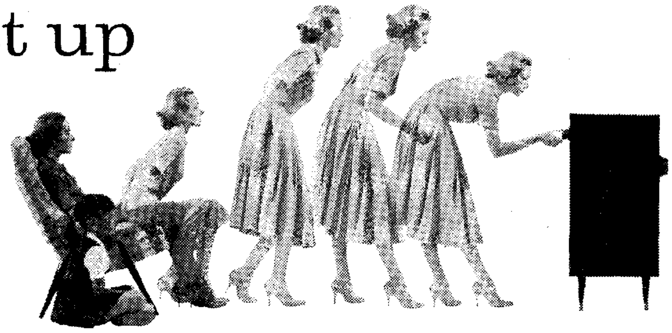
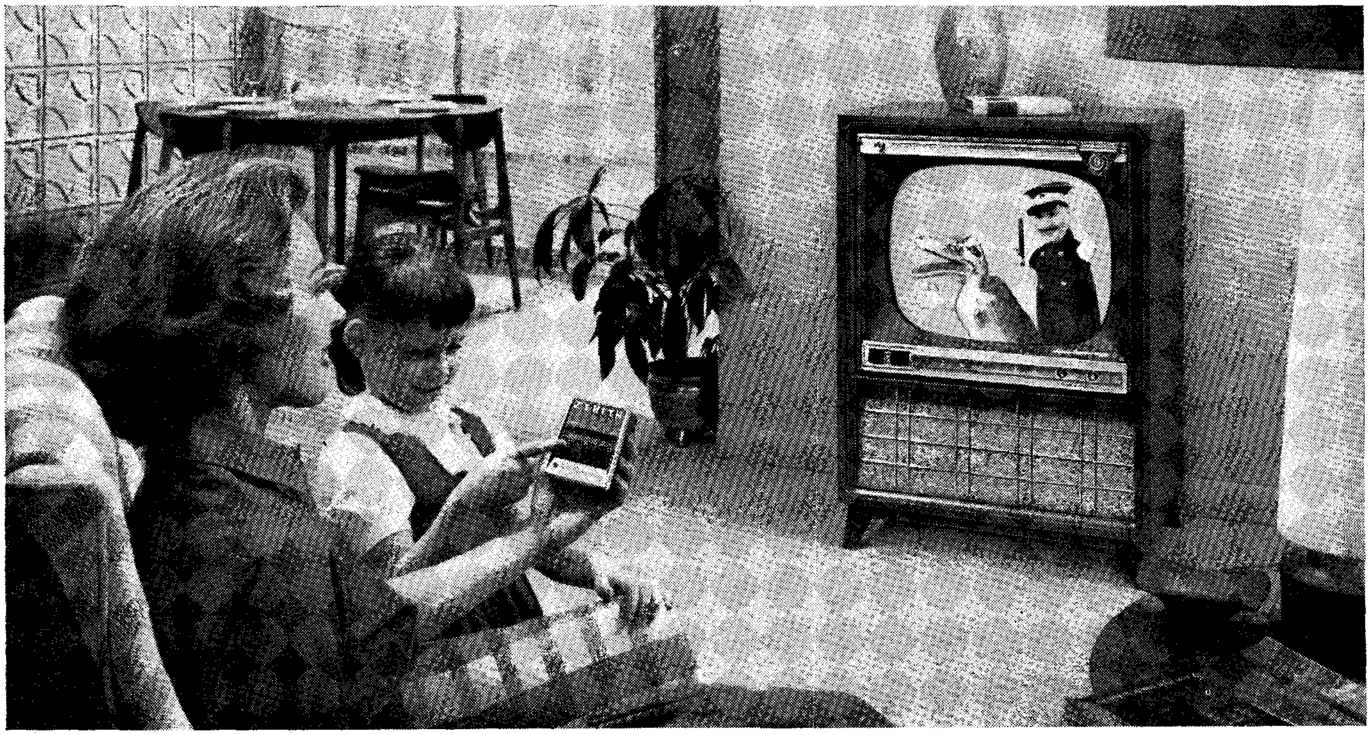


Rest easy—tune TV from across the room



Model illustrated is the Danville, Model B 3010

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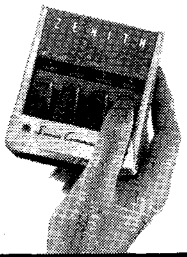

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First button turns set on or off, adjusts volume at three different levels.
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for the dry skin

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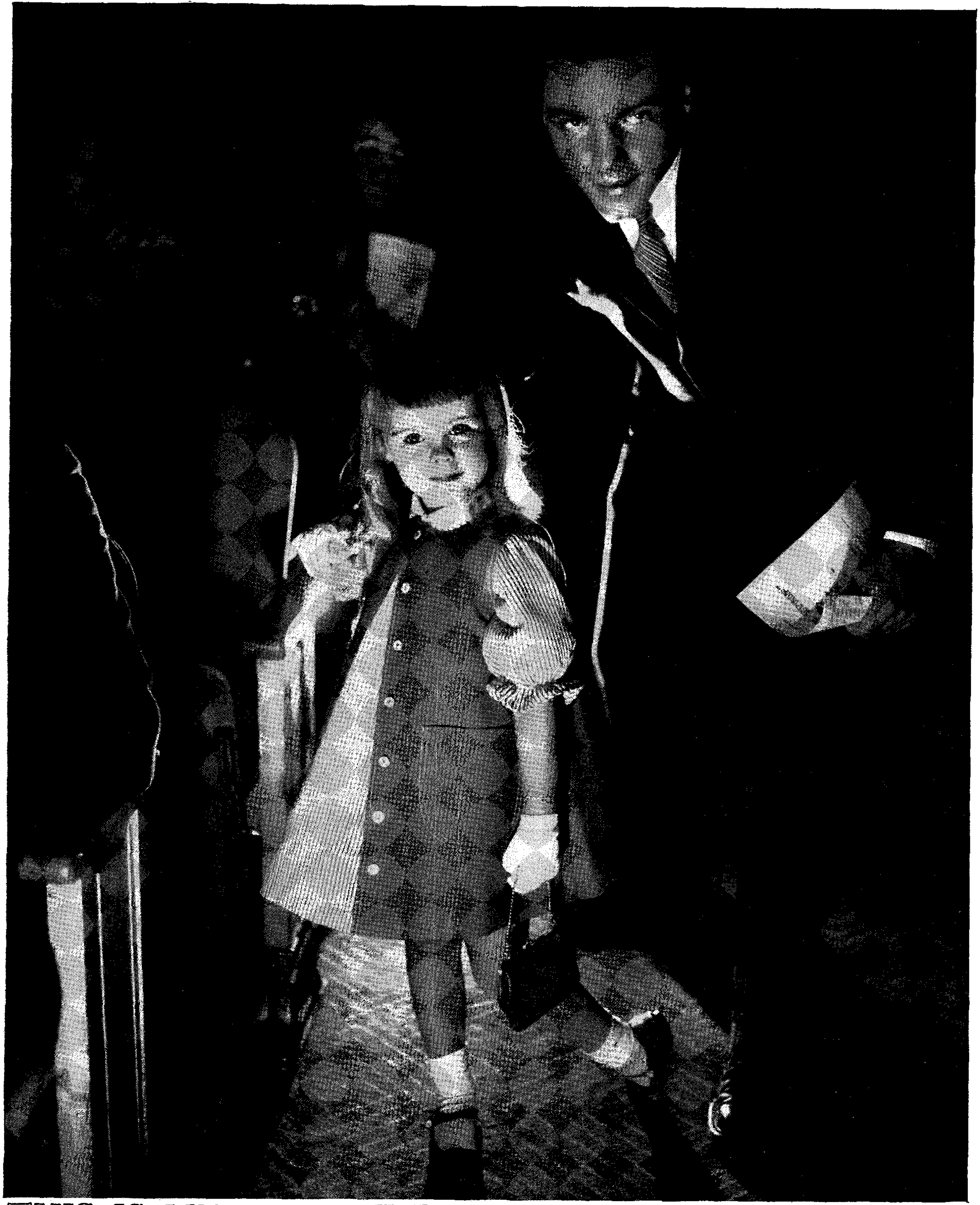
The power of Royal Jelly, as the exclusive diet of the Queen Bee, is believed by scientists to lie mainly in its high concentration of vitamins and proteins. It is added to these Frances Denney preparations in the purest and finest quality, in the highest strength offered in beauty preparations.

Eventually you will use preparations
with Royal Jelly!... why not now?
Visit the experts of Frances Denney in fine stores.

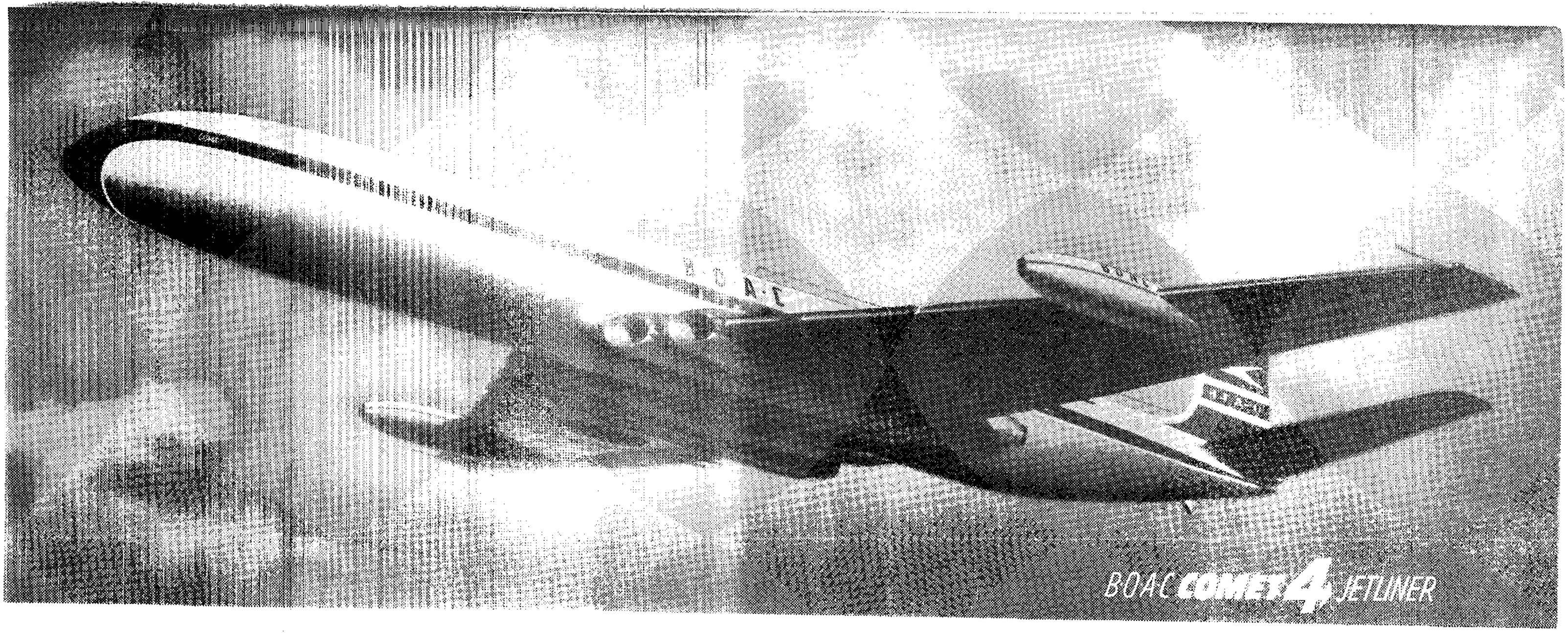
Photographed at Barbizon Theatre

THIS IS DADDY

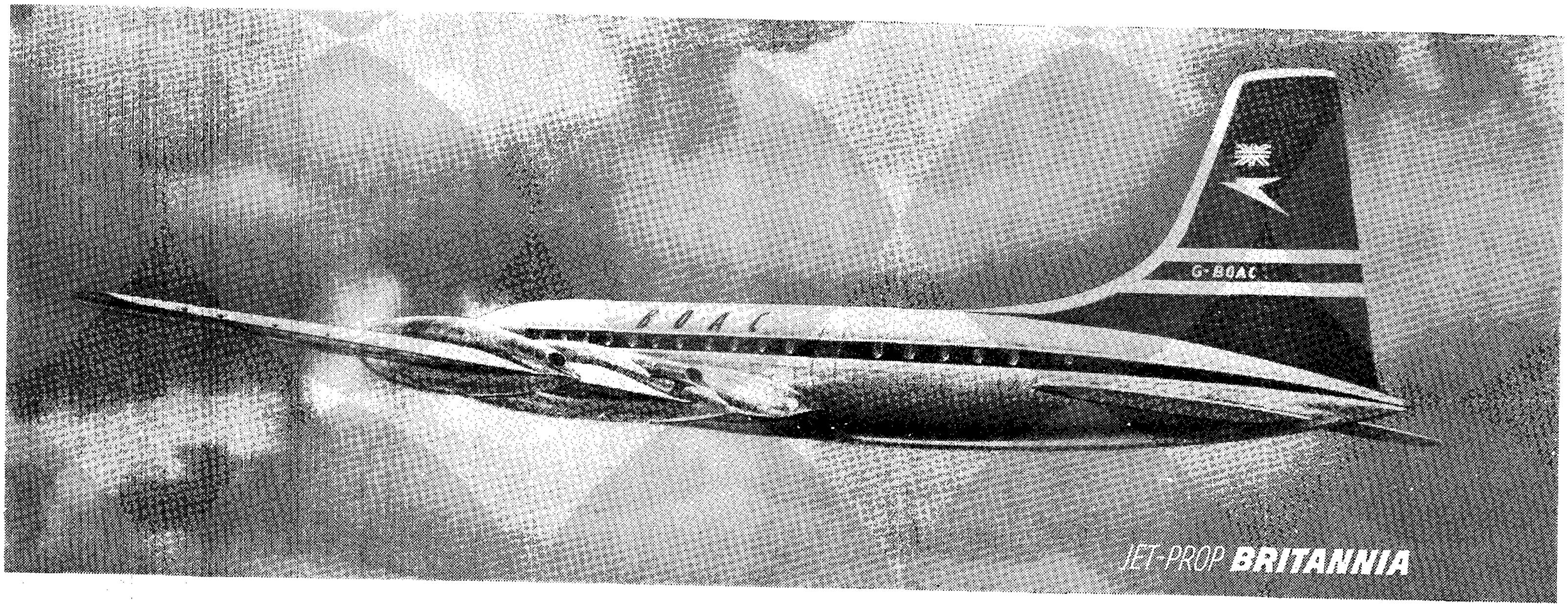


THIS IS ME IN MY KATE GREENAWAY

And this is the beginning of a femme fatale. Kate Greenaway makes a little girl enchanting in "Be My Partner": a peppermint triangle of woven cotton with a red cotton coat like a flyaway. Dress and coat in sizes 3 to 6X and 7 to 12. At LORD & TAYLOR, *New York,* and branches, Woodward & Lothrop, *Washington, D. C.,* Hutzler Bros. Co., *Baltimore,* A. Harris & Co., *Dallas,* The J. L. Hudson Company, *Detroit,* The Marston Company, *San Diego.* Kate Greenaway, 1333 Broadway, New York 18



"You pays your money and YOU TAKES YOUR CHOICE"... of JETS!



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Either . . . you can choose the *jet-prop* Britannia, first to give jetliner service across the Atlantic to Europe and all over the world.

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A new fleet of Boeing 707 jetliners will also soon fly BOAC routes. *Following them will come the most advanced jetliners on the draughtsman's board today,* the Vickers-Armstrong VC-10's! Take your choice!

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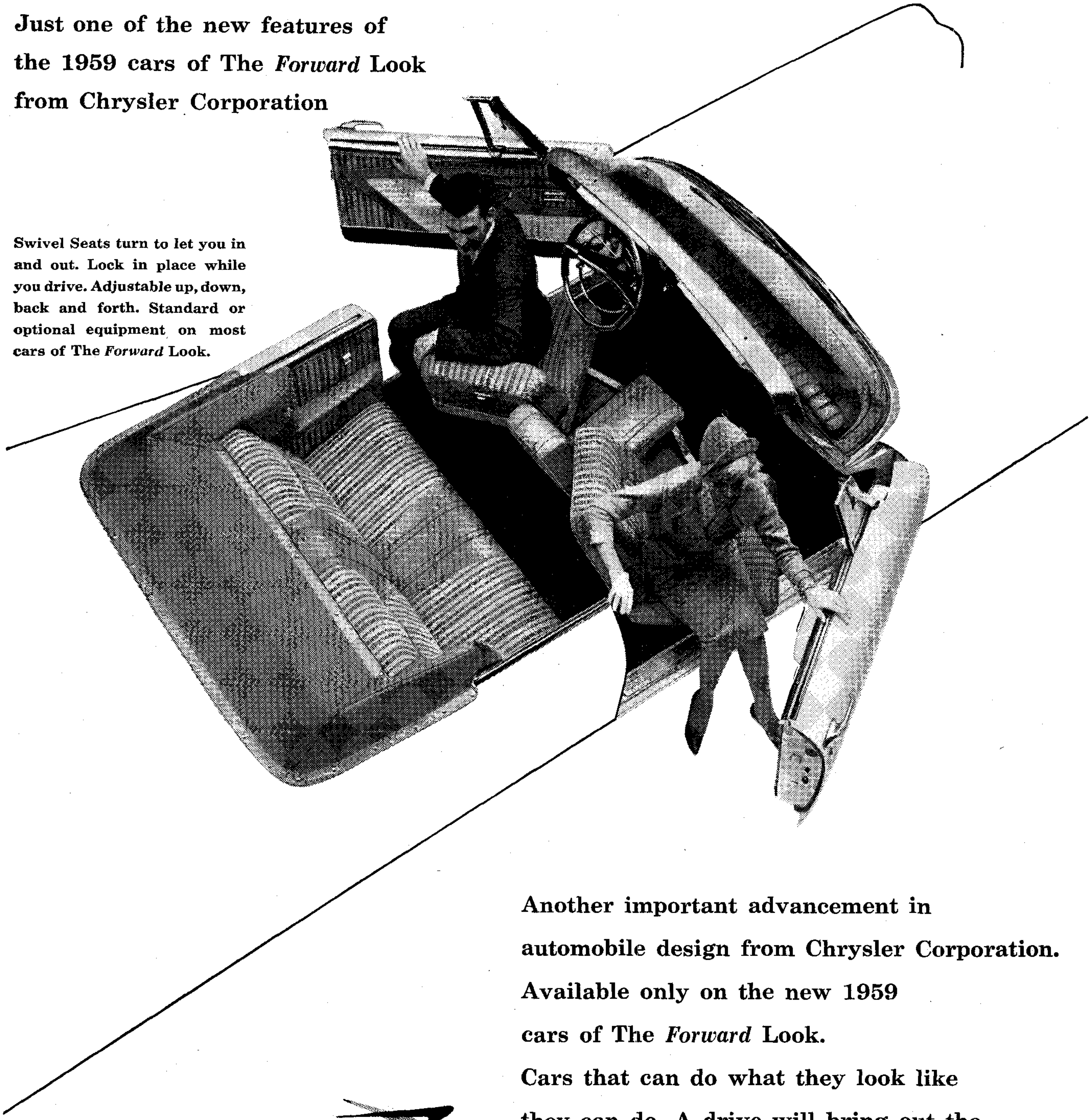
Easiest cars to get into and out of you ever saw

Just one of the new features of the 1959 cars of The *Forward* Look from Chrysler Corporation



Swivel Seats turn to let you in and out. Lock in place while you drive. Adjustable up, down, back and forth. Standard or optional equipment on most cars of The *Forward* Look.

Another important advancement in automobile design from Chrysler Corporation. Available only on the new 1959 cars of The *Forward* Look. Cars that can do what they look like they can do. A drive will bring out the difference great engineering makes.

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Luxurious "bronzed" tones in fine English cotton with a quiet silky lustre. Water repellent, of course! Worth many times its weight in pounds sterling—this coat of coats from England. Five styles of considerable elegance in London Bronze, Trafalgar Grey, Midnight Green, English Navy, Black. About $55.00

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Lovely beaches invite swimming or picnicking

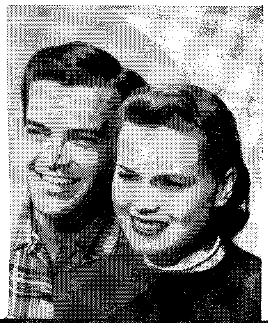
BERMUDA

Bask in the warmth and beauty of a happy holiday island

Her blue skies and bluer seas, the coral-pink sands and colourful cottages make every day an exciting adventure in Bermuda. Winding roads, lined with hibiscus and oleander, lure cyclists and picnickers. Golf seems sharper on Bermuda's five beautiful courses and steady breezes make ideal sailing. Wahoo and marlin lure the fisherman and duty-free gifts attract visitors to fine shops. There's tennis, skin-diving, water-skiing . . . historic landmarks and unique places of interest to visit. Nightly dancing and entertainment are yours whether you stay at one of Bermuda's famous hotels, or enjoy island living more intimately in a guest house or cottage colony.

Bermuda is only 700 miles from the mainland, with numerous daily flights by trans-Atlantic airlines; and weekly sailings on luxury ocean liners. To plan wisely, see your travel agent. And for a free Bermuda Vacation Kit, write to The Bermuda Trade Development Board, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York.

A WONDERFUL WAY TO HONEYMOON IN BERMUDA



We couldn't have thought up a better idea . . . a honeymoon in a Bermuda guest house, with all the beauty of an island setting. Our room was a delight, with its own garden terrace. There was a lovely lounge, a fun cocktail bar and delicious food. Our hostess was perfectly charming. She introduced us to congenial friends, suggested things to do, where to buy presents, made sure we had guest privileges at nearby golf clubs and beach clubs. We cycled and picnicked and had the gayest evenings dancing at the hotels.

Bermuda guest houses provide all the services you want, and yet they are so informal, intimate, leisurely in atmosphere. Each one is different, each has its own character.

You'll like which every one your travel agent picks out for you. He really knows best. For specific folders write:

The Bermuda Trade Development Board
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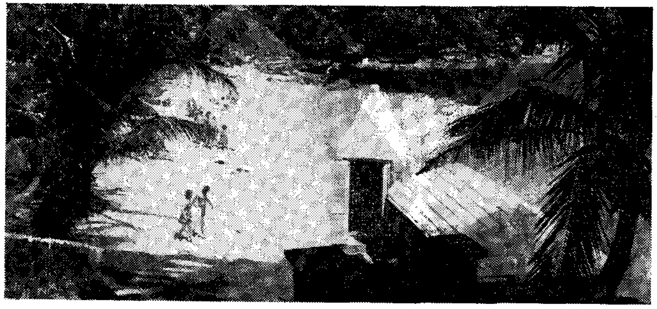
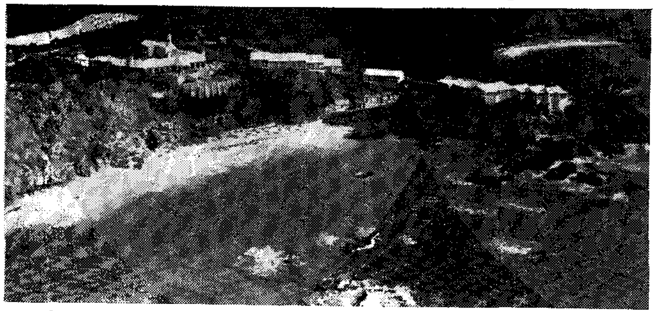
ARIEL SANDS. Lovely cottage colony on South Shore estate with Club House and attractive cottage units at the water's edge. Natural ocean-side pool. Private beach. Tennis. 65 guests.



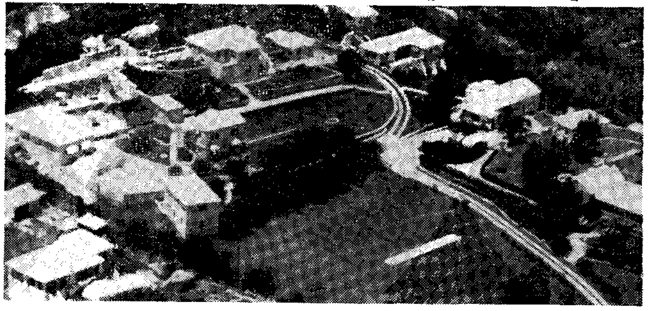
CAMBRIDGE-BEACHES. Distinguished cottage colony on 25 beautiful acres in Somerset, with private beaches, all water sports. Tennis club nearby, convenient to golf. 90 guests.

HARMONY HALL. In lovely garden setting near South Shore beaches; each room with outside entrance. Swimming pool. Full hotel service. Nightly dancing, entertainment. 80 guests.

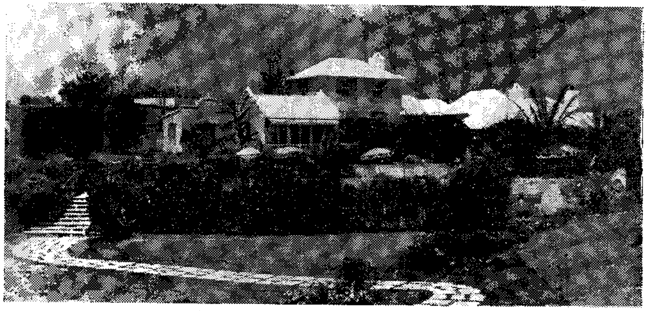


THE REEFS. Delightful beach club with breathtaking ocean view. Each room with sun porch overlooking private beach. Dancing terrace. Excellent Continental cuisine. 65 guests.

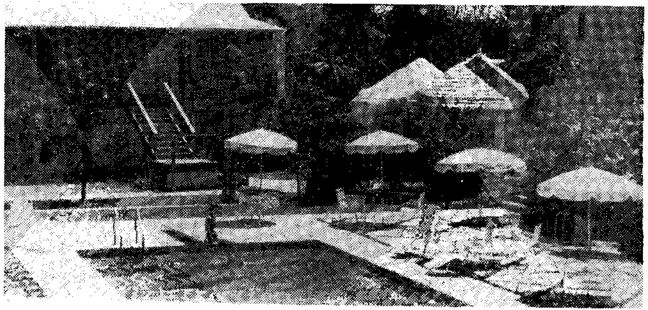
BERMUDA COTTAGES. Modern cottages on Bermuda's famous South Shore beaches. Separately located, or in air-conditioned colony. Private maid does your housekeeping. Meals optional.



FARAWAY COTTAGE COLONY. On landscaped acres overlooking ocean, with private beach, swimming pool, separate recreation building. Near all sports and entertainment. 40 guests.



THE LEDGELETS COTTAGE COLONY. Ultra-modern cottages on terraced lawns overlooking Great Sound and Ely's Harbour. Pool, private beach. Fine food. 26 guests.



ROSEDON. Gracious guest house near Hamilton, with swimming pool, lovely gardens. All rooms air-conditioned. Selective dining plan at choice of restaurants. 32 guests.

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of these little wool sweaters —
plus the **imagination** and **originality** you'll
find in every small fashion in our
Petite Boutique, second floor

hers, beaded and appliqued
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from a collection for 3 to 6,
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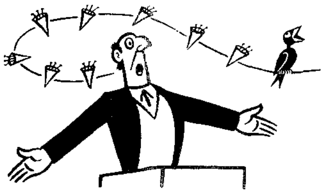
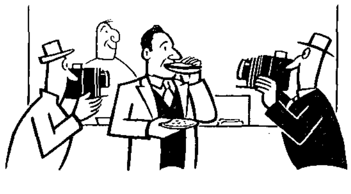
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

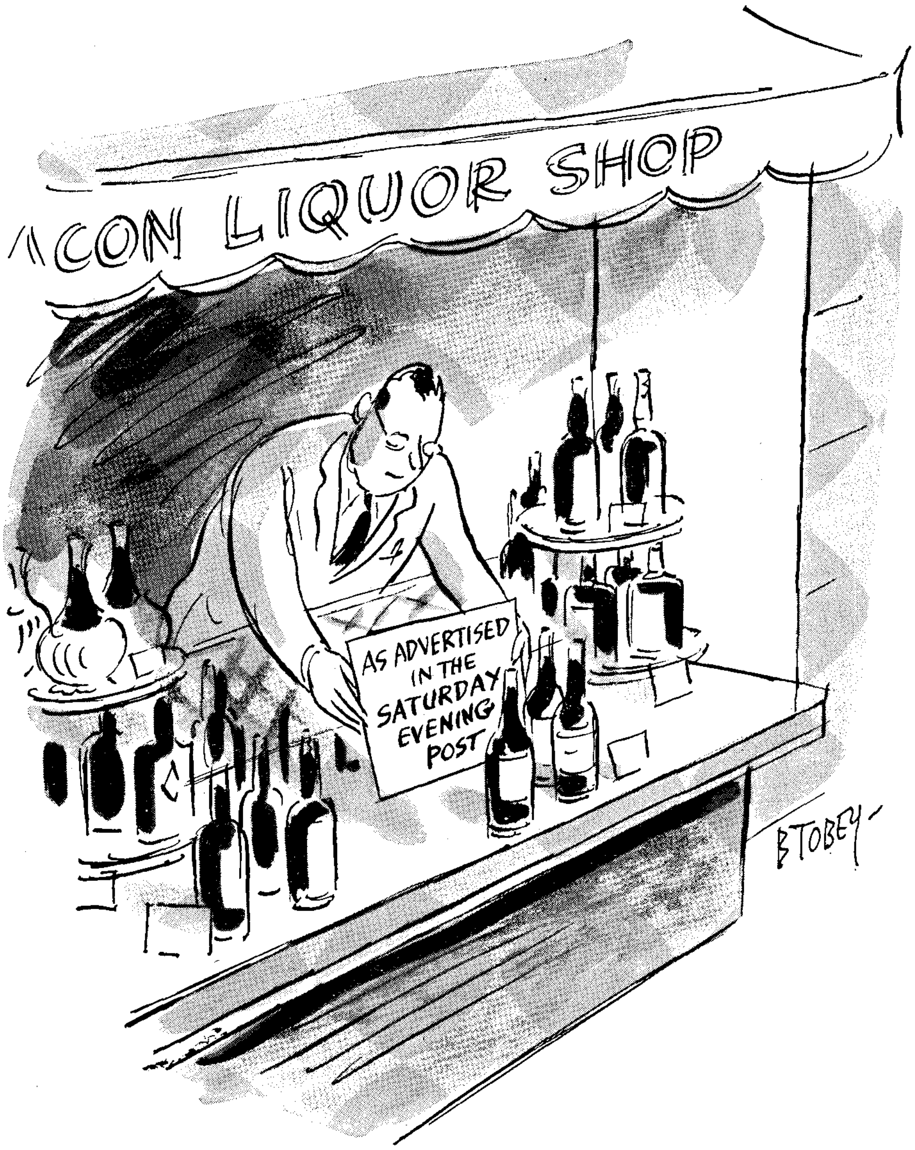
Notes and Comment

LIKE the lion, which is now found only south of the Sahara but once ranged all over North Africa, oratory, now to be savored here only in the incompletely reported speeches of statesmen south of the District of Columbia, used to flourish in higher latitudes, busting out like the wild honeysuckle and singing like a bird on editorial pages. We were reminded of this in an odd way shortly after we read a couple of extracts that the *Times* recently printed from speeches delivered by Governor J. Lindsay Almond, Jr., of Virginia. "Virginia," the *Times* quoted him as saying in the first of these forensic explosions, "shall not be crushed beneath the brutish heel of autocracy from whatever source it may descend." Then, last week, he said of the Supreme Court's most recent Little Rock ruling, "It is designed to reduce the states to the status of mere puppets, slavishly manacled to the sociological and personal predilections of a judicial oligarchy, negating the fundamental concept of a government of law and not of men. It tears the battered remnant of the Tenth Amendment out of the Constitution and hurls it into the face of a shocked and beleaguered people." This made us feel mighty ashamed of the lubberly, unlyrical language that locally passes for prose, but our humiliation was not destined to endure. Coming back from lunch the same day, we stopped in at an antique shop in our neighborhood, and bought a copy of the *Tribune's* Prospectus for 1868, an appeal for subscribers, which we saw hanging in the window. The writer, probably old Horace Greeley himself, said, "The War of the Rebellion being closed, we have now to decide whether the fundamental idea which impelled and justified the Rebellion shall dominate over our whole country, modeling her institutions and shaping her destiny. If it be true that God has not created all men, but only all White men, in his own image, and made them equal in political and civil rights, then it is a world-wide calamity that Grant did not surrender to Lee at Appomattox. . . . It is difficult to argue with a blind, besotted prejudice, grounded in ignorance and fortified by self-conceit. Devoid of reason, it is hardly amenable to reason. . . . Allow today the plea that the Blacks are ignorant and degraded, and those whom you thereby clothe with power will take good care that the plea shall be as valid and well grounded a century hence as it now is." The South obtained the delay it asked for then, and ninety years later the basic plea is about the same as ever. "Not academically qualified" is contemporary Virginiarkansan for "ignorant." Whether the charge is "well grounded" or not doesn't make as much difference as Old Whiskers may have thought. He was a kind of egghead anyway.



NEVER have candidates displayed better appetites than Governor Harriman and Nelson A. Rockefeller, meeting tooth for tooth in a campaign that sometimes seems aimed at the reduction of farm surpluses. The Governor, as you may remember, began it by eating chicken salad (which included apples and walnuts), hot rolls, and coffee with a suburban family on Long Island; Mr. Rockefeller came right back by polishing off a few beers at the Syracuse State Fair. Last week, Rockefeller, carrying the fight to the Governor, invaded that vigorous gastronomic region the lower East Side of Manhattan, and ate everything in sight. "Rockefeller on Visit, Tries East Side Blintz," the *Herald Tribune* headed its account of his foray. (A blintz is a roll of delicate batter stuffed with soft cheese and calcimined with sour cream.) "Blintzes Lauded by Rockefeller," said the *Times*, more positively, as if it, and not the *Tribune*, were the paper that was out to make votes for the Republican candidate. ("Tries" sounds tentative.) "I recommend the blintzes," the *Times* had him say. The *Trib* story said he called them "wonderful," "absolutely delicious," and "terrific"—a cue that the author of the headline evidently missed. (Neither paper referred to a political blintzkrieg.) Blintz-lined, the candidate was "towed away by his escorts to shake hands with the two hundred patrons," the *Times* said. That was in a restaurant called Ratner's. The meal had only begun. "Next stop was Max Weitzman's Kosher Delicatessen" (*Times*), where the *Tribune* said he munched on a corned-beef sandwich. The *Times* had a photograph that showed him holding it, but its story treacherously accused him of merely "posing." It conceded, though, that at his next stop, a stand that sold pizzas and hot dogs, he "had a bite of each," and made a bit of time with yet another group of voters by talking Spanish to some Puerto Rican customers. The *Trib* said he "consumed" the hot dog but only posed with the pizza. We prefer to believe that he ate everything, like Penrod Schofield at the circus with the dollar he blackmailed from his sister's beau. Blintzes, corned beef, hot dog, and pizza are a snack worthy of a healthy and ambitious millionaire. Chicken salad seems la-di-da by comparison. Now let Harriman visit Little Italy and eat *scungilli* and *soffritto*,




…CON LIQUOR SHOP
AS ADVERTISED IN THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
B. TOBEY

• •

forcing Rockefeller to tour Harlem and try chitterlings and black-eyed peas, which, in turn, will oblige the Governor to do Yorkville and pigs' knuckles with sauerkraut. Somewhere along the line, of course, one of the candidates may sneak off for a filet mignon and a little bottle of Volnay, but his press agents will keep it a secret.

A MAN in Hollywood called up one of our writers the other day and said, "Will you have any availability during the next three months?" What he was asking, our fellow found out after a bit of expensive Q. and A. (Hollywood was paying for the call), was whether the writer would have time free to do homework on a picture. (The movies are apparently becoming a cottage industry, sending out piecework to the writers' homes.) Our man said he could create the availability if the price was right, but it wasn't. All he had left after the fantasy of sudden wealth that a Hollywood call stimulates was a new linguistic toy, and he spends hours of potential availability playing with it. " 'Availability' is virtually a vocabulary in itself," he said the last time we saw him. "Slip a new adjective in the slot for each change of sense and you need little more language to get you through life. For instance, 'Have you any prandial availability?' (How are you fixed for dinner?), 'Have you any bursary availability?' (Can you stand a touch?), 'Have you any connubial availability?' (Will you marry me?), and so on. There are hundreds and hundreds of questions you can ask. It's the greatest thing that's come along the pike since 'conformative' and 'inner-directed.' "

Spick-and-Span

AS we were idling about at United Nations headquarters recently, after a session of the General Assembly, it occurred to us that the maintenance of that intricate cluster of buildings must be one of the biggest and toughest housekeeping jobs on earth. This awesome thought sent us straight to the housekeeper, Mr. Clayton Timbrell, executive officer of the Office of General Services, who occupies small, tidy quarters on the twenty-first floor of the Secretariat Building, and who quickly convinced us that he knows every nook, cranny, and peculiar requirement of his domain. "While the Assembly's in session, we sterilize fifteen hundred glasses and five hundred water jugs a day," he told us, tossing off the figures with relish. "We also clean over two thousand earphones, vacuum twelve thousand square yards of carpeting, and sweep two million square feet of flooring. Our job is complicated not so much by the size of the buildings as by all the different things going on in them. We have to keep everything in apple-pie order for around eleven hundred delegates, alternates, and advisers, a Secretariat staff of up to thirty-five hundred, and an average of seven thousand visitors a day. We employ a hundred and ten porters and fifty-two charwomen to clean up nightly. Costs us seven hundred thousand dollars a year for that alone, and then there's thirteen thousand dollars for cleaning supplies. Eight window-washers are kept going all the time—outside in fine weather, inside when it rains. The seven nickel-silver doors at the visitors' entrance to the General Assembly Building are polished every week, and our uncarpeted floors, most of which are of asphalt tile, are waxed at least once a month; when the traffic is heavy, as it is right now, some of them are waxed every three days. We use a special anti-skid preparation. I like things shiny but not dangerous."

A housekeeping problem that Mr. Timbrell finds particularly vexatious is the filter ash that sifts onto the U.N. buildings from the Con Ed power plant next door. "That plant belches smoke all day," he said, in an understandably outraged tone. "The original plans for the Conference Building called for a fourth-floor terrace restaurant overlooking the river, but can you imagine eating outdoors with all that soot raining down? The fountain in front of the Secretariat Building is paved with black and white stones; the only way we can keep the white stones white is to empty the fountain once a month and scour the soot off them with a heavy hose." The eighty-one flags of the member nations, spanking in the breeze of the United Nations Plaza, are also something of a problem, partly because they become soiled quickly and partly because the breeze is more often a gale. "Out at Lake Success, where there was little soot or wind, we used cotton flags," Mr. Timbrell said. "Here, we had to switch to nylon, which is more expensive but better able to withstand constant cleaning and high winds. Even so, we use up three sets of flags a year, at a cost of fifteen hundred dollars a set."

Apparently sensing that there is nothing we enjoy listening to more than the drumbeat of substantial figures, Mr. Timbrell proceeded to relate that the U.N. is spending a hundred and forty-seven thousand dollars this year on plumbing, painting, and other "operational-maintenance" supplies, and seven hundred and sixty-one thousand dollars on utilities. Thirty-one electricians are kept busy tending an assortment of electrical installations, including some twelve hundred motors (for running pumps, blowers, compressors, and the like), which all have to be regularly dismantled and overhauled. No less busy are fourteen plumbers; eight carpenters; eight house and sign painters; twenty-four general mechanics; nine office-equipment repairmen; thirteen upholsterers, carpetlayers, and drapery men; eighteen glaziers, masons, and stockroom men; four gardeners (there are eighteen hundred plants *inside* the buildings); twenty air-conditioning and heating technicians; a dozen laborers assigned to heavy work; and a staff of security guards, of whom eighty-nine are on duty during the day whenever the General Assembly meets and nineteen every night. "The total cost of running this place comes to over five million dollars a year," Mr. Timbrell said. "We differ from most office or public buildings in being open practically all the time, the year round; Christmas and New Year's are the only days we're closed. Like any household, we try to keep our budget low and make every item of furnishing last as long as possible. Take carpets. We have fifteen miles of them here, laid in three-foot-wide strips. When the strip down the middle of a corridor gets worn, we replace it with a strip from the side. Whenever we can save a penny and still stay spick-and-span, we do."

•

Incidental Intelligence: The Historical Society of Old Yarmouth, Massachusetts, offers an annual membership for one dollar, a life membership for twenty-five dollars, and a perpetual membership for a hundred dollars.

¡Olé!

WEARING a trench coat flecked with blades of grass, our man Stanley popped into our office one damp afternoon last week and announced that he had just cut a wide swath at the Westchester Country Club. "I'm the Hemingway of the lawnmower set," he said. "The Toro and I, with no clumping or bunching, have shaved the whiskers of the earth."

"Tell us what you are babbling about," we said.

"*Con permiso*," said Stanley, and dribbled over our desk a sheaf of mud-stained notes. "Rainy day," he remarked, "and my notes got mixed up with the mulch." With this mysterious observation, he vanished, and we deciphered the following from what he had left behind:

"Was invited by agent of Toro Manufacturing Corporation, Minneapolis outfit, to see demonstration of wind-tunnel mowing at Westchester Country Club. Was told to go to Harrison, New York, to rendezvous with Toro beaters. Went. Bad day at Harrison—strong winds and foul weather. No beaters at rendezvous. Called country club. Was advised by Toro representative I'd been forgotten. Toro man said he'd be down to get me in a station wagon. 'Too bad you're not a girl,' he said, 'or I could add "honey."' Told him to save jokes. Was presently removed from soggy railroad platform at Harrison by station wagon occupied by Toro man and Hiram McCann, who identified himself as editor of *Modern Plastics*. 'Did you know,' asked Mr. McCann, 'that the tribe of polyolefins has one family member, a high-density polyethylene derived from ethylene gas, that figures importantly in the mechanism of the wind-tunnel mowers?' Answered no. Mr. McCann expatiated on polyolefin tribe, and eventually shifted discourse from objective to subjective to advise me that he is resident of Harrison, that it is one of richest communities in United States, and that it was originally settled by Italians who built New York, New Haven & Hartford. Meanwhile, Toro man bemoaning state of weather. 'Everything was planned for outdoors,' he said, 'and now everything has to go indoors. Why was I born?' Still looking broody, he swung us into driveway of Westchester Country Club—really gigantic pile. Was led to Sports House Lounge, where there were bar, several tables, clutch of Toro operatives, and several workmen engaged in putting together dance platform. What with hammering and sawing, pretty noisy spot. Fell in with amiable young man, who informed me carpentry was required for flamenco dancers originally scheduled to do their stuff outdoors on flagstone terrace. Young man was confronted by older man, who asked if he was connected with Toro. 'I'm the president,' said young man. 'Well, I'll be darned!' said older man. 'You must be a member of the Young Presidents' Organization.' Young man said he wasn't. Joined at this point by

McCann. 'Great story in David Lilly, here,' he said, indicating young man. 'He's only forty-one. Got into this business after serving in the armed forces, and look at him today.' Sudden squawk from loudspeaker, and older man lurched into table on which were displayed plastic bowl, couple of helmets, white bucket, and pair of baby bottles. 'Polyolefins!' cried McCann as older man recovered balance. 'Hope those buses from New York will be able to make it in this weather,' said Mr. Lilly. Unshaven man strolled by us wearing a pair of bull's horns. 'Represents Toro, the bull,' Mr. Lilly explained.

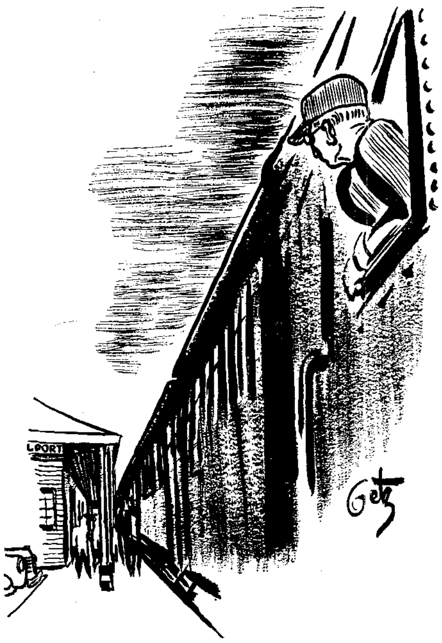
"Finally, buses arrived with other wind-tunnel-mowing enthusiasts, and we were led to tables. Over hamburgers, entertained by floor show on newly built platform. Show introduced by announcer functioning from pulpit to right of platform. '*Buenas tardes, señoras y señores*,' said announcer. 'Welcome to the Westchester Country Club, where any golfer who can count over ten on any hole is too honest to break a hundred.' Witticism received bleakly. Announcer's opening remarks followed by appearance of matador in green-and-pink costume and by Toro employee pushing lawnmower. 'The Whirlwind!' announcer shouted, and matador made a couple of passes at machine as it was trundled around platform. '*¡Olé!*' cried announcer. Whirlwind was followed by another machine, which matador also made passes at. As smash finale to machine display, lawnmower called Sportsman was driven around pursued by matador. After Sportsman, gent with bull's horns took center of platform and proceeded to demonstrate strength of plastic used in Toro by jumping on bucket made of stuff, hitting Toro employee equipped with plastic helmet over head with mallet, and beating hell out of plastic bowl. Name of plastic, Marlex; name of mallet wielder, Abe Stein—wrestler who tangled with Jim Londos and Man Mountain Dean, and is now television actor with stage name Aaron Saxon. Asked knowledgeable-looking table companion just what made Toro lawnmowers different from others. 'Special housing, under which there is a full-scale expanding wind tunnel creating a powerful vacuum,' he said. 'The vacuum freezes every blade upright, and compressed air blows the clippings and leaves into a bag attachment. Makes very good mulch.' Thanked informant, and moved out of Sports House Lounge on heels of Toro leaders to see Toro lawnmowers in action. Wind blowing half gale, rain falling briskly. I was induced by Mr. Lilly to get into saddle of Sportsman. Cut grass nervously. 'Some fun, eh?' inquired fellow-grasscutter. Nodded soddenly."

Rules

A FIRST-GRADER we've been told about was uncommunicative when his mother made an effort to find out how he spent his time in class, until she came to the period known as Free Time. "And what do you do in Free Time?" she asked him. "Anything you want," he said, with a far-off look. "*Anything* you want?" pursued the mother. "Well," he said, "anything but scream."

Misfortune

M. MARCEL ACHARD, the author of thirty-six plays, including some Parisian hits, is the kind of Frenchman who need only appear for an instant in a between-wars René Clair picture to be recognized as a successful *littérateur*—comfortably swelling waistcoat, rosette of a Commander of the Legion of Honor, wide-winged collar, string bow tie, face of a kind and well-fed owl. (Sartre, Camus, and Malraux have altered this stock image; a French writer of significance today is expected to look as if he were emerging from a mangle, in which the lower half of his body was still being crushed.) We recognized M. Achard immediately by this pleasantly archaic façade when we encountered him, by prearrangement, in the stage-door alley of Henry Miller's Theatre, on West Forty-third Street. The billboard on the marquee announced that the theatre would be the home, after October 28th, of "Patate," a play by Irwin Shaw based on a play by M. Achard called "Patate." M. Achard's "Patate" opened in January, 1957, in Paris, and is still running there. "*Patate*," which properly means "yam," is easygoing French for ordinary "potato," or "*pomme de terre*," a bookish term that has never caught on with the vulgar. *Patate* signifies, by analogy, the human head, as in "Zowie, right on the old potato!" and, by extension, Potato Face. The last meaning is the one employed in "Patate," the play, in which Tom Ewell will have the title role. M. Achard said he was present here, in place of Mr. Shaw, because Shaw was in Paris, helping direct a play that a Frenchman had based on a thing of Shaw's. The Shaw "Patate," based on "Patate," was in rehearsal inside the Henry Miller, but M. Achard suggested that we accompany him to the Stage Door Café, across the street, where we could facilitate our conversation with a little Scotch.



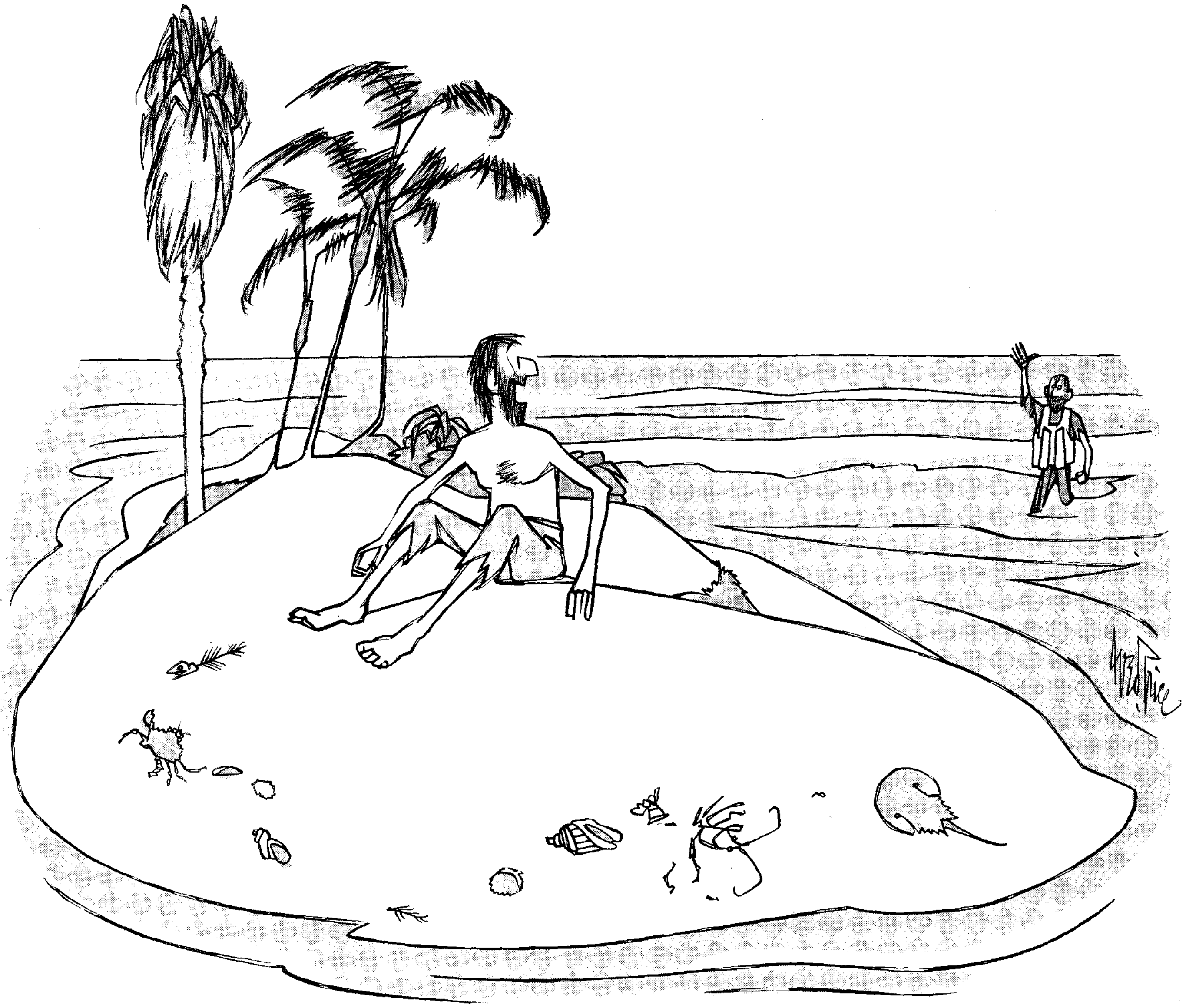
"I am very bashfool," M. Achard said, and then, after the waitress had brought our drinks, he went on happily, "I had once one play here before that was a great hit in Paris. That was 'Domino,' in 1931. It was here a *terr*ific flop."

We started to express our regret, but he waved it away in midair.

"I consider it a favorable au-*gury* for 'Patate,' " he said. "I am a child of misfortune, but misfortune is inconsistent. That is why we can tolerate it. Someone asked once my friend Jacques Deval, 'What is a genius?' Deval answered, 'A genius is what writes not *always* uniquely flops.' "

We had never thought of Achard as a child of misfortune, which his appearance does so little to suggest, and told him so. (He wrote his first success, "Will You Play with Me?," thirty-five years ago, when he was twenty-two, and he has seldom been unrepresented on the French stage since.)

"It is because I succeed *in*-spite," he said. "For example, I had a hard time to secure permission to be born. My grandfather was my great-grandfather. My father is my great-uncle. I am my mother's cousin. And all *très catholiques*." We asked him to clarify, as he plainly expected we would, and he explained that his father had fallen in love with a niece. "He was her uncle," he said, "so they had to have a dispensation from the Pope before they could be married, without which I would not have been born. It has worked out very nicely. I have not so many sets of relatives. My cousins are my uncles, my aunts are my cousins, and so on. I was



"Welcome, stranger! At last I'll have someone to say 'Gesundheit' when I sneeze."

• •

born in the Department of the Drôme, quite near the country of Stendhal, but there ends the resemblance. My next misfortune was at eleven. I wrote a *tragédie*, 'Henri d'Auvergne.' All the characters killed off each other in the first two acts; it was impossible to proceed. It depressed me but helped me learn that I have no gift for *tragédie*. The next years were happy, as far as I recollect, but at seventeen I went to Paris to take my examinations for the Ecole Normale Supérieure, which forms professors. I passed the written and the oral, but I have always been a hypochondriac."

The reminiscence to come made the child of misfortune look radiantly happy, and we ordered another round.

"For the Ecole Normale, there is also a physical examination," he said, "because the graduates must sign a contract to teach for ten years in the state schools afterward. I suspected myself of maladies, so by subterfuge I arranged for another student to take the physical under my name—a fine, strong-looking chap. Well, it came out he had a bad heart, diabetes, dormant tuberculosis, and only one kidney. If not for that, I might be today only a teacher in a small school in the provinces, wretchedly poor. I became then an actor, but I was bitten still with *tragédie*. I wanted to play Cyrano. I played actually Cyrano one time, in a small city. But I am very myopic, and it is impossible to play Cyrano with glasses. That spoils the effect. In the scene when Cyrano puts against the wall his back and defies the world, I put where there was no wall my back, and fell flat on the stage. If not for that, I might be today an aging tragedian in a small theatre."

M. Achard beamed. "So, you see, my misfortunes have always a good result," he said. "Let us go back to the theatre and see if they have chosen yet a dress for the ingénue. It has to be something ready-made, quite *prosaïque*, so it will not be out of place in a small-bourgeois home, but she is a very good-looking girl, and the struggle is really quite oaful."

Mistake

A LADY of our acquaintance who lives in Majorca writes us off and on to keep us posted on life there, which of late has been made more unpredictable by the influx of American colonists. The local ice company, she says, has organized a delivery service to keep in step with the times. The first day it functioned, our correspondent had to be away from her house all afternoon, but she left her back door unlatched for the iceman. She returned at dusk to find no sign of ice in the icebox, but two frosty blocks were melting quietly in the record compartment of her phonograph.

LA PLUME DE MON AMI EST DANS LE FLAPDOODLE

CREATIVE WRITER THRIVES ON COMMERCIAL COPY. Today's question: Does the commercialism of advertising destroy the creative writer? Rot, says Sherman E. Rogers, copy chief of Anderson & Cairns, who has long had the best of two worlds. "One thing feeds the other," the craggily-handsome Rogers told us in an interview. "Advertising teaches you to say a thing in a tight way—to write volumes in a paragraph. And creative writing restores and freshens you for the daily job of writing copy." Rogers has written five movie scripts, hundreds of articles and short stories, radio scripts, and is now finishing his first novel, "And the Evening, And the Morning." He props himself in bed at 10:30 P.M.; works on his novel until 12:30 A.M., long-hand. Other Anderson & Cairns copy writers are equally creative after hours. One translates movie scripts into fiction; another does TV dramas; a third publishes verse. Among Rogers' most successful headlines for ads are "Done—in two shakes of a Waring" . . . "The Scotch with the Secret you can Taste—Peter Dawson" . . . and "The calculating female figures on Facit" . . . Conclusion: If you want to write good ad copy, write novels too.—*Doris Willens in the Journal-American.*

YOU and I go back a long time, brother, I thought as Crunch Budlong leaned across our table in the Oak Room and clinked his Martini against mine. A devil of a while; it was thirty-five blessed years since, as underclassmen at Brown, we had worshipfully studied rhetoric under Percy Marks, the author of "The Plastic Age," jointly dissected the nervous system of simple invertebrates (including our parents'), and toddled to the *rhythm of Al Mitchell and his Arcadians*. Over the intervening decades, I had heard little of him apart from an occasional fatuous puff in the alumni bulletin. He had left one advertising agency to affiliate with another, resigned in due course to mismanage a third. I'd gathered that on the whole he was prospering, but it was not until we collided on Fifth Avenue a half hour before, and agreed to solemnize our meeting with lunch, that my wraithlike memory of him had taken on substance. Looking at him now, I saw he was still personable, handsome in the way that female interviewers love to describe as craggy.

"Man, you should have come up for the thirtieth reunion," Crunch was observing with a reminiscent sigh. "What a toot that was! We threw a clambake out at the Squantum Inn and everybody got sloughed—absolutely blotto. Charlie Rust—remember him? He's head of Rust & Korozian down in Philly, plumbing supplies—stuck a plate of fruit on his head and gave an imitation of Eleanor Roosevelt. You'd have died."

"I bet," I said. "I tried to get there, but— well, to be candid, I didn't have the fare."

"To Providence?" he said in pained surprise. "Hell, it's only eight dollars."

"Not from Northern Rhodesia," I corrected. "Frankly, I thought it'd be self-indulgence to come all that way for a mess of clams."

"Yeah, guess you're right," he said uncertainly, and nursed his glass a *moment. "Er—what were you doing in* that neck of the woods?"

I looked around to make sure nobody was eavesdropping. "Remember King Solomon's Mines?" I asked. "Well, I . . . sort of picked up a lead on their whereabouts."

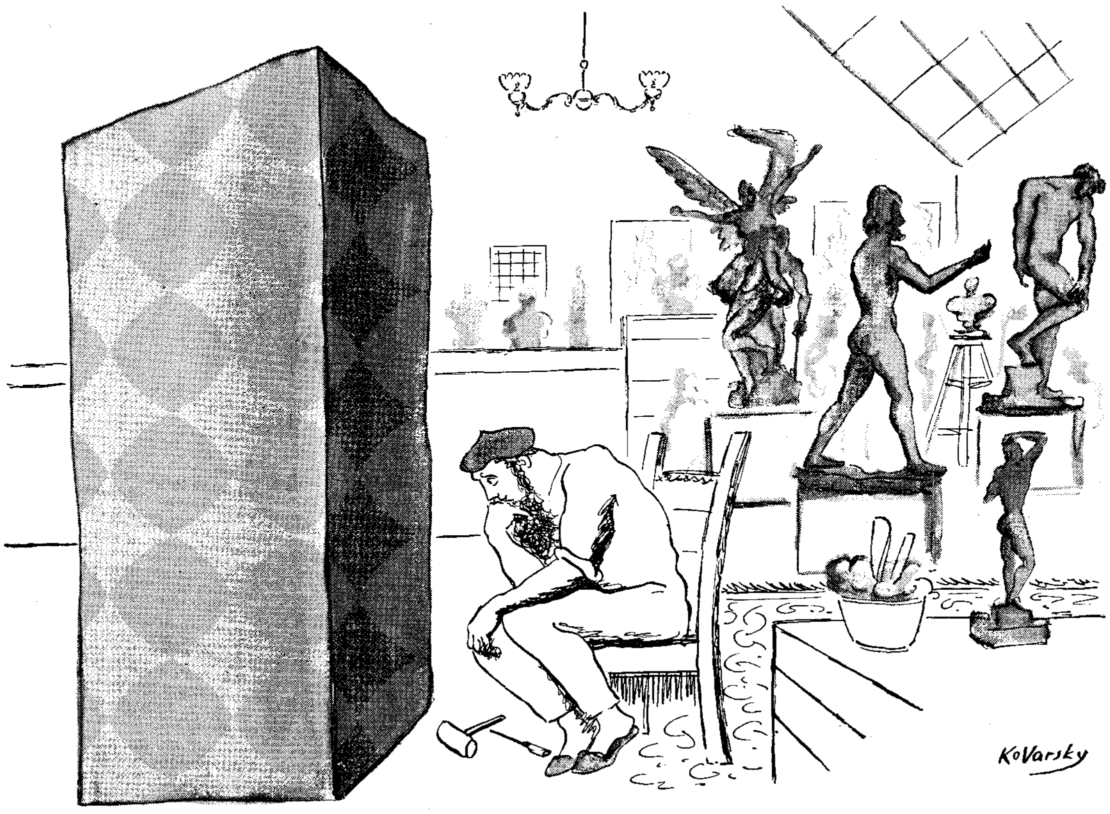
"I could have saved you the trouble, bub," he said with a lofty smile. "They're fictitious."

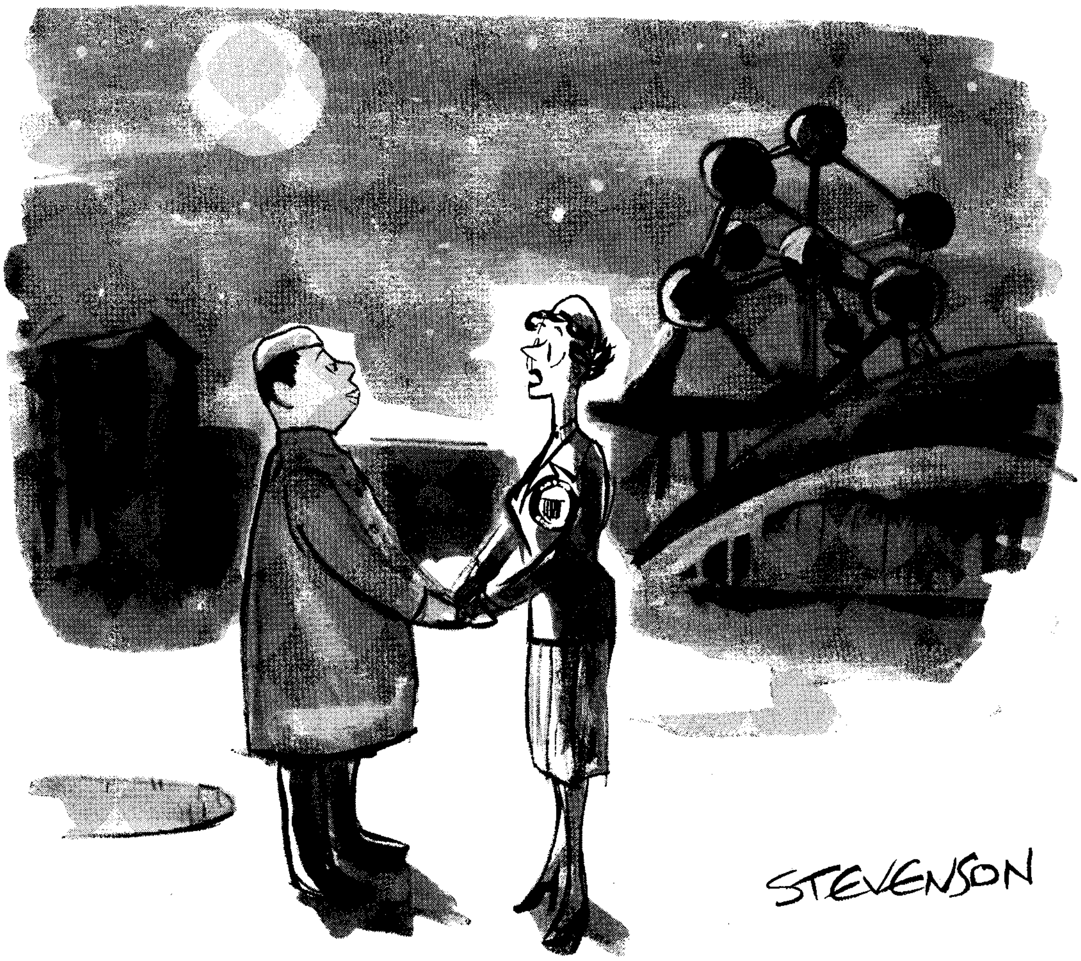
"Perhaps so," I concurred, inspecting my nails like Lou Tellegen, "but wouldn't you like to see the contents of a certain safe-deposit box at the Irving Trust?"

Crunch studied my profile, as dissimilar as possible to Tellegen's. "Mmm," he ruminated. Suddenly his manner changed. "Say, pardon me a sec, will you?" He sprang up to proffer fulsome greetings to an elderly, cigar-colored pirate nearby, and returned a trifle breathless. "That's Luther Fluther," he confided. "Big wheel in Allied Confectionery, one of our accounts." It was obvious that he was thirsting for me to prime him on his present status, so I primed him. As copy chief of Prinzmetal & Sludge for the past eight years, he informed me, he had devised some of the most dynamic slogans in advertising—among others, a classic for Lox Pops. He seemed incredulous that I hadn't heard of the sweetmeat. " 'Lox Pops, the Only Lollipop with the Built-In Smoked-Salmon Flavor,' " he quoted with manifest pride. " 'They're Tops on Your Chops. Send in Your Pop's Box Tops for a Trial Phial of Lox Pops.' Kind of great, isn't it?"

"A whiz," I said. "But tell me—what ever became of those youthful ambitions of yours? Back at school, you always dreamed of writing a trilogy, novellas, plays . . ."

"Why, I did write 'em," he returned blandly. "Yes, sir, I've penned five novels since joining Prinzmetal & Sludge, not to mention four plays, a shelf full of whodunits, and essays galore. Mind you," he went on quickly, "none of 'em was ever published or produced, but that wasn't the object. I wrote them merely to





"Which do you think would be better, Phung Bok? Have me go to Thailand or you come to Englewood?"

sharpen my faculties for the agency job."

"Where on earth do you get the energy? It's all I can do to answer my mail."

"I suppose I'm just a little better organized than most people," admitted Crunch. "My brain's kind of a beehive, you might say. I create every minute of my spare time—in the shower, while I'm commuting, on the golf course, all over. You see, the beauty of the thing is that my copy and my outside prose cross-fertilize each other."

"I'm afraid I don't follow," I confessed. "How does it work exactly?"

"Well, give you an example," he offered. "We were handling a campaign for Victor Hugo Frozen Soups—you know, they get out a line of madrilène, vichyssoise, and so on for household consumption. To be candid with you, I was stumped for an approach, completely stymied, and the longer I simmered over it, the more barren I became. Somehow, all the old superlatives like 'appeteasing' and 'goodylicious' sounded hollow. I wanted a real blockbuster, a slogan that would capsulize the lip-smacking flavor of the soups, their authentic French *goodness*. You grasp the problem?"

"Insofar as any layman can," I said. "Naturally, I'm not too well oriented on soup merchandising."

"Naturally," he agreed. "Anyhow, I kept stewing over it, and then, out of the blue and seemingly unrelated to my dilemma, came a hunch for a play. I wrote the first scene at white heat that night, and it immediately sparked the solution. Like to hear it?" I nodded fatalistically, and Crunch, wrapping himself in the mantle of Sardou, emitted a premonitory cough. "As the curtain rises," he explained, "we see the living room of a small villa in the South of France. The time's about dawn, and through a set of French doors at rear we glimpse the sun just peering over the Mediterranean. Seated in a rocker at mid-stage is this elderly woman with a workbasket in her lap. She's obviously awaiting someone, because as she knits she keeps glancing expectantly toward a door at left. At last it opens, and in comes this impressive figure in a frock coat, carrying a physician's satchel. From his bent shoulders, the weary way he takes off his old-fashioned derby, we sense that he's been through some critical ordeal. 'Oh, hello, Pierre,' says the old lady anxiously. 'Tell me, was it a difficult *accouchement*?' 'Very, very,' he replies gravely, and then his face brightens. 'But . . . it was worth it.' 'Why so?' she asks. 'Because,' he says with an exalted look, 'that little baby's name was—Victor Hugo.' "

I tried my utmost, but the relevance of the vignette to frozen soup eluded me. "And that triggered the inspiration for a slogan?"

"A humdinger," said Crunch, aglow with self-satisfaction. " 'Victor Hugo—the Soup That Babies Your Palate. Appeteasing—Goodylicious.' Within three months after we started using it, their sales skyrocketed two and a half per cent, which shows what a simple little phrase can do."

"Excuse me, gentlemen," a voice apologized. We looked up to behold Fluther, the confectionery tycoon, standing over us, accompanied by a portly, well-tailored individual with magnetic eyes. Mr. Dudley Nightshade, his luncheon guest and a distinguished publisher, had expressed an urgent desire to meet Crunch, and, once seated, he lost no time in trivialities.

"Fluther's just been telling me about your Lox Pop slogan," he told my friend. "You know, at our firm—I guess you're familiar with my imprint of the Running Faucet—we're always on the *qui vive* for new literary talent. If you don't mind my saying so, yours is a very remarkable gift." He stilled Crunch's disavowal with a wave. "Don't be modest, Mr. Budlong," he enjoined. "The point is, how'd you like to do a novel for us?"

"I've written several—" Crunch began.

"I could tell you have." Nightshade cut him short. "But the one I have in mind could create a whole new genre overnight—an ingenious union of belles-lettres and salesmanship never attempted before. Now, the plot I'm about to suggest isn't gospel, you realize," he warned, disabusing us of the fear that it might be gospel. "It's a wholesome, pastoral-type story of the kind Robert Nathan excels at, but with a hidden consumer angle. As I see it, the central character—let's call him Max Farintosh—is a wealthy middle-aged broker, a man who commands the respect of his associates and is intensely attractive to women. He's got a magnificent estate on Long Island, his own yacht, and a penthouse apartment in town, but underneath he's discontented, unfulfilled. I mean, he has the feeling he's lost something."

"What?" I asked.

Mr. Nightshade withered me with a glance. "His innocence," he snapped. "The thing all of us have lost in our worship of the bitch goddess Success, as William James put it."

"He put it very well," approved Fluther. "I like that. Go on."

"Well," the publisher resumed, "one evening, while strolling in Central Park, Farintosh runs into a strange old mystic—a saintly, ascetic sort of hermit who lives in a cave there. Maybe he's got a small band of disciples that he expounds his philosophy to—a retired postman, a little Negro boy, a beautiful but slightly fey young girl who's run away from her rich, conventional family. Anyway, as a result of these contacts Farintosh gradually acquires a whole new perspective. He communes with the animals and birds, gets to know the names of the various wild flowers—in short, for the first time, he savors the sweetness of existence."

"Don't you think he and the girl would tend to fall in love?" asked Crunch, with the novelist's inherent flair for braiding the elements of a situation.

"An excellent twist," said Nightshade. "Speaking out of forty years' experience as a distinguished publisher, a good romantic complication never yet hurt the sale of a book. However, to cleave to our central thread for the nonce: Realizing how tawdry his life is, Farintosh renounces his business, his de-luxe yacht—"

"Hold on there, Dudley," objected Fluther. "I won't buy that. I'm an average reader, and it doesn't ring true to me."

"O.K.," Nightshade rejoined. "He doesn't renounce the yacht. Perhaps he only puts it in storage—"

"You don't store a yacht," Fluther contradicted, with the executive's inherent flair for detail. "You haul it up on the ways."

"Yes, yes." Nightshade curbed his annoyance with an effort. "That doesn't affect the story. What I'm driving at is Farintosh's conversion. The hermit convinces him that if people could only communicate simply and sincerely—say, by means of sharing and enjoying some universal delight like candy—most of their neuroses would vanish. You see where this train of thought takes us?"

"Goddam right I do, Mr. Nightshade!" Crunch chortled. "Recover the innocence of childhood with lollipops—in fact, with the Lox Pop!"

"Precisely," said Nightshade, his eyes sparkling. "The minute Farintosh sets out to translate the philosophy into action, he's a man inspired. As a starter, he distributes a few thousand lollipops, urging the recipients to buy and give away more, like a chain letter. Then, as the idea captures the popular imagination, a veritable frenzy of benefaction overtakes everyone. Millions of lollipops change hands—"

"Great Scott, Dudley!" said Fluther, awe-stricken. "If a thing like that ever

NIGHT WALK

Flintlike, her feet struck
such a racket of echoes from the steely street,
tacking in moon-blued crooks from the black
stone-built town, that she heard the quick air ignite
its tinder and shake

a firework of echoes from wall
to wall of the dark, dwarfed cottages.
But the echoes died at her back as the walls
gave way to fields and the incessant seethe of grasses
riding in the full

of the moon, manes to the wind,
tireless, tied, as a moon-bound sea
moves on its root. Though a mist-wraith wound
up from the fissured valley and hung shoulder-high
ahead, it fattened

to no family-featured ghost,
nor did any word body with a name
the blank mood she walked in. Once past
the dream-peopled village, her eyes entertained no dream,
and the sandman's dust

lost lustre under her footsoles.
The long wind, paring her person down
to a pinch of flame, blew its burdened whistle
in the whorl of her ear, and, like a scooped-out pumpkin crown,
her head cupped the babel.

All the night gave her, in return
for the paltry gift of her bulk and the beat
of her heart, was the humped, indifferent iron
of its hills, and its pastures bordered by black stone set
on black stone. Barns

guarded broods and litters
behind shut doors; the dairy herds
knelt in the meadow, mute as boulders;
sheep drowsed stoneward in their tussocks of wool; and birds,
twig-sleeping, wore

granite ruffs, their shadows
the guise of leaves. The whole landscape
loomed absolute, as the antique world was
once, in its earliest sway of lymph and sap,
unaltered by eyes,

enough to snuff the quick
of her small heat out. But before the weight
of stones and hills of stones could break
her down to mere quartz grit in that stony light,
she turned back.

—SYLVIA PLATH

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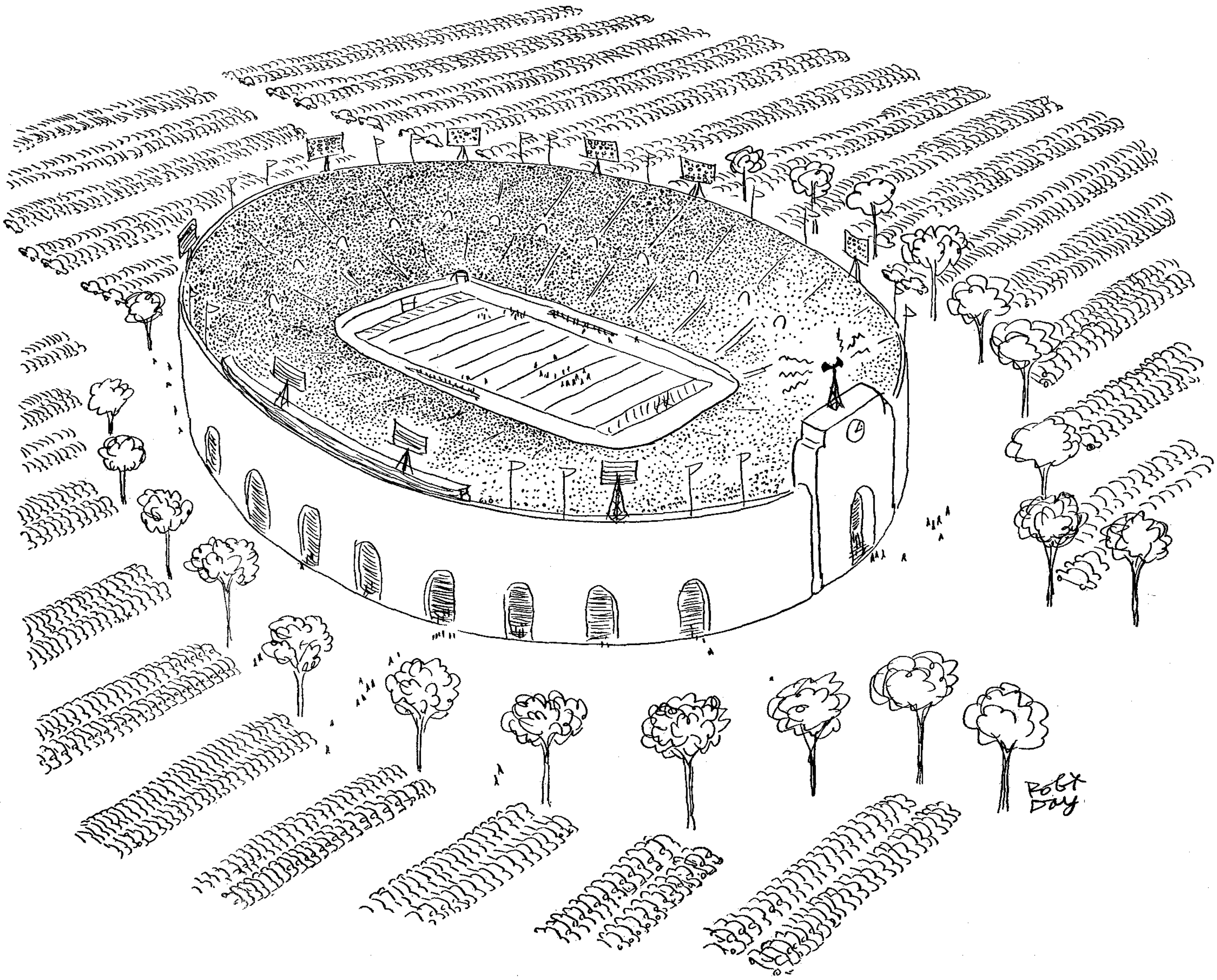

"Will owner of car bearing license plate AV6036 kindly report to the parking lot? You left your electric razor running."

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caught on, we'd have to retool to supply the demand!"

"Wait a minute," Nightshade expatiated. "Go beyond the commercial implications. Out of this upsurge of altruism, Farintosh forges a potent political weapon, a brotherhood of good citizens with the motto 'Lox Pop Means Vox Pop'—dedicated to stamping out ignorance and graft. In turn he's elected mayor, governor, even President. All mankind hails him as a savior—everybody, that is, but one person."

"The fey young girl in Central Park," said Crunch intuitively.

"Correct," said Nightshade. "In saving the world, he's lost the one thing he really loves—and you end on a lovely, bittersweet note of renunciation."

"But he's still got the yacht," Fluther appealed.

"Yes, yes, he's had it all the time," the publisher quieted him, and turned back to Crunch. "Well, Mr. Budlong, how does that strike you as a theme for a novel?"

"It's a heller," said Crunch exultantly. "Of course, I won't be able to devote much time to it at the office, but I can knock it out in a couple of evenings."

"I guarantee it'll write itself," predicted Nightshade. "And it could earn us all a very tidy pfennig. A first edition of fifty thousand (exclusive of the book clubs, that is), the movie sale, paperbacks, a tie-in campaign with Allied Confectionery—yes, this may have been a most providential encounter. Look here," he proposed energetically. "Why don't the three of us step over to my office while we're hot, and draw up a contract?"

Crunch rose to his points like Eglevsky. "Yowzer!" he assented. "I *was* going to lunch with my friend here, but I know he'll understand—won't you?" I managed a self-sacrificial nod. "Look me up soon and we'll really tie one on, eh?"

"Yes, or you look me up in Rhodesia," I started to say, but it was already too late. The trio was halfway out the door, framing a capital-gains evasion and cackling over dividends. I relapsed into my chair, waved away the menu, and ordered another Martini. Somehow I wasn't a bit hungry. Indeed, I could have sworn I felt a touch of heartburn. —S. J. PERELMAN

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In the exercise of delegated authority, a person may ratify the act of another which, when done and when ratified, the person might have himself done and which, when done, the other might have been authorized to do.—*From Air Force Procurement Instructions.*

If something hadn't come up to prevent it.

5 5
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

THE MOST WONDERFUL BED IN THE WORLD

Daniel, who could neither walk nor talk, because he was still a crawling baby, always slept on the safe part of the bed, against the wall, while Janie, who was seven years old, had to lie next to the unprotected edge. The largest part of the bed belonged to their grandmother, whose body at night filled all that hollowed space between them. She always lay on her side, and the blanket, rising and spreading along her body, often reminded Janie of a cloud that had drifted over Cape Town and alighted on top of Table Mountain. Every night, Janie crawled as close to her grandmother's back as she could, but no sooner had she found cover and shelter there, and a nice little place for her knees and fists, than her grandmother would move and the bed would creak terribly. Groaning, her grandmother would turn to face her. At such times, Janie's edge of the bed seemed to rise above the floor as precipitously as a rock ledge on the mountain. Sometimes she felt herself start to fall, and it was with a sharp cry of relief that she would bounce into wakefulness and feel her grandmother's arms pulling her crossly to safety. Then she found her grandmother very nice—almost as nice as her own mother, whom she saw only on Sundays. Her mother was a sleep-in domestic servant who worked in another suburb of Cape Town, far from theirs.

Her grandmother, on the other hand, lived close to her place of work. She sold flowers on the sidewalk in front of a large department store, on a main street, and her one-room cottage was attached to a house that was situated at the end of a narrow lane sloping down from this street. She was always the first flower seller to begin work, for the other colored flower sellers lived near the farms where the flowers were grown, and they reached the pavement outside the store long after Janie, her grandmother, and Daniel. Early in the morning, Janie's grandmother would go to a nearby sheltered alley and get her equipment—the soapbox upon which she sat and the boxes upon which she set her baths and tins, filled each morning with water from a tap in the alley. Everything would be ready by the time the flower van pulled up at the curb.

So when the other flower sellers were busily drawing their boxes from the alley and setting them out on the pavement's outer edge, or filling their baths with water, Janie's grandmother had a contented smile on her face. She looked about her in an organized way while the heads of her colleagues were still moving busily and confusedly behind the moist, whispering heads of the flowers they were arranging. She sat up straight and high on her soapbox, the open end of which was behind her. The box was also used as a cupboard for their daytime things—their food, spare cloths for Daniel, and a tin containing raffia, an old pair of scissors, and a razor blade, which were used for cutting and binding the flowers she sold. The smiles that patterned her broad face as she sat there beside her flowers, gossiping with her closest neighbor, Mrs. Isaacs, seemed to Janie to be repeated in her comfortably rumpled dress and in her amiably creased stockings. Her shoes, shining next to a stack of newspapers, which she used for wrapping her bouquets, seemed to catch the warm beams from her eyes. She was certainly as happy as any of the other flower sellers who lined the pavement. Therefore, Janie could not understand why her grandmother should change into such a cross and complaining person the moment she prepared herself for the walk home at the end of each day.

On this particular afternoon, as they crossed the main street and went down their little lane to the cottage at the end of it, Janie, who was walking behind, noticed that her grandmother was carrying Daniel as though he made her neck ache. Daniel, straddling her neck, turned around to smile at Janie, his round face rising as bright as a moon above the wide shoulder. He didn't care about his grandmother's troubles. When the rumble of the traffic behind them became fainter, Janie could hear what her grandmother was saying. It was nothing new. She was simply going through her familiar list of grievances. Janie didn't know it, but this list was not unlike a memorandum that might have been delivered at an annual general meeting of a ladies' benevolent society, for it contained involved subclauses and additional argument detailed enough to silence the most troublesome members. Its repetitive nature could enlighten the stupid and mesmerize the dreamy. It was an extremely long list, but she grumbled at great speed, so that by the time she paused before the gate of the cottage she had made mumbling but methodical reference to almost everything in it. Respectfully, Janie tiptoed behind her, through the gate and along a sandy path, which ran parallel to a fowl run and up to the door of their cottage.

The grandmother had already complained about the bed, the uncomfortable situation she found herself in every night, and those nocturnal habits peculiar, it seemed, to her grandchildren. Then she had gone on to complain about the room itself and the house it adjoined, the owners of which she despised, not merely because they fancied themselves but because they charged her too high a rental.

Janie knew that she would now remark on her hatred for the fowls, which Janie felt sorry for. As her grandmother passed by, all the shabby little hens began to run about in zigzags, miraculously not colliding with each other within their small enclosure. Not one of them seemed a fit match for the single cock, who looked about him with a composed yet slightly offended air. He was really a tall cock, and his feathers were arranged fluffily around his legs, like very fine pantaloons. Yet to him Janie's grandmother said, "*K'ss!* What a stink!" The cock stood in the middle of the run as though the sand beneath him were silver and not a dirty gray. "*K'ss!*" said Janie's grandmother once more, as she put Daniel down on the step before their door and searched in the

wide pocket of her apron for the key. Janie looked quickly at the cock. He raised one foot off the ground and dangled the claws as assuredly as a man idly swinging a bunch of silver keys.

"I can only stand to look at beautiful things," went on Janie's grandmother as she struggled to fit the key into its dark little hole, "because I am that sort of a person." When she had unlocked the door, she turned and glowered at the fowl run, at the dusty loquat tree that grew beside it, and at the cock, who now stamped his foot to the ground and pranced forward indignantly. Behind the cock was a corrugated-iron fence, which rippled gold and silver in a long shaft of late sunlight. And behind the fence and above it was, of course, Table Mountain.

When the door was at last opened, a flood of watery gold light streamed into the room; as it washed the walls, all the smudged squares of glass in the frames of the many gravure portraits of the Queen and General Smuts were suddenly filled with lustre. Janie thought the room looked simply beautiful. The light struck the small deal table that stood in the center of the floor, and, as though being drawn irresistibly to a magnet, countless gold splinters rose up pricklingly from its surface. Along one side wall, and not receiving any of this haloed light, was the bed. Instantly, Janie felt sorry for it. It seemed a shame that her grandmother hated this bed so blindly that she did not at least appreciate its length, for it was as long as the whole room.

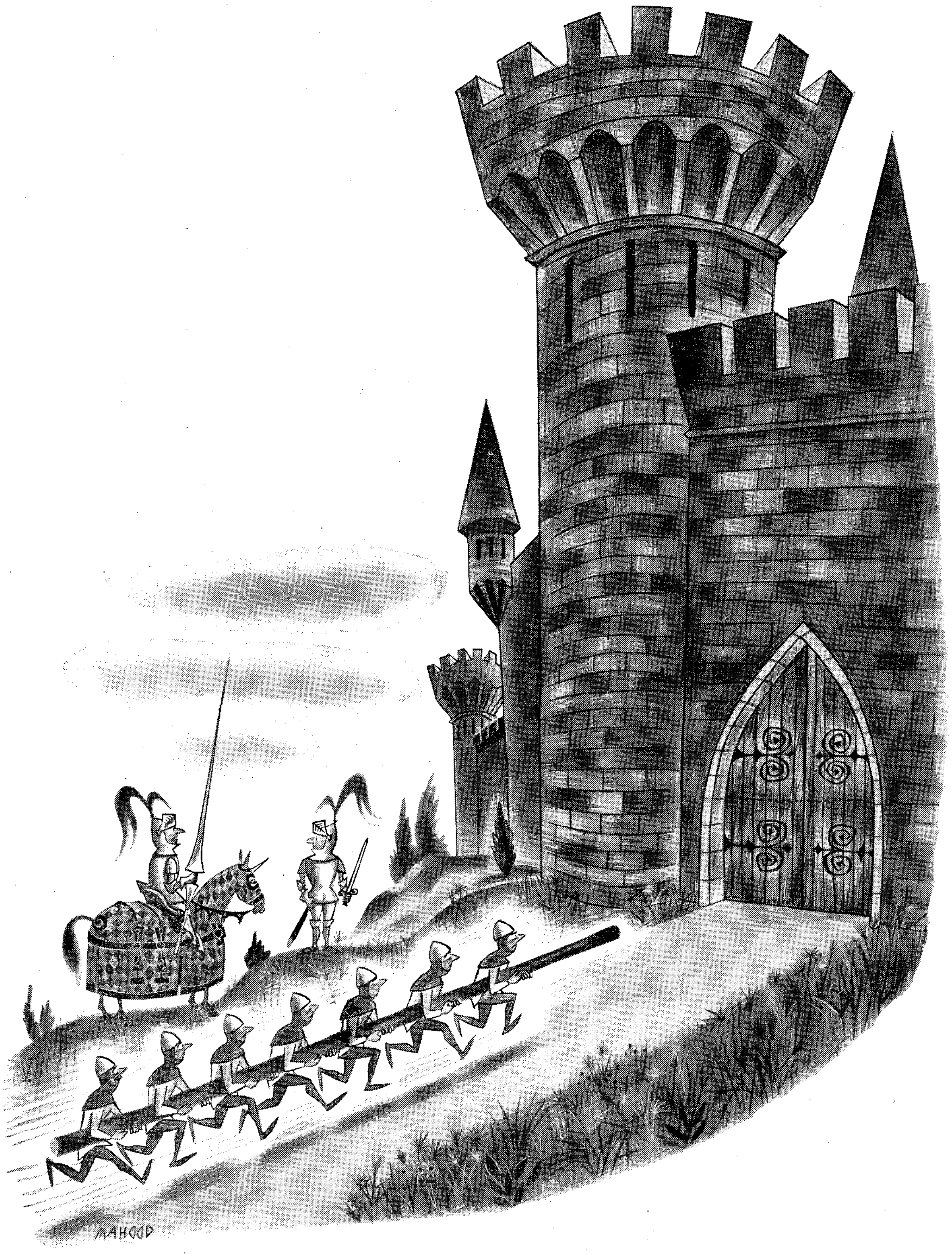
"What's the matter with you, Janie?" she heard her grandmother say. "Springing up and springing down in the doorway. If you don't fancy this room, you can stay outside."

The enchantment was gone when Janie came into the room and closed the door behind her. It was dark inside, and her grandmother lit a candle. A giant shadow slipped off her arms and moved across one wall. "I am the sort of person who can only stand to live in a nice place," said her grandmother again, as she prepared Daniel's porridge.

Often, when the old woman elevated herself to this idealized person, full of eccentric likes and dislikes, Janie pretended that she, too, was an adult—a most understanding sort of adult. She sat on the bed without swinging her legs, and she folded her arms gravely. When she was in this mood, she thought of her grandmother by her name, Mrs. Japhta. Yes, Mrs. Japhta, she thought now, in private agreement. Exactly, Mrs. Japhta. That is just what I also think.

"And I am too old a person," the old woman was saying as she undressed Daniel and sat him suddenly in an enamel basin of water, "to be looking after a crawling baby."

Now, that is exactly how I feel, Mrs. Japhta, thought Janie, forgetting not to swing her legs. Especially about that child Daniel. I don't mind other



"Have you tried knocking?"

children. I can stand them. I just can't stand that child Daniel, you know, because I am that sort of a person. He makes me sick, you understand.

Unhappily, this little game did not last long. The old woman took Daniel up in her arms, sat him on her lap, and drew the table to the bed. He was old enough to feed himself, in a messy, indirect sort of way, but for some reason the old woman always kept him in her arms while he ate, and she herself plied the porridge spoon back and forth between the dish and his mouth. While she did this, her eyes became foolish-looking and her mouth as twitchy as a rabbit's. "Ah, my whole dear world," she said now, in an entirely different tone. "Ah, my pretty little boy child. Aren't you just as pretty as a little girl child? Eat, my baby, eat."

Janie unfolded her stiff arms, and swung her legs rapidly. She might as well not be present at all, for all the notice her grandmother took of *her*, she thought.

"Averell!"   *"Nelson!"*

At last the bowl was empty and Daniel was full, and her grandmother started to prepare Daniel's part of the bed. Sighing with satisfaction, she took up an old rubber sheet and, placing it on the bed, close to the wall, smoothed it with her hand as carefully as if she were scraping butter on a slice of bread. And Daniel might have been a tasty bit of sandwich meat, the way she munched her lips as she laid him down and covered him with a shawl.

JANIE had no appetite for supper that night. "Why don't you eat?" challenged her grandmother as she pushed the plate of jam sandwiches along the table to Janie, who was sitting on the edge of the bed. "What's the matter with you?" she asked indistinctly, straining sweet black tea through the bread in her mouth. "Look how thin your arms and legs are," she said, taking a large, steamy gulp of tea. "Of course," she said, staring at no one opposite her, "it is all right for *them* to sulk."

Often she addressed some third, invisible person in this way—a person who might have been sitting opposite her if there had been a chair on the other side of the table. It was to this unseen person that she now directed her conversation. "They can complain as much as they like. But you know it is me, *me* who must never open my mouth. I am the person who must never say that Janie is just skin and bone, with arms and legs just like a monkey's." She turned her head sharply to Janie. "Eat," she snapped. "Eat."

Later, when Janie had finished two sandwiches, the old woman spoke gently to her. "You want an egg, Janie? I got an egg. Let me boil you one." But hardly had she shown this concern when she seemed to remember the person opposite her. "I am ashamed of my own flesh and blood," she said to this person. "I am ashamed of my daughter."

Hearing this, Janie shifted farther back on the bed and wished she were heavy enough to sink right through it to the floor. She hated it when her grandmother began to complain about her own mother. She began to stroke a small piece of the blanket meditatively. What a soft sort of person her mother was, she thought. She closed her eyes tightly and remembered her mother's last visit with such intensity that it suddenly became the previous Sunday again.

She found herself waiting for her mother outside the door, and as she jumped up and down on the narrow step, Table Mountain and Devil's Peak began to jump with her, in enormous sympathetic accord. Higher and higher they jumped, above the rusty edge of the corrugated-iron fence. The sun in the sky was as lovely as a bright yellow beach ball that she herself might have thrown up there. She heard the gate click. She felt herself leaping from the step into her mother's arms, and, in a rushing, blind sort of ecstasy, she felt her mother's georgette scarf and the chilly tingling of little beads against her face. "Whoops, Janie!" she heard her mother say. "Careful. You nearly knocked me right over. You mustn't rush at me like that again, Janie. You understand, Janie? You can hurt me."

On the bed, Janie opened her eyes in a puzzled way. "At last," she heard her grandmother saying. "At last you pay attention. Didn't you hear me ask you four times to stop bouncing? Are you deaf?" But this chiding was in parentheses, for the old woman was discussing something at great length with her invisible companion.

"Of course," she went on, "she has got nothing to worry about so long as I am alive. Then she has got me to look after the baby. I look so well after Daniel and Janie, she is quite sure I will look after the new baby also. It is for granted that she takes me. But I want to ask her something. What is going to happen to all of them when I die?"

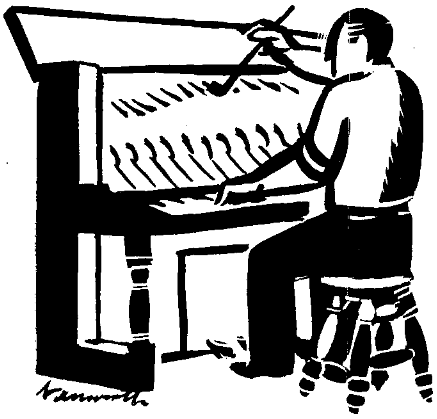
Janie looked behind her. Daniel was fast asleep. When he was quiet and still like that, he almost looked quite nice, she thought. On the wall above him, the paint had peeled off in pleasing little patterns, and higher up was a window with fluttering curtains that did not quite meet. She looked quickly down at Daniel. He was asleep, and not frightened by the curtains' being chased by all that black air streaming into the room.

"I am not afraid to die," her grandmother went on staunchly. "And I am not ashamed to die. I have paid for my funeral, every penny. I finished paying last year already. I don't owe the funeral insurance another farthing. But there is no honey running down my throat and into my stomach, even so. There is a bitter lump in my stomach, all right. Just when I can spend a few extra pennies now, on this and that, I can't even enjoy my old age, because my daughter comes to tell me the latest news. She has got nothing to say about the latest expenses I can expect. Mind you, not that I didn't know before she comes to give me this news. I don't need glasses to see. But what, I want to ask, is going to happen to me when I get sick just before I die? I can't even be sick alone on my bed. And I am not the sort of person who will go to a hospital. No, thank you. I don't want any of those training doctors from the university opening up this old body of mine and pulling from it my kidneys and my heart and my liver. No, thank you. Leave this body of mine alone, with all the luggage inside, locked up. But what am I to do when I get sick and can't lie on this bed except with three children?"

Even in bed that night, the old woman went on about her troubles, in a loud, close voice. Each time Janie felt herself falling off the bed, the old woman complained about the bed rolling and said that she felt seasick. "Up-down, up-down," she groaned. "That's what happens if you have to share your only bed with your grandchildren. How can I take the new baby? Where must I put it on this bed? There isn't even room to squeeze between Janie and myself one linaria, never mind a snapdragon."

In her struggle to keep herself on the bed that night, Janie could scarcely understand what her grandmother was talking about. She wondered what baby she was referring to. Vaguely, she reflected that a linaria was like a baby snapdragon, but her mind refused to work further. The little bed, like some frail vessel riding a very wild sea, rocked for hours, and at times it seemed to be sinking with all hands. Somehow they drifted through the night, and early the next morning Janie saw the tip of Devil's Peak through the window. It rose like a miracle into an unusually clear October sky.

THIS new day opened benignly over Cape Town, and by the time they had breakfasted and hurried to the street and set up the boxes and tins and flowers, Janie had forgotten what had been troubling her during the night. The air was so warm and calm that it hung like a net over the gay line of flower sellers, seeming to enmesh within its blue haze not only the humming of the bees that hovered above the flowers but the gossip of the flower sellers themselves. In the midst of this mesh of air, her grandmother's and Mrs. Isaacs' laughing voices were the loudest. Everywhere there was a pithy, moist smell of wattle leaves and larkspurs and watsonias.



Janie followed Daniel as he crawled along the pavement through the bright aisle formed by the flowers along the curb and their reflection in the gleaming store windows. Grudgingly, she kept him from crawling under a lorry that had drawn up in front of a butcher's shop near the end of the block. Terrible carcasses were being pulled from the back of this lorry by men who shielded themselves in ghostly hoods of hessian sacking. She stood close to Daniel, so that his fingers would not be mashed by the large, hard-soled feet of pedestrians. She saw to it that he did not fall into a water-filled tub that had not yet been raised from the pavement. And, owing to her vigilance, he did not choke on a button, and his thin fingers were not stung by a lighted cigarette end. She was an efficient nurse, but when her grandmother had a customer and called her, she gladly ran to her and handed her the strands of raffia with which she bound the dripping stems, and the newspaper with which she wrapped them, and the razor blade with which she cut off a dead flower head.

Yet it was not her grandmother who was impressed by her usefulness, but

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CAT

(METZTLI: THE MOON-GOD OF THE AZTECS)

Metztli, who is my cat,
One drop of ocelot, sat
By the morning-glory vine,
Staring. That cat is mine
(Except that I am its),
And sat like carved stone as it often sits
In the patio, staring through
The red brick wall, the blue
Two-o'clock sky, to where
The moon (for it was there,
Somewhere) decided to hide.
I hate that pose. "Metztli, come here!" I cried,
But a pair of cold gold eyes
Denied and always denies
Everything: all the fishes
I fed it, all the dishes
Of milk—everything. And why
Not, after all? A god is a god. The sky,
On my side of the moon,
Was morning-glory blue all afternoon.

—LYSANDER KEMP

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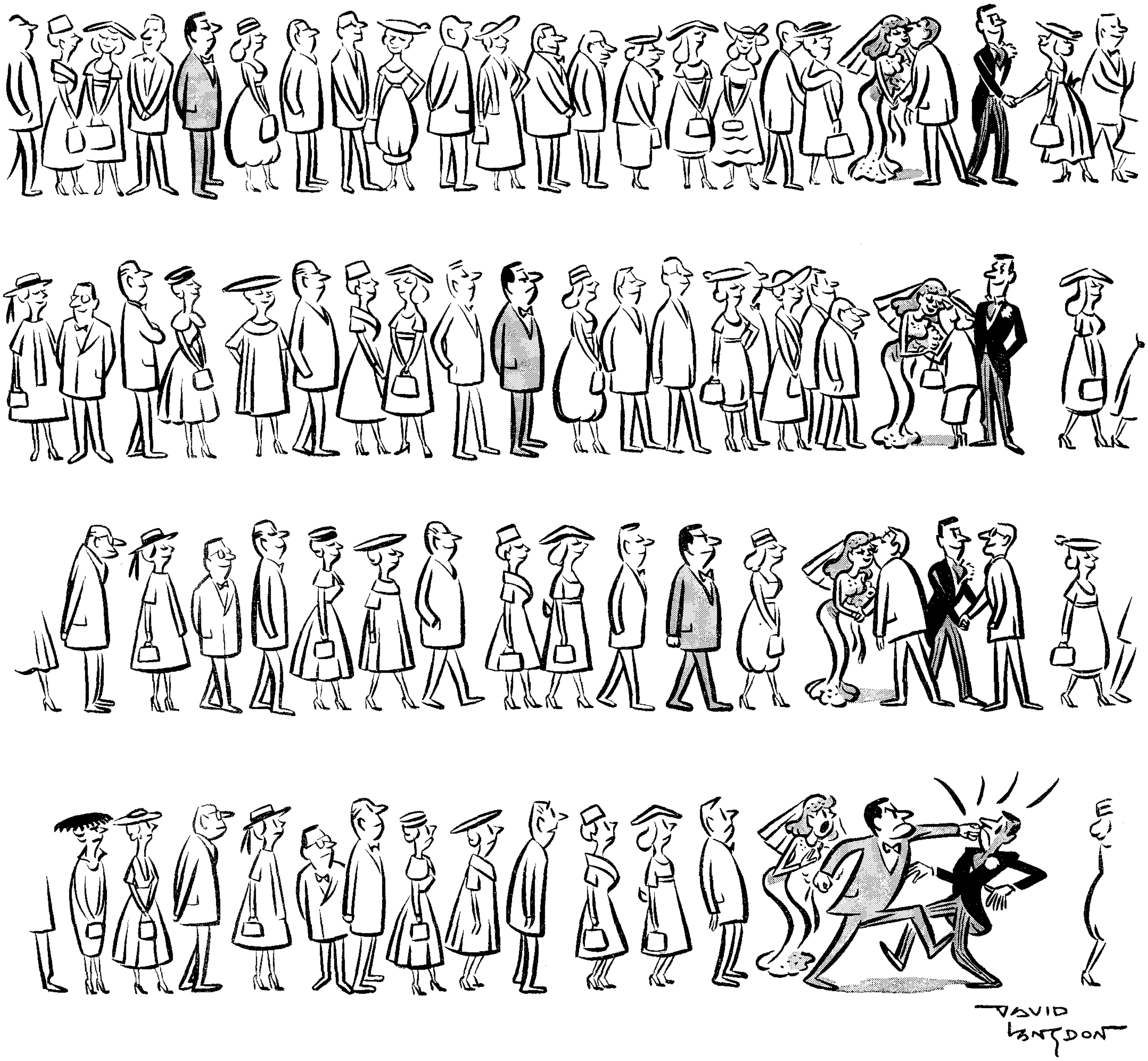

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Mrs. Isaacs. "What a good child you are, Janie," she said, her eyes shining at her through a branch of loquat leaves. "Just look at the way you help everyone. Just look how carefully you mind Daniel. Doesn't she, Danny boy? Ag! Sweet thing! You got a nice little sister, lovey. Upsy! Come to Auntie. Come, my baby, you old-fashioned little thing." Janie watched her lift Daniel to her lap and dandle him there, beside the swaying loquat branches.

"They say that Danny boy has got my eyes exactly," said Janie's grandmother, beaming on her soapbox.

Janie could feel with her tongue the tiny ridged edge of one of her new teeth, and, tasting it thoughtfully, she turned her back on Mrs. Isaacs and her grandmother, and stared at the shopwindow behind them. It shone like a mirror, and at first all she could see in it was a clear reflection of her grandmother's body, rising like some strange, primeval growth out of the baths, dwarfing the arums and watsonias. She shifted sidewise along the window until she could make out one arm that belonged to Mrs. Isaacs, from which a branch of loquat seemed to sprout. And, looking into the edge of the window, she could even make out the white-coated figure of the fruit vender whose barrow was at the corner of the street. He seemed to be crying at her, out of the window, "Yeppels! Cookers and eaters! Yeppels! Ten for a bob!"

Janie had often seen this vender of apples at close quarters, and she was a little frightened of him, because his eyes always moved strangely about his face, travelling independent of each other. She quickly shifted her gaze to the center of the window, where she could no longer see him, and then, leaning forward, she pressed her face against the cold glass.

At that moment, everything behind her vanished, and she saw for the first time what was really inside the window. It was a bed. It was an enormous bed, with a rich spread of pink quilted satin. Astonished by its size, she stepped back slightly, only to find that a tub of arums had in some extraordinary manner penetrated the glass and settled on top of the bed, as though that were its rightful place. She drew quickly up to the window, and the tub vanished, without leaving the slightest water stain on the fine cover.

It was a most solid bed. It was too large, she thought, to creak. In fact,

"I am not the kind of man who indulges in lavish promises about the future. But I make so bold as to say this—that had I been in office over the past two years this great nation of ours would have been the first to launch a sputnik, there would have been no troubles in Iraq and Lebanon to inflame the Middle East, there . . ."

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it was as large as a room. Not only as long as a room, like their own bed, but as broad, too. To ease such a bed into a room, one would have to remove the roof and in some fashion lower the bed to the floor. Then, when the roof had been replaced, all the floor would have vanished beneath the bed. It would be quite a problem to know what to do with the table and the cupboard, unless these articles of furniture could somehow be stored under the bed. This thought troubled her, for both the table and the cupboard were essential. But maybe one couldn't have everything, she decided, and was comforted by this thought.

The more she looked at the bed, the more she approved of it. It was a bed upon which one could bounce all the way up to the ceiling, swiftly ascending past the portraits of the Queen and General Smuts on the way up, and as swiftly passing them on the way down. But Janie was too old to think only about pleasures. With an effort, she stopped testing the resiliency of the bed and began to measure it with a steadier eye, estimating just what accommodation such a bed could afford. Examining the width of the bed in relation to the sizes of all the people she knew best, she placed them thoughtfully on it, one by one.

First of all, she took Daniel. She put him on the farthest edge of the bed, sandwiching him there, as usual, between his own rubber sheet and a shawl. She squeezed him down hard.

Then she took her grandmother, who, being full of things like hearts and livers and kidneys, weighed as much as a tub of water. But since this was the most wonderful bed in the world, the impressive weight of her body made scarcely a dent in the fine satin cover. Janie laid her grandmother flat on her back, with a lot of space between her and Daniel, and then, as further protection against the old woman's restless complaints, she left a large space on the near side. This was for the invisible companion to whom her grandmother spoke each night. Despite this lack of economy, there was still a great deal of room left—so much, in fact, that Janie allowed Mrs. Isaacs to climb into the bed next.

In her mind, Janie arranged these people on the bed rather defiantly and impatiently, but her attitude softened when she thought of the ideal place for her mother and herself. Between the two of them there would not be space for a single linaria, she thought, vaguely remembering that her grandmother had said something like this the night before.

All at once, half-forgotten words, sharp little thoughts, and frightening feelings of unease shook about in her mind and then slipped into an unmistakable pattern, like cold chips of glass within a kaleidoscope. She could see her own face reflected in the window. It had crinkled up into an expression that presaged age and, with age, the whole disaster of a new understanding. There was going to be a new baby.

Yet it was Daniel's voice, crying behind her, that made her step back from the window as though she had been repulsed. All at once, the sun began to stream through the glass, carrying on its shafts the ordinary, familiar things of the street behind her—the flower sellers, the baths of bright flowers, and her grandmother. She turned around quickly once more to face them.

—SONIA ROLLNICK

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Suppose you had stood by the side of Galileo when he dropped objects of different weights and sizes from the top of a tower. Would you have tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Better not do that. Don't you realize you are introducing mankind to the scientific method and the study of physics? Don't you know that your experimenting will lead to a hydrogen bomb? Better stop right now before it's too late."

Of course you wouldn't have done that. —*From "The University and Its Publics," by Clarence A. Schoenfeld.*

For one thing, we can't speak Italian.

PROFILES

THE FRIEND OF THE MUSK OX—II

JOHN J. TEAL, JR., a thirty-seven-year-old anthropologist and explorer, made his first expedition to Canada's Barren Grounds in search of musk oxen in 1954, at a time when he felt ready to push back the frontiers of arctic living. He had emerged from the war in 1945, after a brilliant career as pilot of a B-17, and had spent the succeeding period largely in the Far North, wandering here and there and taking scientific soundings—now floating down the Yukon River in a three-dollar boat, now walking barefoot over a Spitsbergen glacier (barefoot by courtesy of his bride, who had inadvertently burned up his shoes in a misguided demonstration of wifely solicitude), and at one time herding reindeer with a group of bewildered Lapps. Teal, a New Yorker by birth and a Greenwicher by upbringing, has always been wrenched by a near-mystic tug toward the arctic. He regards his present base, a six-hundred-acre farm some twenty miles east of Burlington, in upper Vermont, as in the torrid zone, climatically, and is never so happy as when he can invent a good reason to leave it and head northward. On his expedition into musk-ox territory in 1954, he was spied from the air by Pierre Berton, the managing editor of *Maclean's Magazine*, a Canadian publication, who was making a kind of bush-plane survey of his homeland. In his book "The Mysterious North," Berton wrote:

> On the slopes of the Thelon above Grassy Island . . . we found John Teal, the big, square-jawed anthropologist from Vermont, who, with a party of scientists, was trying to capture eight musk-ox calves. Teal has spent years tramping around the north and, as an anthropologist, interested in both agriculture and the Arctic, has some intriguing theories about both. He believes that our present-day agriculture is essentially a tropical one, but needn't be. The ancestors of sheep, goats, horses, and cows all came from India, Malaya, and the Near East, and their descendants have never fully adapted themselves to northern conditions. Thus we must create an artificial tropics for them with heat, barns, and feed.
>
> "Why," Teal asked me, "shouldn't we try to domesticate the native animals—such as the reindeer and the musk ox? Why shouldn't we turn the ptarmigan into a northern chicken? There are as many as twenty-six varieties or sub-species of the willow ptarmigan in northern Ontario alone. . . ."
>
> Now here he was with his party. . . .

The reason for Teal's presence in the Barren Grounds was exceptionally cogent. After considerable negotiation, the Canadian government had given him permission to capture and bring home a few musk-ox calves for experimentation. On several occasions, Teal has modestly described his friend Vilhjalmur Stefansson as the "progenitor" of the musk-ox project, and, indeed, it was Stefansson who first fired him with enthusiasm for the animals—enormous long-haired beasts that resemble a cross between bison and sheep—contending that they could be usefully domesticated; their wool is of incomparably fine quality, softer than cashmere, and, if properly exploited, it would no doubt be greatly in demand for expensive sweaters, shawls, socks, and the like. After some initial talks with Stefansson on the subject, though, Teal alone had haunted the Canadian Wildlife Service until, at length, he persuaded its officials that his intentions toward the oxen were honorable. Musk oxen are very carefully protected by Canadian law from human beings; wolves (notoriously slack about game laws) continue to poach at will. In return for permission to capture (if possible) some calves and transport them to Vermont, he had to agree never to exhibit them for gain or to exploit them commercially in any other way. Teal was delighted. He had no interest in operating a peepshow; a fanatic with a humanitarian aim, he was simply intent on devising a way by which arctic man—Eskimo, Indian, and white—could weld himself to a harsh, unfruitful land with the help of a hitherto wild animal.

The task of organizing an expedition to the Canadian north requires skillful planning. To begin with, it is important to stay alive. The Barren Grounds—generally treeless tundras lying this side of the great ice fields but well within the boundaries of permafrost, where all but the top foot of the earth is frozen the year round to a depth of several hundred feet—are vulnerable at any season to sudden savage blizzards, plunging temperatures, and the rampages of such essentially ungenial creatures as grizzlies and wolves. Teal chose his men with care. His first lieutenant was Alden Taylor, a friend of his from the Air Forces, and he also took along Dr. Ernest Paquette, an able veterinarian who is a neighbor of his in Vermont; Lansing C. Holden III, Mrs. Teal's brother and an advertising man; Niels Rasmussen, a free-lance movie photographer and a son of the Danish explorer Knud Rasmussen; Edward Salvas, a former president of the University of Vermont Outing Club; Herbert Drury, a young graduate of Dartmouth College who had spent some time in the Far North; and Fritz Goro, a *Life* photographer. The group left Vermont in early August, the time of year that Teal and Paquette figured would be the best; the musk-ox calves, born in the spring, would be ready for weaning by then but would not yet be dangerously fractious. A restriction imposed on the expedition by Canada was that its members take along no firearms of any kind; an exception was made in the case of John Kelsall, a mammalogist assigned to the expedition by the Canadian government, who carried a small-bore rifle with which to stave off ravening beasts.

John J. Teal, Jr.

LADEN with sleeping bags, tents, cooking utensils, and a good deal of other impedimenta, the expedition journeyed by commercial airline up over Alberta to Yellowknife, on Great Slave Lake, in the Northwest Territories, where Teal chartered two bush planes—those small, offhand amphibious knockabouts that hippety-hop, unscheduled, over upper Canada in all weather, carrying a prospector from one inhospitable region to another, depositing a fur trapper in some spot of uneasy access, hauling a sick squaw down to civilization, and in general moving quickly over great distances to perform chores that would otherwise mean weeks of travel by dog sled or canoe. Teal's planes were a Norseman and a

“Sh-h-h. Beth is dying.”

Beaver, each capable of carting six men and one musk-ox calf, plus a substantial amount of equipment, including a canoe lashed to the pontoons of one of them. The planes took off two hours apart, bent on one of the oddest errands in the history of travel. Teal, six feet three inches tall and weighing nearly two hundred and thirty pounds—a good jump on a capacity load all by himself—rode in the lead plane, studying charts, watching the ground, and making calculations about the probable whereabouts of musk oxen. He now says quite candidly that he had a great deal of good luck on his 1954 expedition. Near the Thelon River, some five hundred miles northeast of Yellowknife, flying in perfect weather, he sighted a herd of fifty-two musk oxen. To brighten the situation further, they were grazing near a lake that provided a handy landing for pontoon aircraft. With more excitement than he had ever displayed when he was dumping bombs on Germany, Teal got on the radio and gave the other plane directions for descending and making camp. It was an area of bleak desolation, perhaps as lonely and brooding as the craters of the moon. Once on shore, Teal looked about in a state of high stimulation; his manner gave evidence that the place seemed to him as festive as Coney Island.

Having landed the party, the bush pilots took off again, one of them having agreed to return in ten days to see if things were proceeding as planned. Immediately after they departed, Teal addressed his associates, outlining spheres of responsibility and naming himself as cook. There ensued a hollow pause. Some of the group had been on outings with him before. The fact is that Teal doesn’t care what he eats; he is scarcely aware that he is eating it. At one time, when his wife had a job in Burlington and lived there except for weekends, Teal bached it on the farm. A friend who stayed with him briefly during this period took to sneaking limply into town for a snack between meals, if any. Teal’s breakfast was apt to be a can of cold tomato soup and a cucumber. He often skipped lunch, and for dinner, if he was hurried, he would down a double handful of raw hamburger.

Teal made his culinary début on the 1954 expedition with a tepid chunk of boiled pork, served in water. When the utensils had been cleared away, his companions withdrew for an emergency huddle. Then a deputation waited on Teal.

“John,” said the leader, “we don’t want to hurt your feelings, but if we’re going to catch musk oxen, we’d better get a new cook, and get him fast.”

“Something wrong with dinner?” inquired Teal, with mild scientific surprise.

“It was interesting, but I doubt if the human system could stand over two or three doses,” the other replied.

Puzzled but undisturbed, Teal agreed to step down, saying he would wash dishes instead. Then, with camp morale lifted, the expedition pondered the business of trying to catch musk oxen—the first attempt of its particular kind on record. Once before, in Alaska in the nineteen-thirties, a project to study musk oxen under controlled conditions had been conducted, but with calves that had been captured in Greenland by the cruelly unsporting method of shooting all the adults in a herd. Canada, in granting Teal’s request, had been emphatic in stating that any captures he might make must be accomplished without gore—a needless precaution, for Teal is so chickenhearted about animals that he is never entirely at ease grouse-hunting with friends who visit his farm. A neighboring widow once told him, in deep anxiety, that a big black bear was a-roam on her place, and she wondered if he would rush over and shoot it. Teal loaded up his ancient 30-30—a creaky article of indifferent manufacture, held together with copper wire and bicycle tape—and took to the trail. By making a garbage cache and sitting in concealment nearby, he confirmed the bear’s existence, but when

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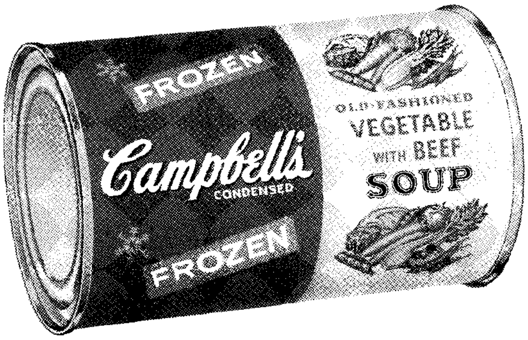

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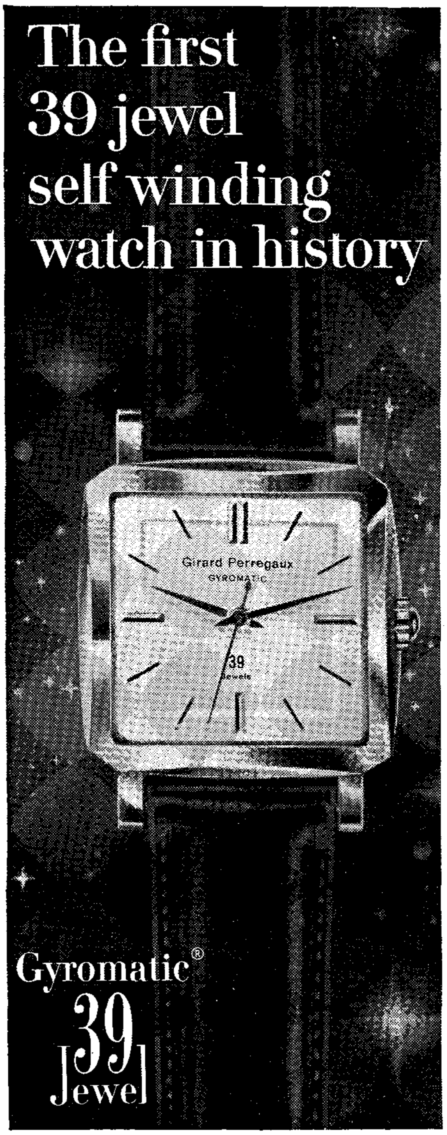

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he emerged to come to grips with it, he thought it looked so amiable and friendly that he said "The hell with it," and fired his gun into the air. Then he walked back to the woman's house and told her he had killed and buried the bear, but he cautioned her that it might possibly have relatives in the area.

The expedition didn't have long to ponder stratagems for capturing their quarry, for Teal moved swiftly. He had brought along two huskies—large, toothy dogs, chosen for their resemblance to wolves—hoping that with their help he could split up a herd and win out by a process of divide and conquer. The dogs proved to be a fizzle. One chased off merrily after caribou and disappeared forever, returning to that happy primitive state from which it was only a generation or so removed. The other was thoroughly intimidated by musk oxen. When Teal and group advanced on the grazing herd, the oxen formed a solid arc of capable-looking horns, while several bulls made snorting offensive rushes that sent the husky howling for cover. The party next tried to round up the herd by lassoing the bulls, with some notion that the others might afterward fall tractably into line. Nothing came of it; the bulls either shook off the lassos or charged, leaving themselves in possession of considerable expensive hemp. Teal then had an inspiration: Why not build a fence around the herd? All hands fell to with gusto, the general spirit high despite the hard work, because the herd stood idly by, submitting to the enclosure. When the fence was finished, the musk oxen backed off a few paces to get a running start, and crashed through it with bellows of what Teal interpreted as derisive laughter.

The first musk ox that Teal did catch was a bull that had been driven into the water. After exhausting several other landlocked ideas, the party had decided that its operations would have to be basically marine. It was noted that often, when hectored, musk oxen took to the water and swam off. Teal selected a handy peninsula, built fences that would direct the prey onto its tip, and awaited developments. In due course, a solitary bull came ambling along and permitted itself to be shooed onto the peninsula and into the water. Voicing the view halloo, Teal and several companions leaped into their canoe and set out in pursuit. It is a scientific fact that a musk ox in the prime of life can't swim as fast as a canoe can be paddled, so the animal was overhauled in short order. At this point, Teal raised his

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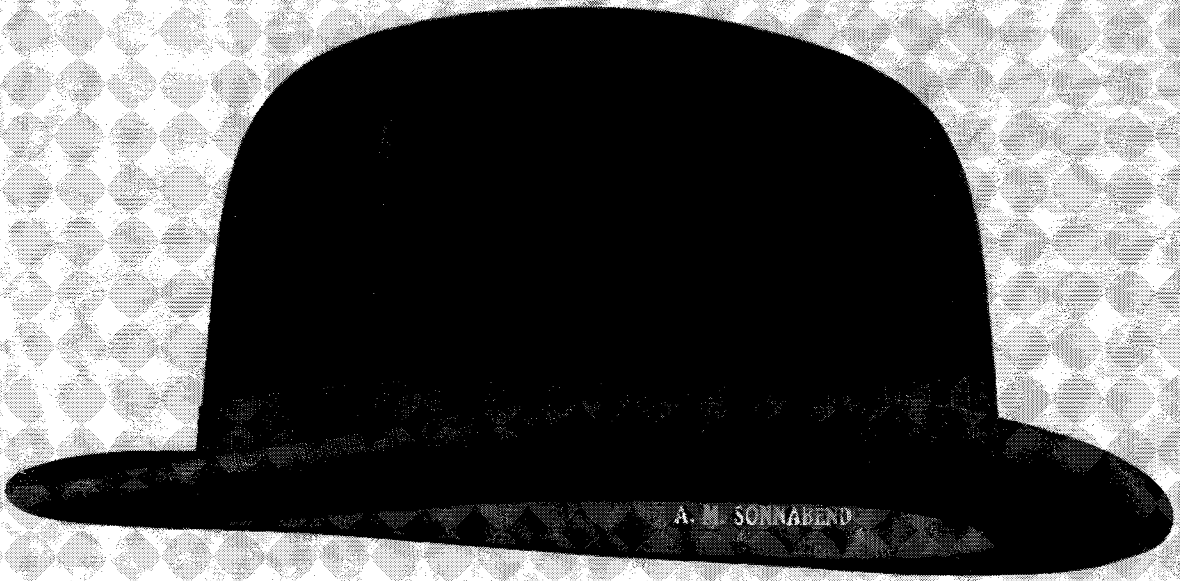

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impressive bulk and, providing one of the high spots for his film "Arctic Roundup"—an account of the expedition that is now playing to generally favorable notices in theatres around the nation—launched himself over the side into water whose temperature was about thirty-five degrees. Swimming strongly, he took the bull by the horns and affixed ropes to them. The musk ox was steered to shore, trussed up, examined, photographed, and released. It was calves that the expedition was after, not bulls.

By the time the bush plane returned, the herd of fifty-two oxen had very understandably migrated from the area. They had been confronted with huskies, lassoed, corralled (briefly), and pushed into a lake, and their nerves were shaken. Teal's nerves, on the other hand, were never better; he had concluded that he now had the key to the expedition's problem. All that was necessary, he thought, was to find another herd near a lake and induce it to take a dip, calves and all. Things worked out in remarkable conformity to this plan. The bush pilot took Teal and a few of his group aloft on a survey, and thirty miles away they spotted a smaller herd complete with lake. Making a quick landing, the hunters unstrapped the canoe and scrambled ashore. The pilot fetched along the rest of the party, and within two days they had captured three calves—a male and two females—by using substantially the same tactics that had been applied to the bull; that is, Teal made the leaps from the canoe, but, rather than tangle with the whole herd, he selected the calves by swimming underwater and looking upward for especially short sets of legs. Then he would segregate and rope a prize and swim it to land, where, with the help of his associates, he would lodge it in a hastily contrived corral. The adult oxen made no attempt to rescue the calves, and at the end of the two days, the bush pilot flew the three captives to Yellowknife. Teal and the others were jubilant. They had the musk-ox calves they had started out after, and the expedition's main work was done. While they waited for the bush plane to come back and get them out, they occupied themselves by fishing, with dizzying success, in waters that had never known up-to-date fishing tackle before, and by chasing off wolves. These lean, gray, shadowy carnivores had been gathering in growing numbers. That summer on the Barrens, wolves were feeding on caribou, which were plenti-

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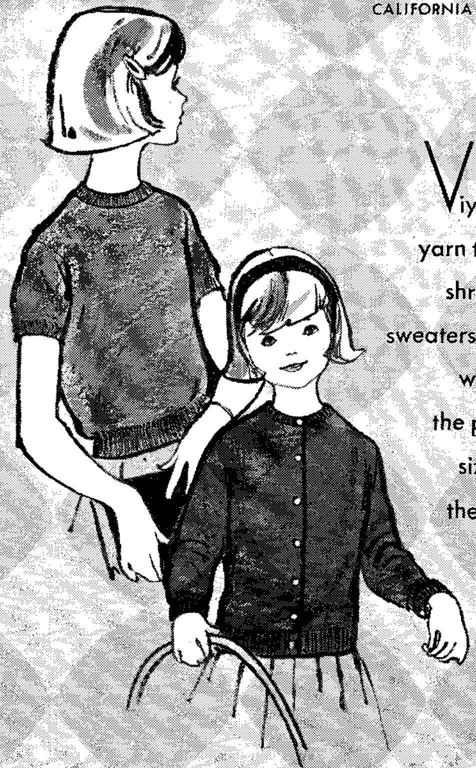

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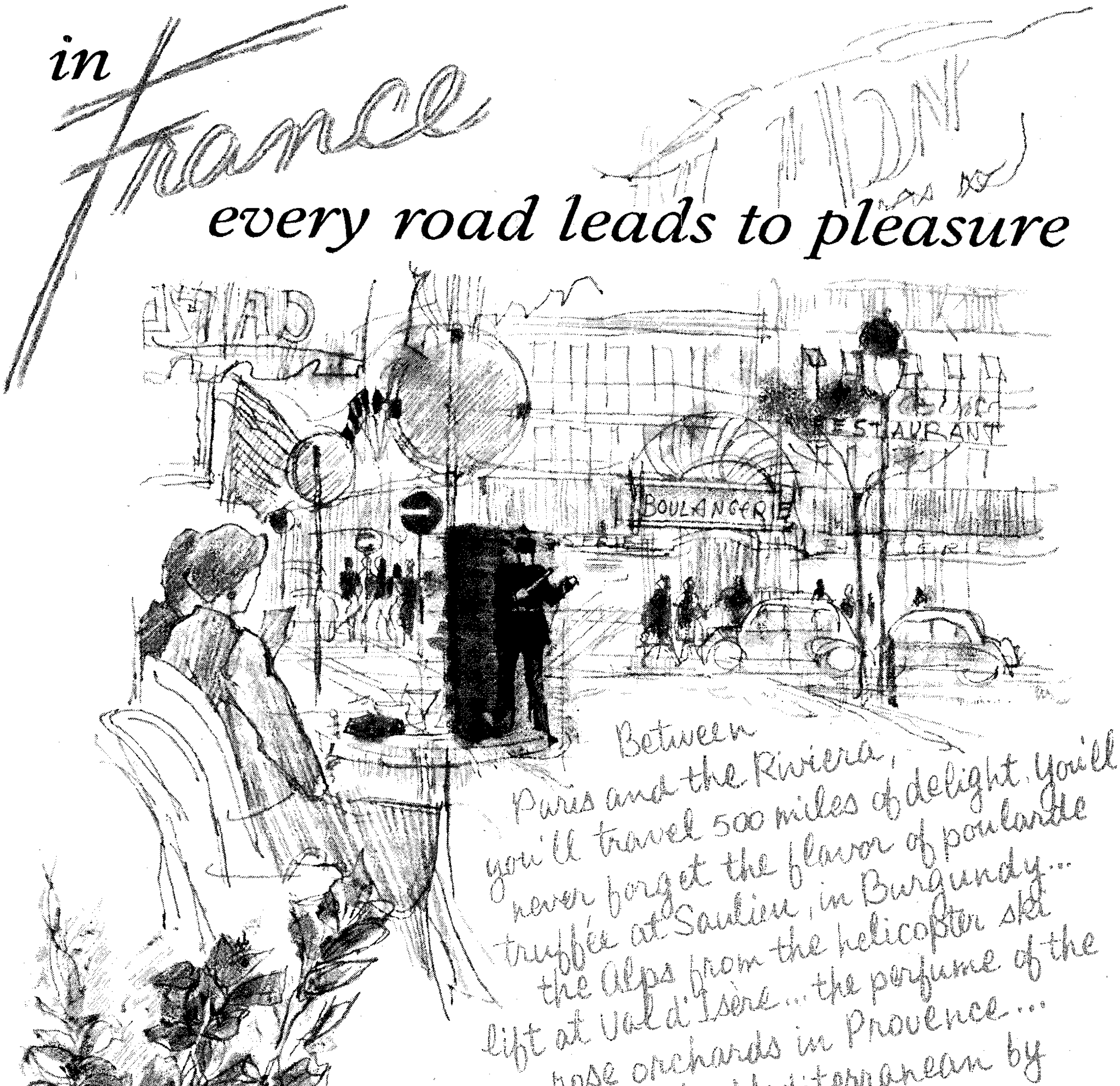

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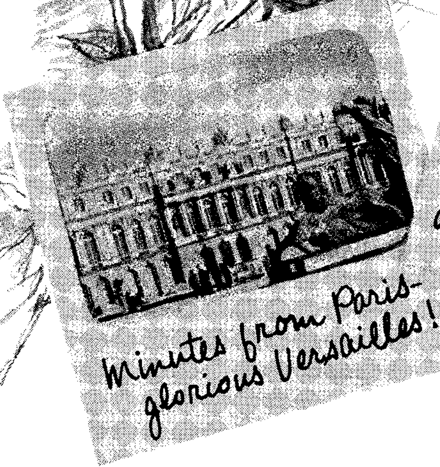

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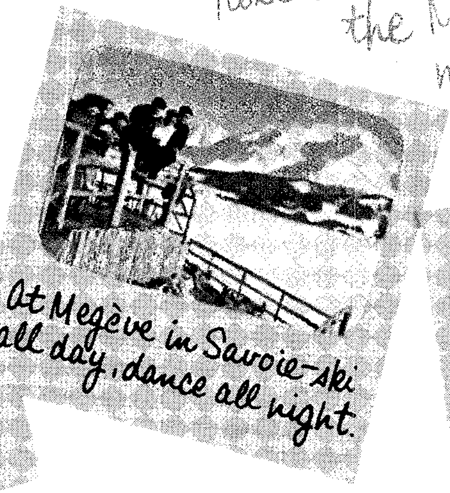

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FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE *New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Montreal* ful, and not on musk oxen, but they had developed perhaps a gourmet's curiosity about the small, huddled collection of human beings near the lake, and every night they set up shop around the edge of the circle of light from the campfire, poised for false moves. The men made none; on the return of the bush pilot, they left the tundra, with its mildly bereft musk oxen and several dozen unfulfilled wolves, and made their way back, by a number of air stages, to civilization.

The calves were installed in a stockade on Teal's mountain place, and farmers of the area began drifting over to make an inspection, and behind them came clots of passing tourists. To decelerate the influx of sightseers, Teal tacked up a sign reading "NO VISITORS ON FRIDAYS, SATURDAYS, AND SUNDAYS" at the foot of the road leading up to his place, and, as an afterthought, put another at the top: "ANIMALS IN QUARANTINE—NO VISITORS AT ALL, PLEASE." He was not greatly surprised to see that these advices markedly stepped up the crowds; philosophically, he went ahead tying up the expedition's loose ends. He sold the movie film of the captures to R.K.O., assisted *Life* in organizing the first of two spreads it ran on the outing, and appeared on "Omnibus."

With the increment from these ventures, Teal organized another calf-collecting expedition the following summer, slightly revising his personnel. On this round, he took along Thomas Hewitt, of Calgary, a boyhood friend from his Greenwich days; Dr. Irving Meeker, a former athlete at Middlebury College, in Vermont; and David Yandell, a Burlington attorney who is a close friend of the Teals. The trip proved far less genial than the first one. To begin with, though the time of arrival on the Barrens was about the same—early August—the weather could scarcely have been fouler. While the men crouched in their tents, the temperature dropped, blizzards raged, and a screeching wind removed canoeing from the blazer-and-ukulele class. By good fortune, plenty of things were going on to prevent anybody from getting bored. Among the early, unscheduled recreations was a visit from a large family of grizzlies. They rampaged through camp in broad daylight, causing the party's Canadian bodyguard to spring for his gun. The chances are very good that he might have taken a shot at the grizzlies, but his gun got stuck in its case. The bears were chased off by shouts, burning brands from the fire,

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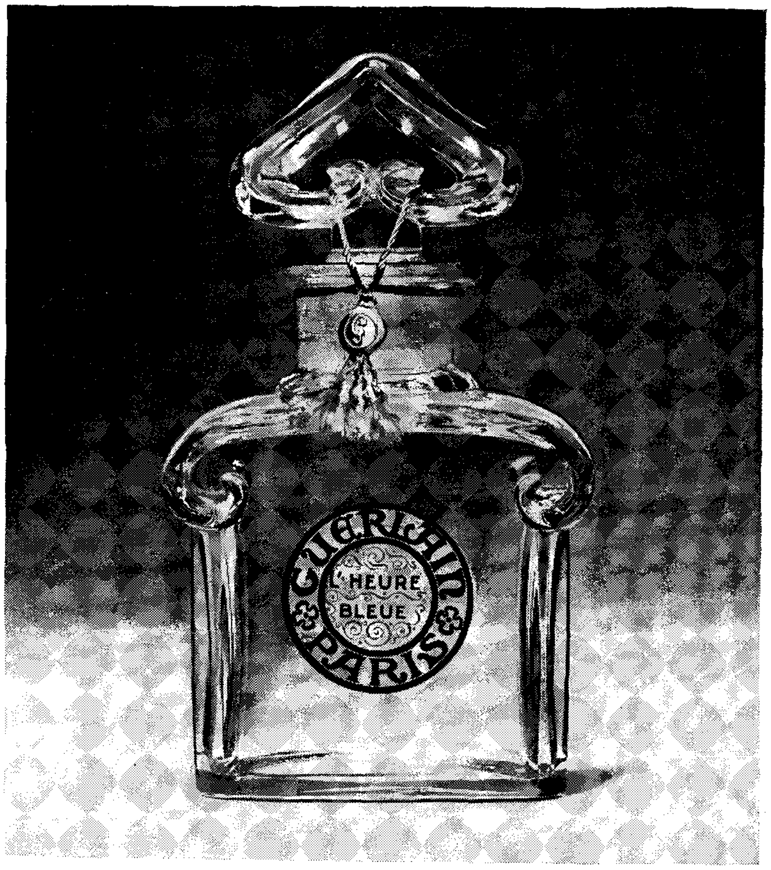

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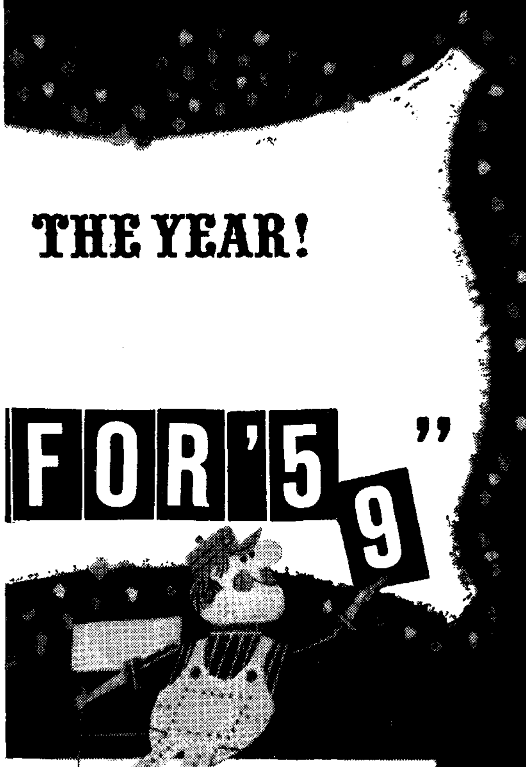

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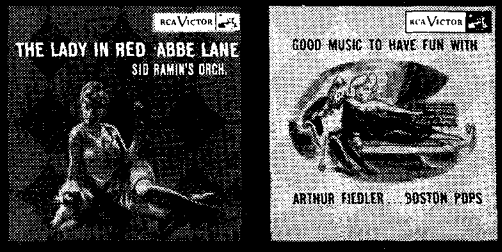
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and scientists running cautiously after them with cameras. In spite of all this, Teal, with his usual doggedness, insisted on setting forth in search of lakeside musk oxen. He found a herd and, making repeated dives into the freezing water, captured four calves—three males and a female—within twenty-four hours. Everyone triumphantly decided that a total of seven calves in two expeditions was enough for his research requirements, and began looking forward to the pickup trip of one of the bush planes that had taken them into the wilds. It failed to arrive on the prearranged date. Teal and his companions spent eleven days stamping off the cold before the pilot showed up, with what was considered to be very little in the way of a good story. Teal's welcoming address to the man was not preserved for posterity, but it is reliably said to have been sprightly.

FOR Teal, the two expeditions after musk oxen represented the fruition of many years' dreams about the Far North. He was by no means an arctic novice when he led the first trip to the Barrens; rather, he was one of the best-informed men anywhere about the vast frozen land masses that lie above the Sixty-eighth Parallel. An anthropology major at Harvard, he had come out of the war with a determination to concentrate his scientific fire on the Far Northern countries. He is rendered quite ill by any mention of the tropics for reasons that he himself does not fully understand, since, anthropologically speaking, practically all regions of the globe have their attractions. Nonetheless, he hopes to keep a vow he made on getting out of the Air Forces—never, by any accident, to stray south of the Mason-Dixon Line. After he had bade farewell to the military, Teal, commuting from his parents' Greenwich home, spent a year boning up on his specialty at Yale and won a Master's degree there. During this stint at an academy toward which he had been savagely ill-disposed as an undergraduate football player, he struck up a rich acquaintance with Samuel Flagg Bemis, a Pulitzer Prize-winning professor of American diplomatic history, who felt that the young man was a dynamo of scholastic energy. Bemis was much in demand as an off-campus lecturer, and he offered to delegate his overflow bids to Teal. As a child, Teal had been expertly coached in elocution by his mother, a teacher of speech and phonetics at Hunter College, and he approached his first assignment—a

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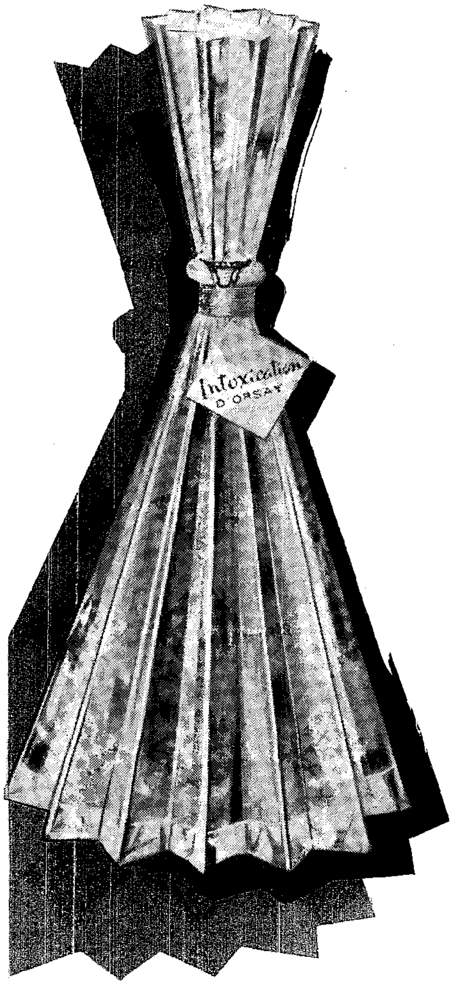

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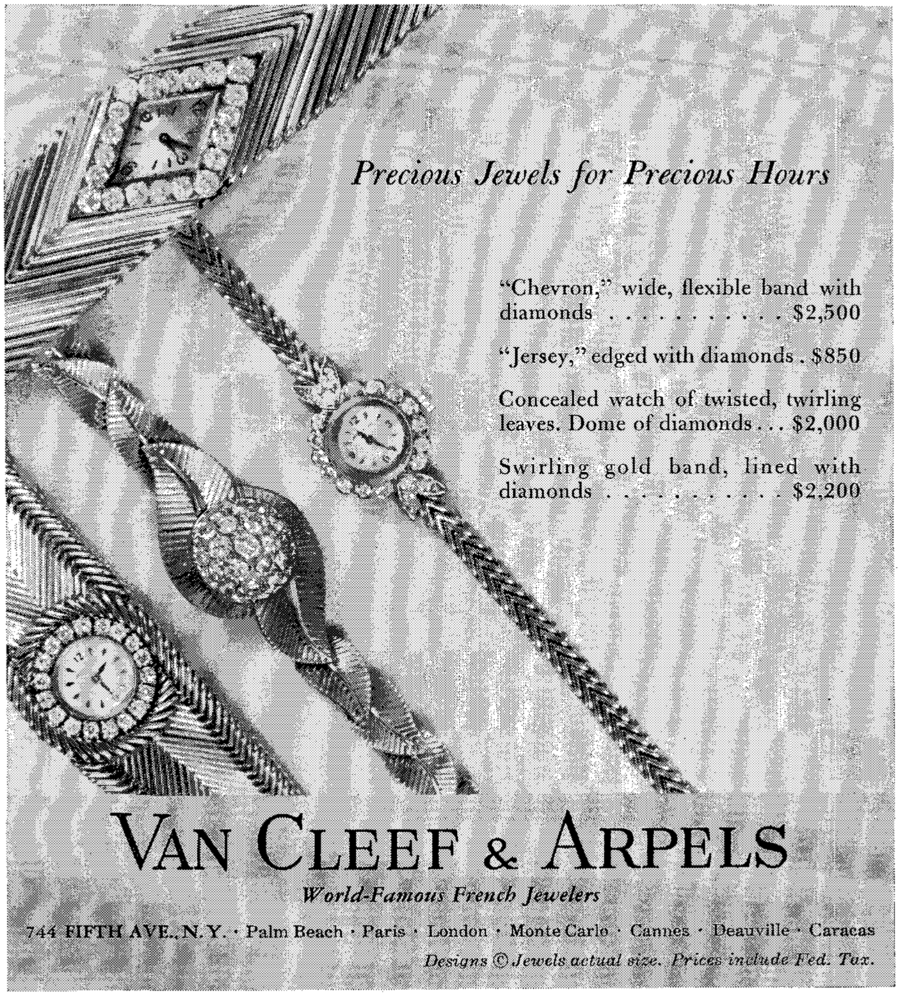

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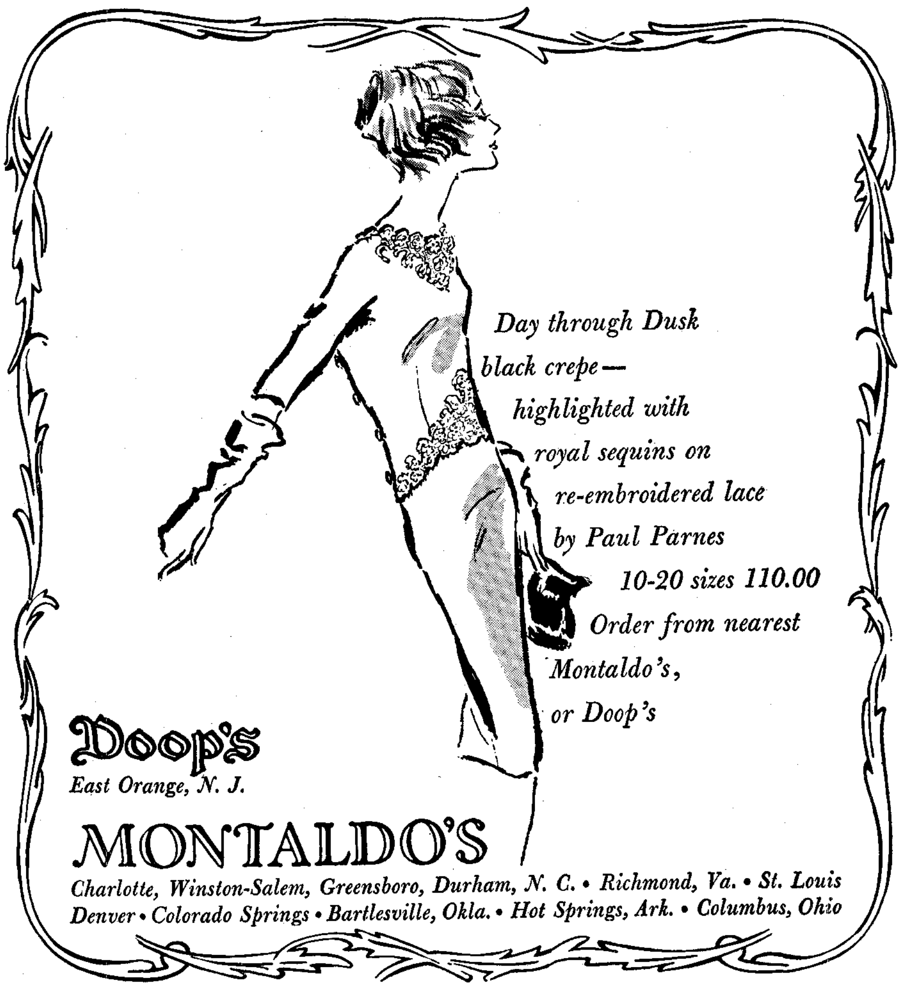

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lecture about the arctic to a women's club—with easy composure. He was dismayed, upon arising to face the ladies, to find himself stricken absolutely dumb. He believes that as the minutes ticked painfully on, he managed to produce several noises of a gargling, or rattling, nature, but they had no relevance to the north country. At length, he conveyed mutely that he needed water—there appeared to be no gin handy—and made a fresh start. He stumbled on, but the production, *in toto*, was far from glossy. Even so, Teal gained a good deal from the engagement. His fledgling effort was so ripely disastrous that he went on furiously to master the craft and became a lecturer of authentically surpassing gifts.

For his Master's degree at Yale, Teal took his final exams, including his orals, and wrote his thesis all in a week's time. Then, ready for a first-hand view of his subject, he headed for Alaska. Teal's basic aim on his travels was to examine the economic ties between semi-primitive man and his environment. He went by train to Seattle, and from there meandered up the coast by ship, visiting canneries and other industries en route, as far as Anchorage, where he settled down for a space. Spurning the local hotels, he lodged in a sleeping bag in a cleared area near the center of town. Then he struck out toward the interior and presently arrived in a town bearing the unlikely name of Chicken. This was a prospectors' settlement in a region of marginal gold deposits. He liked the feel of the place. It seemed to Teal, the product of Ivy League colleges and Greenwich dances on soft summer nights, that at last he was getting close to the people.

Next, Teal plodded his way down the Fortymile River (unnavigable) and dropped off at the shack of a Swede who, like Ethelred the Unready, had made a kind of career of indecision. For twenty-six years, the man had been engaged to a girl in Sweden, and he had spent most of that time walking around trying to make up his mind. Teal is a persuasive fellow, and he talked the Swede into writing the girl—or woman, by then—and making a forthright proposal. That done, he and the Swede selected a promising gully and panned enough gold to pay for the latter's passage back home. As a souvenir, Teal kept a small nugget; a couple of years afterward, when he himself became engaged, he had it fashioned into a wedding ring for his bride-to-be. It should perhaps be noted that in the end the Swede's decision proved a little hasty;

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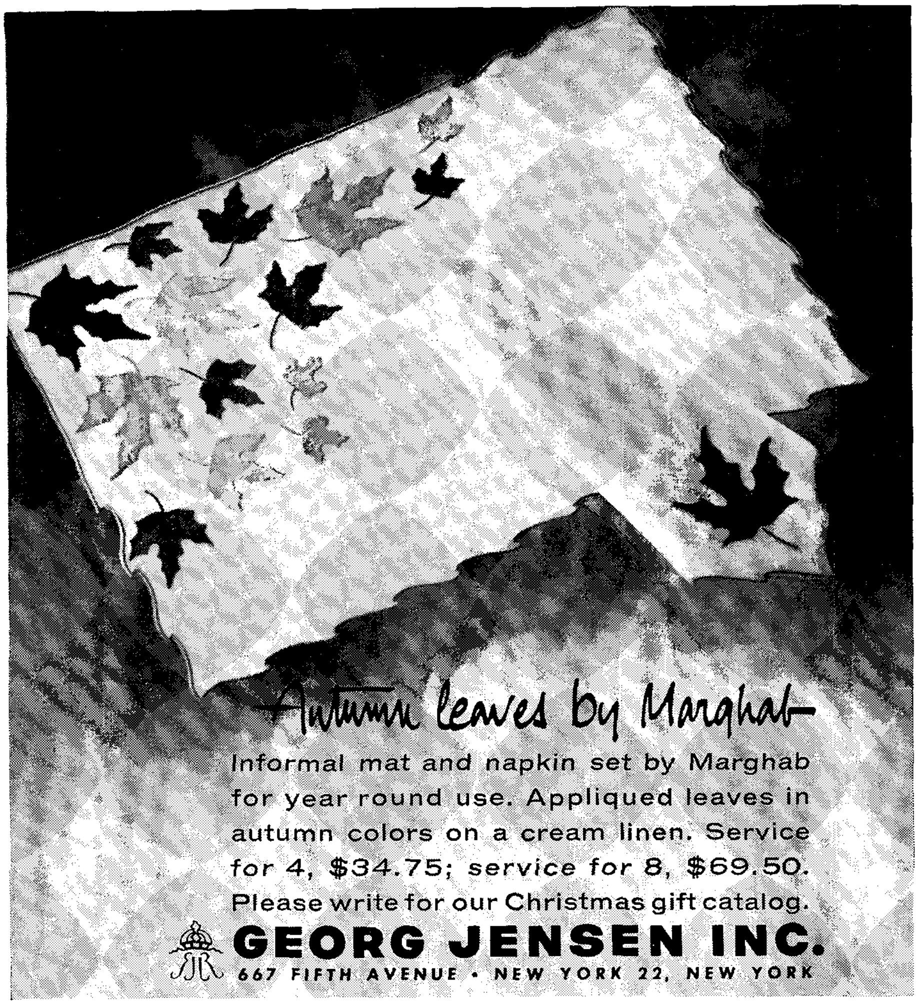

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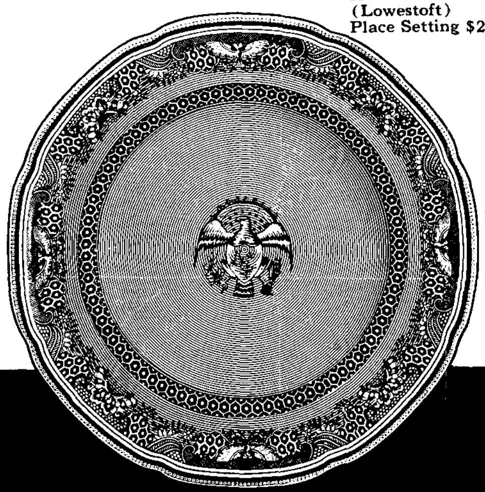

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he should very likely have deliberated for twenty-seven years, or even twenty-eight. Two summers later, he showed up, brideless, at Teal's Greenwich home on his way back to the gold fields. Civilization had chafed him beyond endurance.

Teal spent a year in Alaska, moving slowly through its wildest sections by whatever conveyance he could find. At one point in his travels, he bought a rowboat for three dollars from a sick Indian, who said quite frankly that it would probably sink, and cruised alone down the Yukon River. He has since written a magazine article about this trip, calling it "The Voyage of the Yukon Bell." From it, one gains the impression that Teal almost, but not quite, lost his view of the arctic as a friendly, hospitable place. The voyage turned out to be a nightmare of unworkability. Teal figured it out by careful computation that his boat got stuck on every third sandbar or mud flat, and hit every fifth snag. Furthermore, it wallowed into a whirlpool—a crisis that came within an ace of being calamitous. On land, the boat was too heavy to carry, or even drag, and in the water it could not be propelled against any sort of head wind. Besides, it leaked. On the non-nautical level, Teal was bitten by nearly everything that flies or crawls in the arctic, and his hide took on the appearance of a nutmeg grater. For refreshment, he had brought along a chocolate bar, planning to bolster this fare with game bagged with a "muskrat rifle," or .22, which he had bought from an Indian somewhat less candid than the boat man: the gun's firing pin turned out to be defective. True to his scientific training, Teal also computed the gun's efficiency; the weapon, he found, ejected a bullet once out of every eleven tries. Teal grew hungry and began to think without revulsion of the many stories about sourdoughs who had eaten their friends. Going ashore, he tried to trap some bank swallows by stopping up their holes, but nothing came of this. His shots at geese—that is, the very few shots that involved explosion—were fruitless. He became so hungry that once, tied up for the night in a narrow channel between overhanging banks, he rejoiced to realize that he was being stalked by a grizzly. The contest would boil down, he thought with pleasure, to the question of which of them might dine. Apparently, no idea of a gamble existed in the mind of the bear. Offhandedly, it began to clamber down from the bank into Teal's boat. Teal whipped up his muskrat rifle and

How it feels to be green and a giant

Maybe you think you have troubles. But what if you were green? And what if you were a giant? And what if you had to go around wearing a bunch of leaves? You'd be in quite a dither now, wouldn't you?

But the Green Giant manages to be pretty philosophical about it all. He figures being a trademark by career has its problems like any other business, and you just have to adjust to them.

Of course it gets a bit lonesome at times. There being so few giants around these days, of any color, to talk to. But he lives for his work. Fact is, in this respect he's a little bit neurotic. Has sort of a compulsion complex, you might say. Feels he has to grow and pack the best peas and corn in this whole wide world. Won't rest. Won't let any of us rest.

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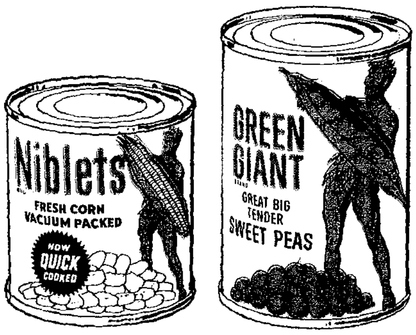
It's hard to guess what he'll be up to next. But that's the Green Giant for you.



Green Giant Company, headquarters, Le Sueur, Minnesota. Green Giant of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario. "Green Giant" and "Niblets" are trademarks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. GGCo. © GGCo.

fired off four voids in quick succession. On the fifth try, the gun worked, and the bullet struck the bear in the chest, raising a spurt of dust but causing no other discernible damage. Still, it persuaded the intruder to draw back to think things over, and Teal, forsaking his prospect of a meal, cast loose and lumbered on down the river. The trip ended when he providentially came across a white tent on the bank, flapping in the breeze, with the words "Hello There from Nap Verville" inscribed on it. Verville, a trapper of gregarious disposition, dosed the starving *voyageur* with coffee and dried beef. Upon momentously stepping ashore, like General MacArthur at Leyte, Teal cried out, as he unashamedly reported in his article, "Nap, I'm happier to see you than any other man in my life!"

TEAL returned from Alaska somewhat leaner, wrote pieces about it for *Foreign Affairs* and *Life*, spent a few months cramming on Jewish history at Columbia ("everything is of interest to an anthropologist," he says), and then, in 1948, with the help of a recommendation from Stefansson, got a one-year fellowship for the study of arctic geography at McGill University, in Montreal. In the summer of 1949, at the end of this stint, he worked as a utility hand for the Tower Company of Canada, constructing an airfield on Cornwallis Island, in the polar arctic. The high spot of each day for everybody there came in the evening, when Teal, naked, walked down to the water's edge and swam out to the ice pack, a hundred yards or so offshore. Many employees took movies of the spectacle, and today Teal uneasily suspects that he is one of the staple recreations—a sort of after-dinner party diversion—in a number of Canadian homes. That winter, he was able to put the arctic training he had suffered on the Yukon to practical use when the Arctic Institute of North America granted him a travelling fellowship to go to northern Scandinavia and live for fifteen months among the Lapps. He was not to leave until May, so he undertook to fill in the time by serving as the Tower Company's representative in Washington, D.C. The outfit was anxious to obtain contracts for building United States military bases in Alaska, and thought that Teal's impressive appearance, military and academic distinctions, and facility in speaking might turn the trick. In Washington, Teal put on his best suit and started trying to beat his way, with pass and satchel,

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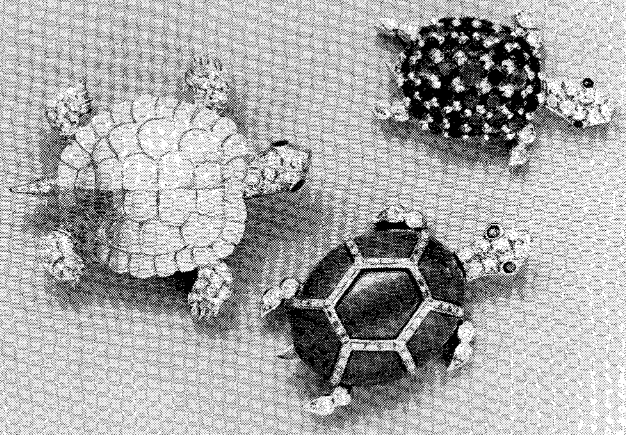

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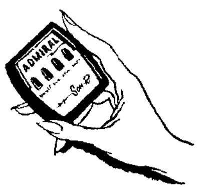

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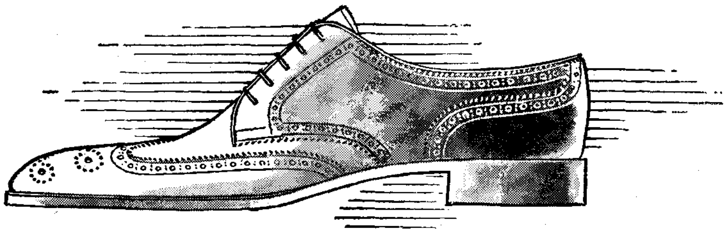
through the jungle reaches of the Pentagon. After five hours, he had barely penetrated beyond the outer ring of simple indigenes. He decided that he needed a clincher, a false front, a knapsack of Woolworth beads and mirrors with which to win over the natives. He located a cheap printer and put himself out of pocket to the extent of having a single card printed. The information it contained was basically spurious, but it read well: "The American Tower Company [no such company existed], 17 Battery Place, N.Y.C., John J. Teal, Jr., Specialists in Arctic and Sub-Arctic Engineering and Construction, Scientific Stations, Military Installations, Highways, Airports, Barracks, Schools, Teachers' Residences, Hospitals, and Bridges." Carrying the card, Teal approached the Pentagon with new confidence. Within a few hours, he had pushed across the borders of the taboo regions and on into the sacred lairs of the sachems. Some of the contracts he landed were so Gargantuan in concept that the Tower Company, in desperation, had to turn them down; it had, as yet, no facilities for carrying them out.

The night after this triumph, Teal rang up Miss Penelope Holden, a former classmate at Smith of his younger sister Mary, and asked her to dinner. Miss Holden, the daughter of Lansing C. Holden, a debonair New York architect who had been a flier in the First World War, and of the former Edith Gillingham, of Germantown, Pennsylvania, was in Washington looking for a job. Teal had seen her a time or two before—once at a Smith graduation, once at her parents' home, in suburban New Canaan—and was smitten. The headlong rush of big business, especially in the Pentagon, is apt to give young men a high-speed approach to life, and somewhere between the main course and dessert, Teal asked Miss Holden to marry him. She assented; she had watched Teal play football for Harvard, had admired him as the older brother of a college roommate, and was badly smitten herself. Then Teal asked, "How would you like to go to Scandinavia for a honeymoon?" Such a prospect would sound exciting to nearly any bride-to-be, and it did to Miss Holden, who, of course, had no idea what a Scandinavian honeymoon with an anthropologist might mean.

The young lady found out shortly after she and Teal were married, in May, 1950, and set off for Denmark. If she had been entertaining any notions of giddy night clubs in Copenhagen,



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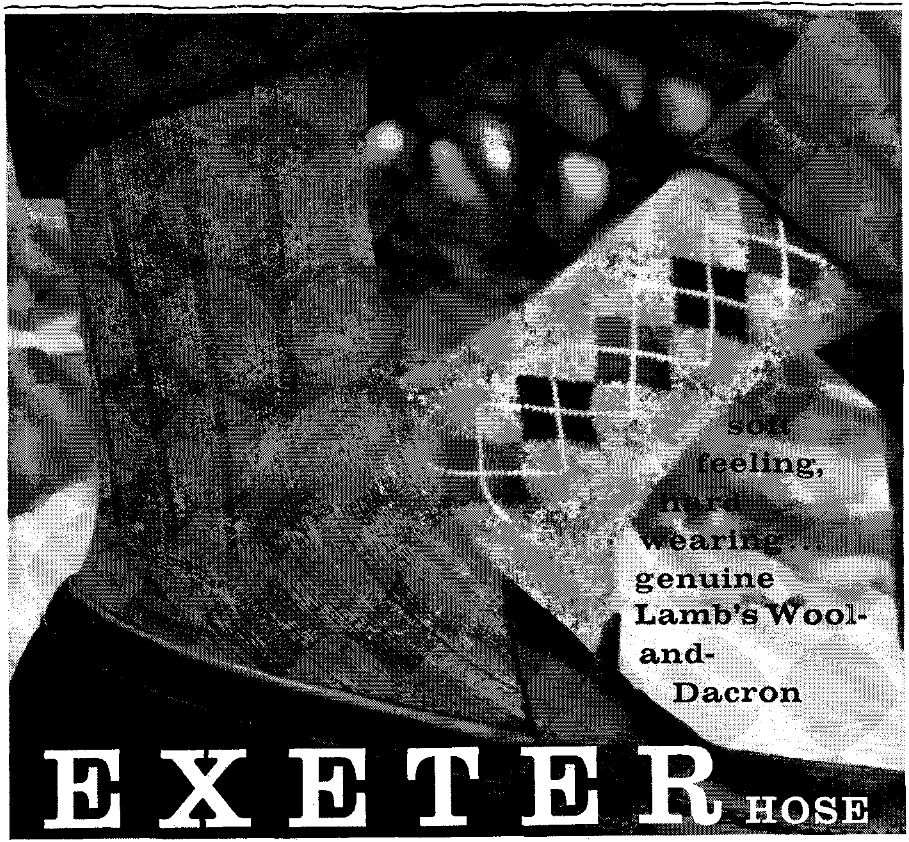

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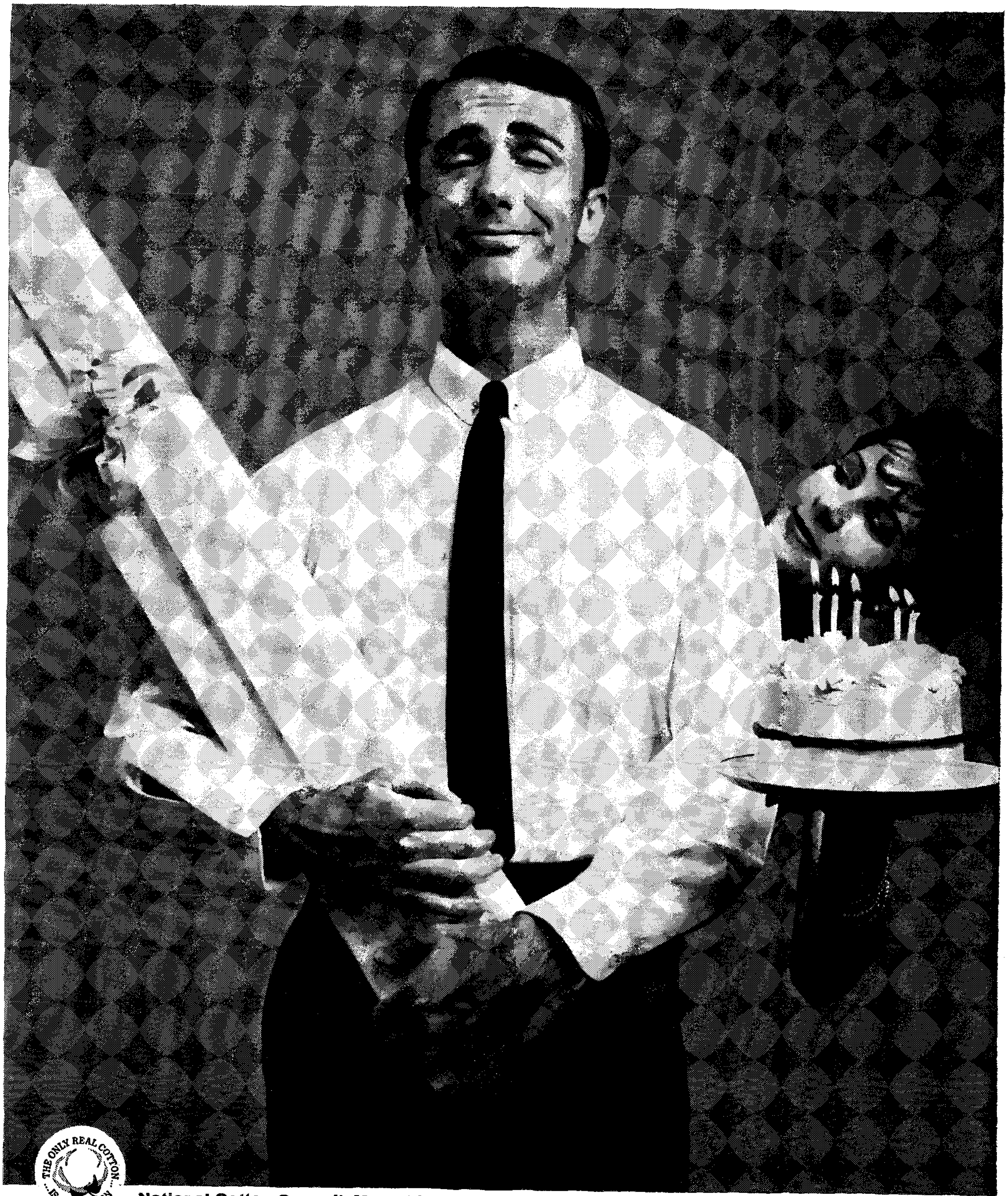

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these were quickly dispelled. Almost before she realized what was happening, she found herself seated on a reindeer sled, mushing over arctic Scandinavia in no more frivolous company than that of her husband, a tribe of Lapps, and several thousand reindeer. The bride very soon proved her mettle. As she and her husband moved in slow stages, and by the most *outré* means of travel, over Norway, Sweden, Finland, Spitsbergen, and several small island groups, she settled into this essentially unsuburban way of life and helped him take photographs, keep track of his copious notes, make and break camp, and cook. In the last-named department, Teal made no heavy demands on her, in view of his notorious indifference to what he eats. He was as happy with a chunk of cold boiled sea gull as he would have been with the frilliest concoction at "21." Mrs. Teal became a great favorite with the Lapp men, who, like men in every society, often have complaints about their women. Chatting with her husband, they paid her a high tribute, saying, "She likes her food, and she doesn't sit in the tent picking reindeer hairs off her clothes." The only native custom the Teals had difficulty adjusting to was a ritualistic addiction to green coffee, which the Lapps import from southern Scandinavia. Each time the Teals reached a Lapp village, they were compelled to make a polite visit to every family's tent and drink four or five cups of coffee there. The coffee, which is ground on the spot by the lady of the tent, is black and thick, and it affects a novice like the soothing prod of a pneumatic hammer. Within half an hour or so after their arrival, Teal would begin to hum like a tuning fork; his bride generally found a way to pour much of the brew in her cup on the ground near the side of the tent.

In coastal or river or lake regions, the Teals usually made their way by small hired boats; in the rugged northern interior they journeyed principally by reindeer sled. When conditions were right, they made hand sails, put on skis, and let the wind propel them across large frozen lakes. They lodged sometimes in abandoned huts, sometimes in tents with Lapps or other native peoples. To reach Spitsbergen, that gelid, sprawling island four hundred miles north of Scandinavia and far above the Arctic Circle, they wangled passage aboard a Norwegian tramp collier. It was on Spitsbergen that Mrs. Teal put the first real strain on their young marriage. While crossing a glacier, in an

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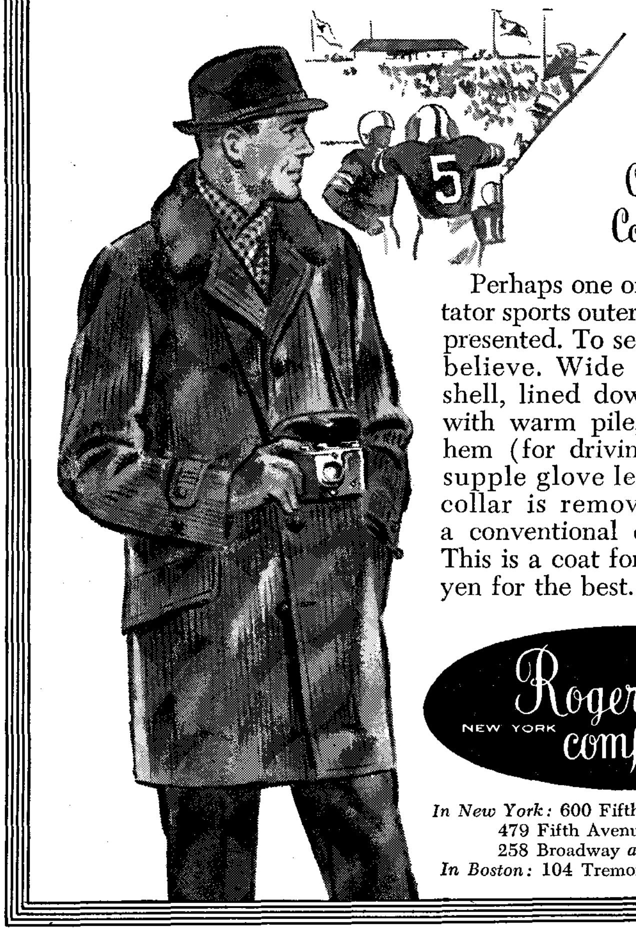
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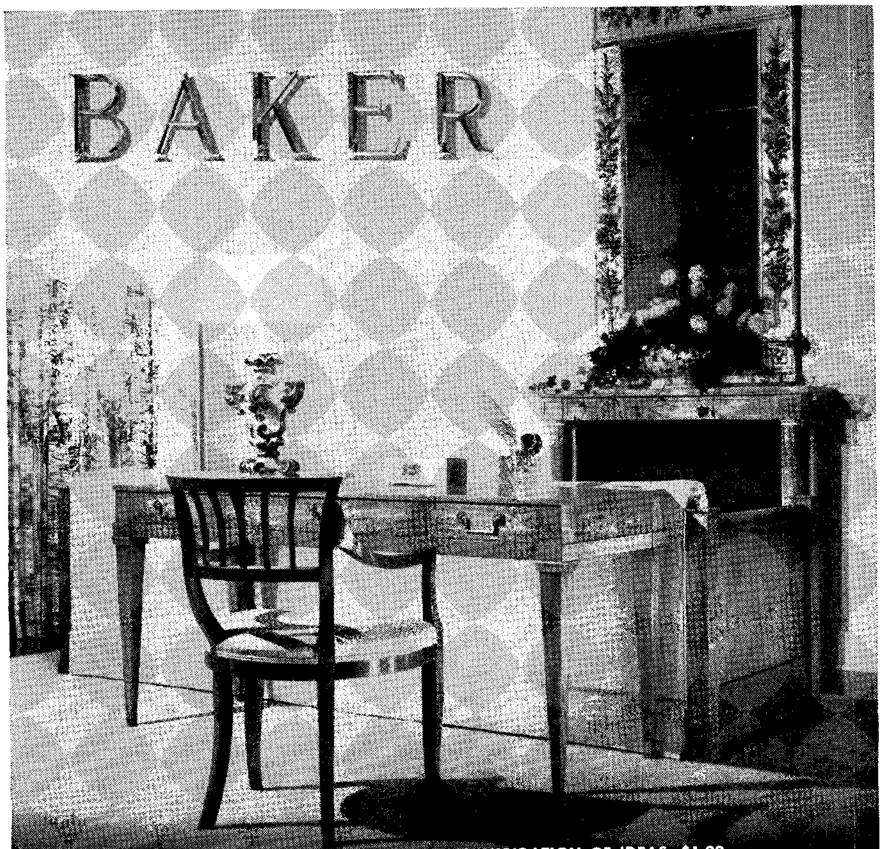

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area of total desolation, they stopped to camp on the ice, and she inadvertently burned up her husband's only pair of shoes while trying to dry them. It was an awkward situation. They still had some fifty miles to go on the glacier, and Teal was forced to negotiate the distance barefoot. His wife recalls that on this stretch she walked on one side of the glacier and her husband on the other. They resumed speaking a day or two later, when, as Teal had hoped, they encountered musk oxen. The animals were sufficiently docile to let him approach to within a few feet and take pictures. It was a verification of his long-standing belief that there was a good chance of capturing them, and paved the way for his later expeditions to Canada. Infrequently during the fifteen months that the Teals spent in the North, they tramped back to civilization—to Oslo, Copenhagen, Helsinki, or Stockholm—where they met with other explorers and scientists. Besides inscribing volumes of notes, Teal had studied the Scandinavian languages (his wife had mastered them), and he lectured several times in Swedish or Norwegian before scientific meetings in the cities.

The Teals returned home in the fall of 1951, via a circuitous route that led them through Scotland and the Orkney and Shetland Islands. Once back, Teal was made a research associate on the faculty of McGill, and was named the first Senior Fellow of the Arctic Institute of North America. He also wrote several chapters of a textbook called "Geography of the Northlands" and signed a contract with Harcourt, Brace to write a book entitled "The Arctic and World Affairs." In the seven years since then, he has made some little headway on it. Not long ago, in an exchange of letters with the publishing house, he mentioned the book, along with his idea for another, and a member of the firm wrote back, with good-humored patience, "I am glad to find that you are still interested in writing." Teal, who had every intention of turning out the book with all dispatch, feels bad about the advance that he accepted for the job. The truth is, however, that he has a habit of taking on too much at once; unable to resist a chance to investigate or explore, he sometimes spreads himself a little thin. A case in point arose in northern Scotland during the Teals' trip home from Scandinavia. He was making the detour in order to study archeological ruins in the Orkneys, but he dropped everything and hurried to the town of Ler-

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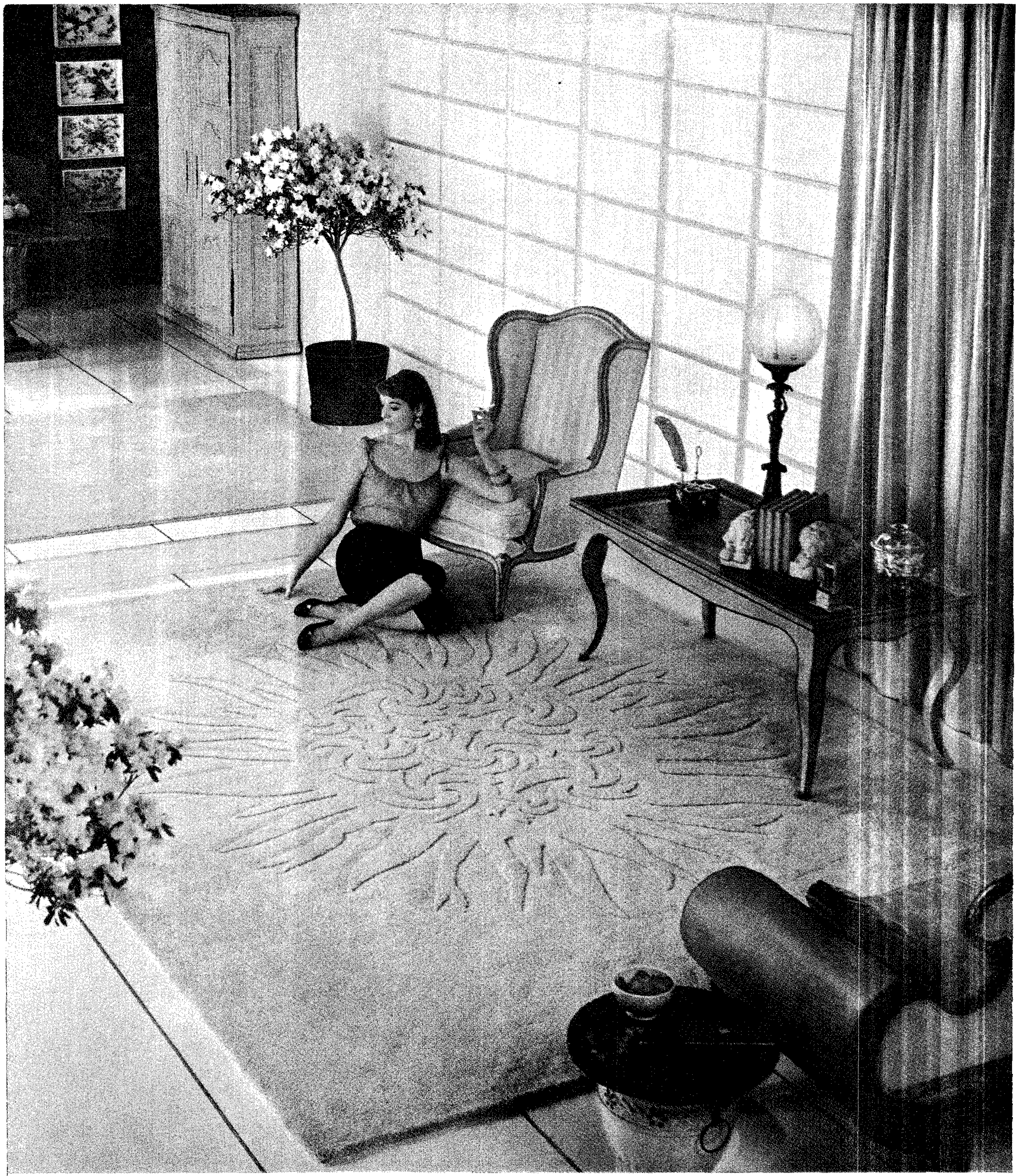

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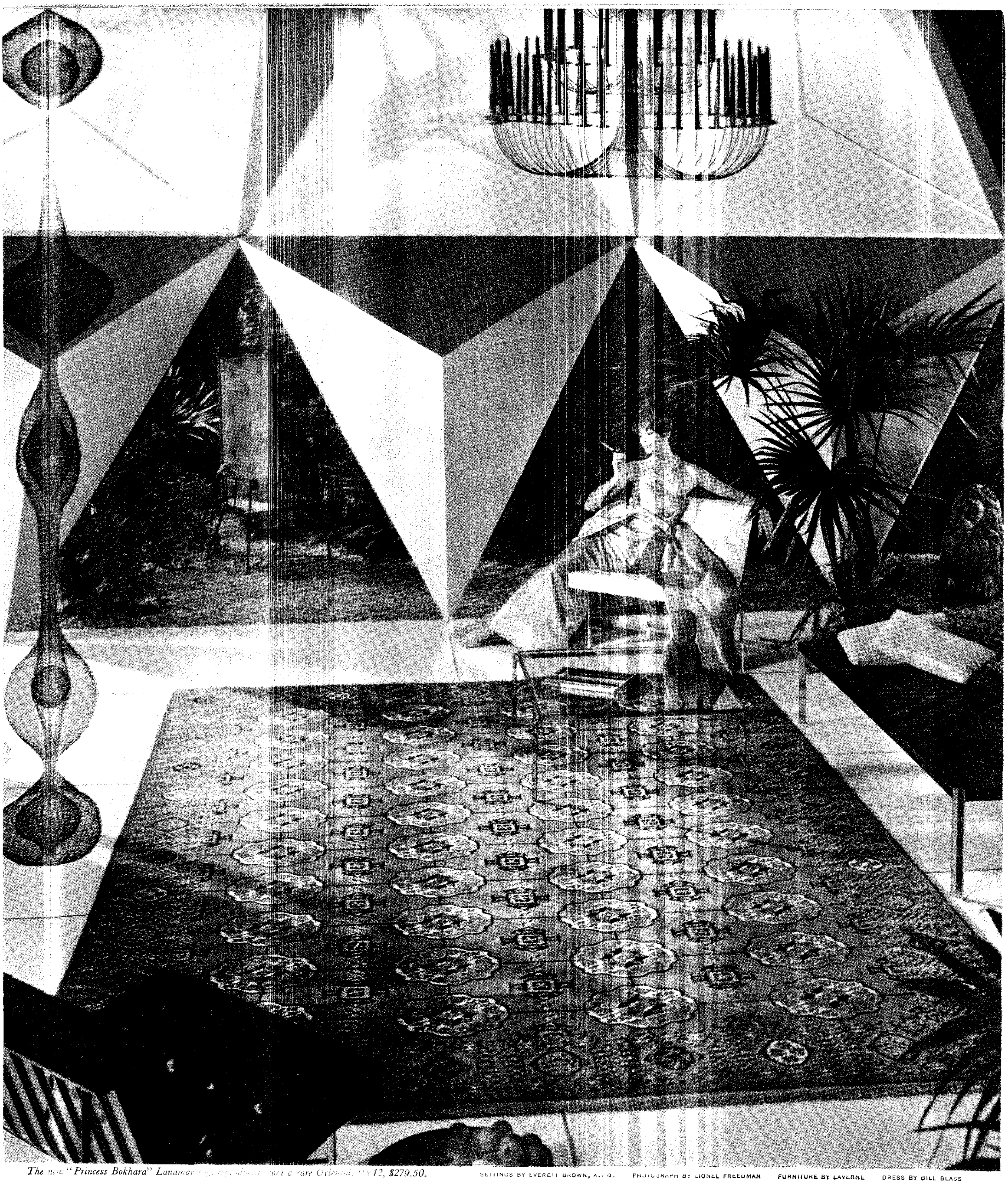The new "Princess Bokhara" Lanamar rug, reproduced from a rare Oriental, 9 x 12, $279.50.

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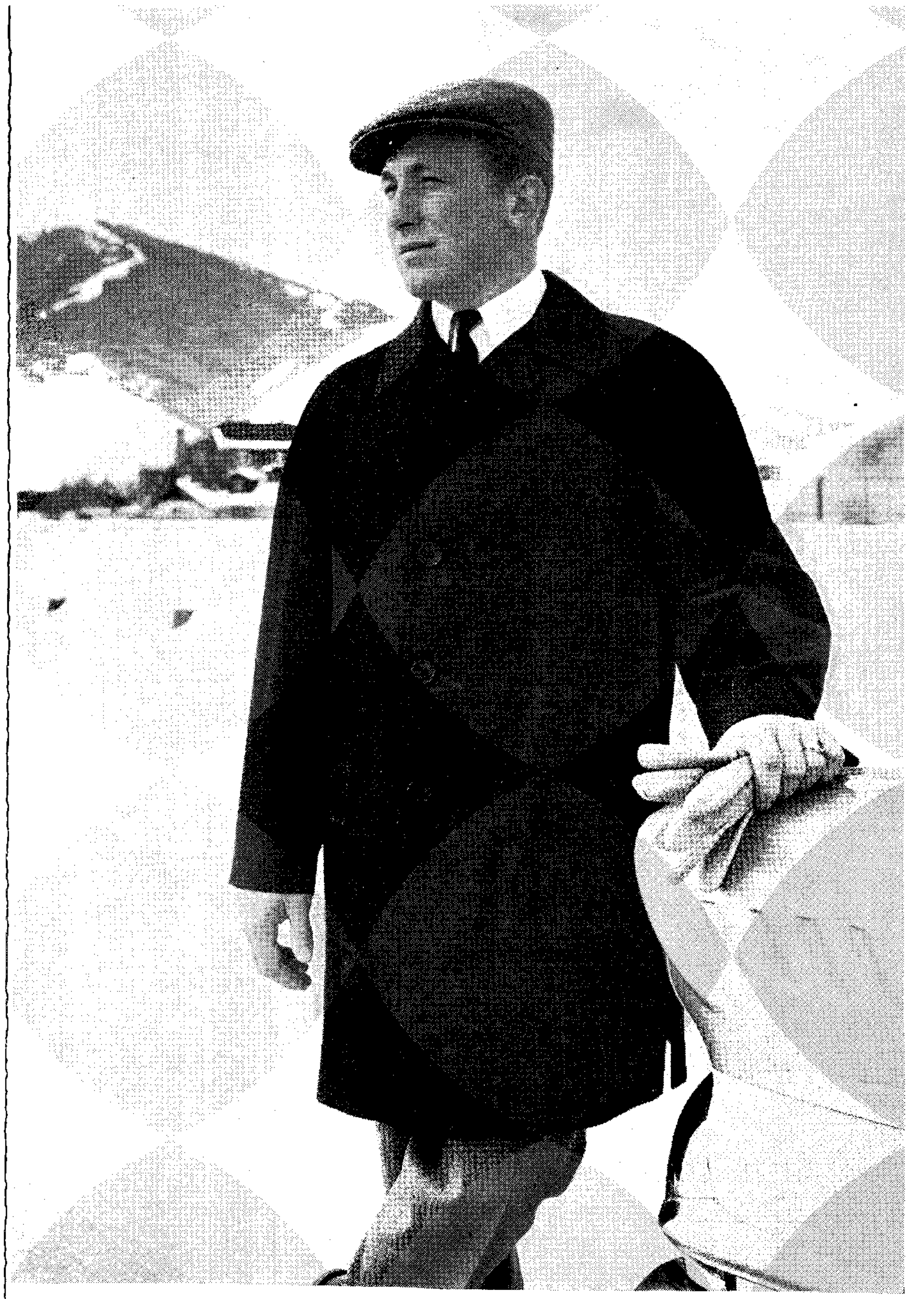
wick, in the Shetlands, when it was announced that an ancient body had been dug up in a peat bog there. The local authorities were delighted to welcome him to the scene; the case was beyond their scope. The body, clad in what Teal deduced were crumbling garments dating from the early sixteen-hundreds, was that of a man who had obviously been murdered; a fracture, plainly caused by some blunt instrument, was evident in his skull. The Lerwick police were anxious to make an arrest, or at least compile enough data to close their file on the case, but they were up against a blank wall; the clues that might have led to the detection of a murderer had rotted out of existence. Teal went to work like a combination of Sherlock Holmes and Charles Darwin. In a ragged pocket of the deceased he found a notebook, and he bottled himself up to puzzle out its message. In a couple of days' time, he appeared before the constabulary and stated, "Gentlemen, this man was a tax collector, circa 1620. He was waylaid, murdered, and robbed—probably by a recalcitrant taxpayer—on his way home across the moors. Let this be a lesson to all." Teal was thanked by the mayor and other dignitaries, but he believes that nothing much came of the incident. Lerwick still imposes, and collects, taxes.

THE academic year of 1951-52 was one of Teal's busiest. He bought the Vermont farm (then largely unimproved) where his Canadian musk oxen are currently grazing in healthy indolence; he took over his post as research associate at McGill; the Teals' first daughter, Pamela, was born that year, in Montreal; and in the spring he left McGill for Scandinavia again, the recipient of a generous research fellowship from Ohio State University. On this trip, he was accompanied not only by his wife but by their daughter, and they made their headquarters in Tromsö, Norway. After hiring a nurse for the child, they struck out frequently, covering many of their old routes, plus new ones, by ski, boat, and reindeer sled. While they were in Tromsö, Teal joined the staff of a museum of Far Northern life, and although he found city living somewhat oppressive for a man accustomed to sleeping in the open, he thoroughly enjoyed the job. It was his whimsical pleasure to escort American tourists through the museum and address them only in Norwegian or badly broken English. Members of his flock—many of them full of aquavit—often tried to teach him helpful words



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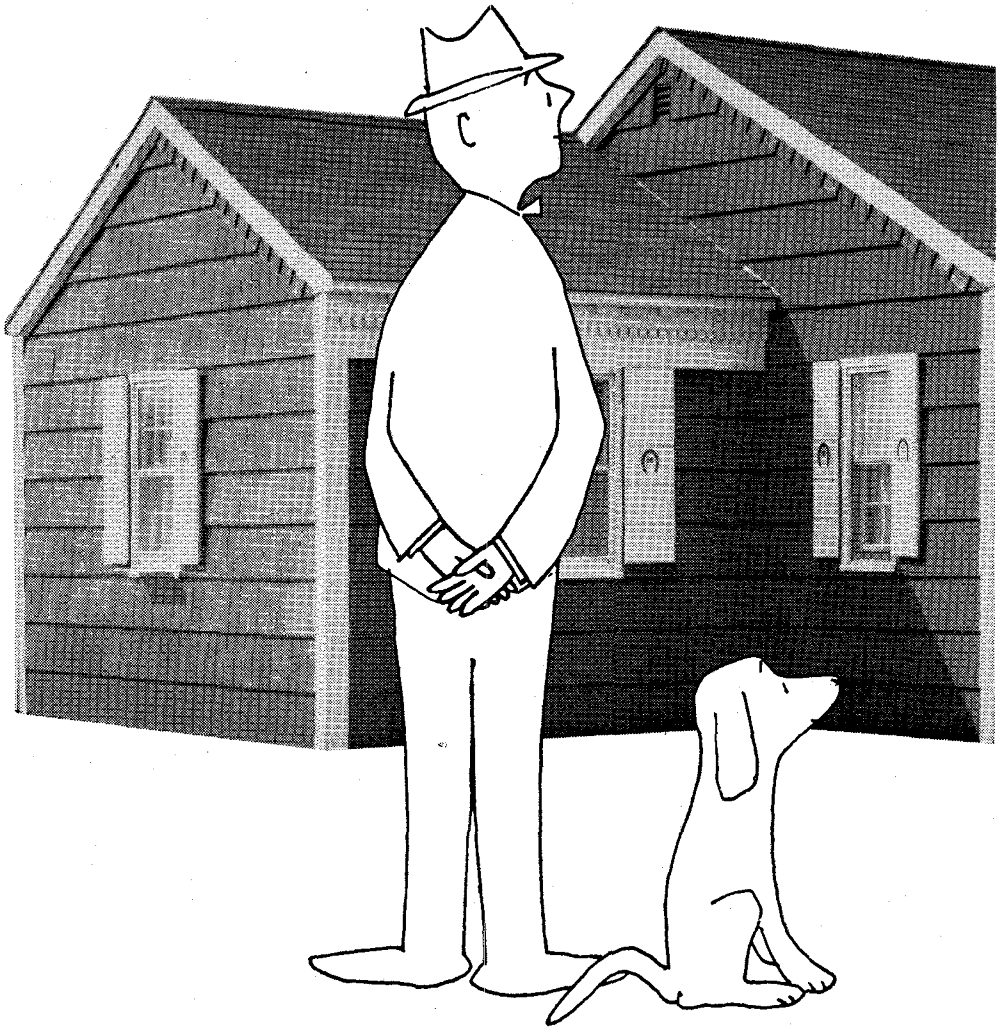
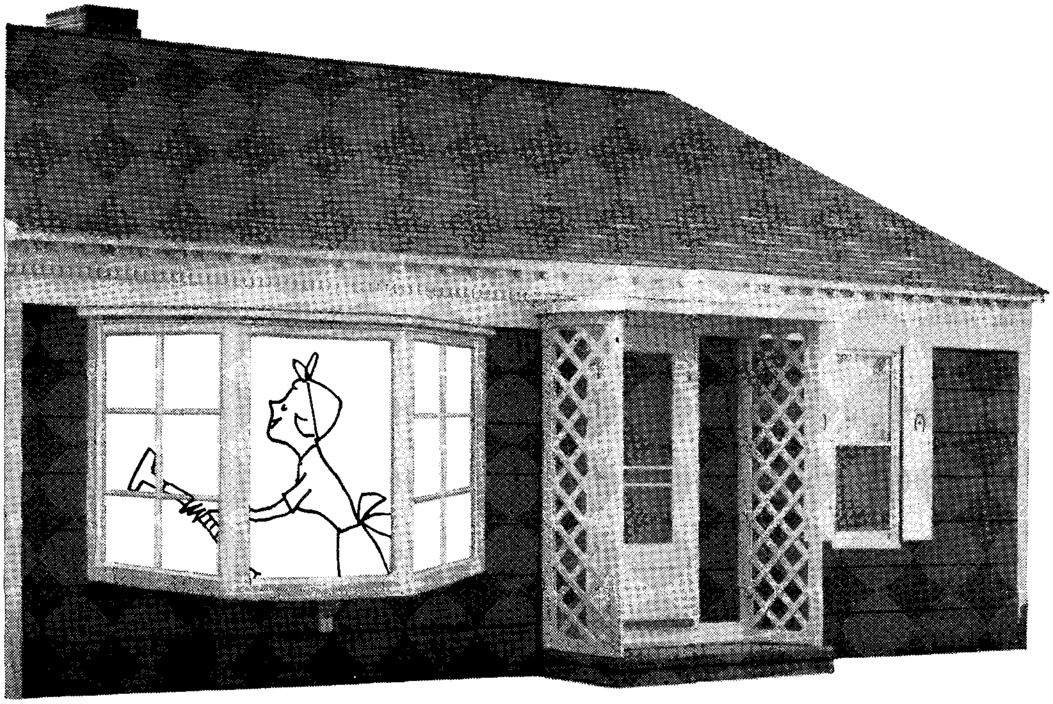
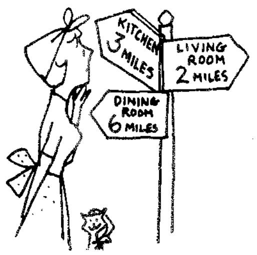


Six things men should know about womanpower around the house

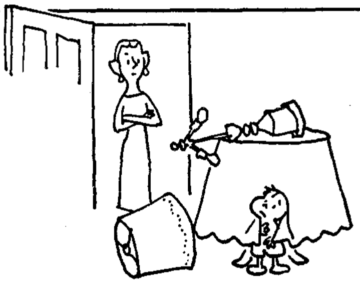
Gentlemen, you're missing an exciting spectacle by spending five days a week away from the house. When womanpower—the fascinating feminine force that influences us all—is at work, all sorts of strange and wonderful things take place. Witness the six examples opposite:



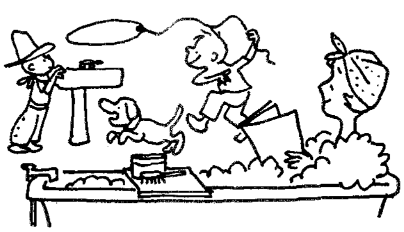


1. The average woman hikes 11 miles a day. Or the equivalent of 500,000 trips to your water-cooler.

2. Like any good executive she knows how to *delegate* certain powers to her loyal and devoted staff.

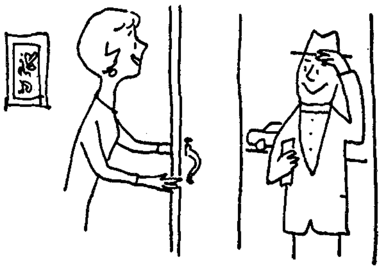


3. Bringing up children takes the patience of a Florence Nightingale and the perspicacity of a private eye.



4. To replenish her womanpower, she tries to spend a few minutes each day just relaxing, all by herself.

5. Still, around any house, unforeseen emergencies arise. When these occur, she doesn't panic...



6. She copes.

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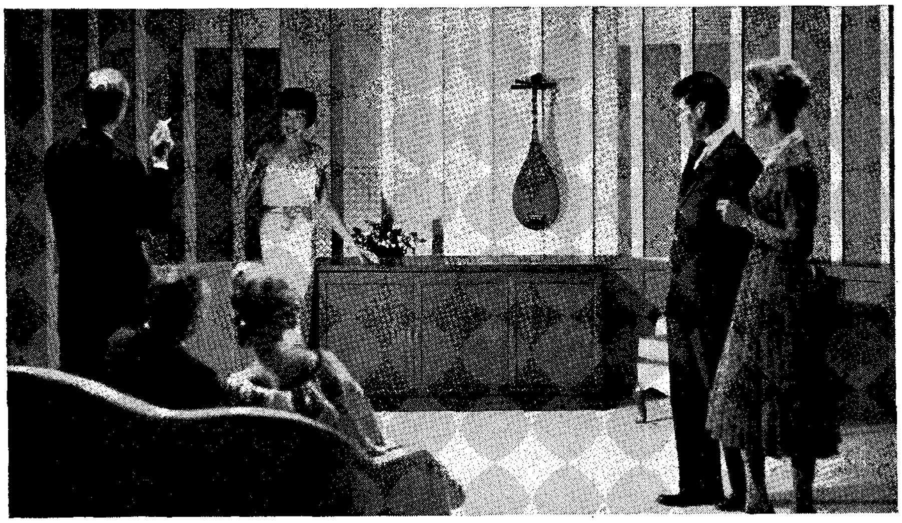

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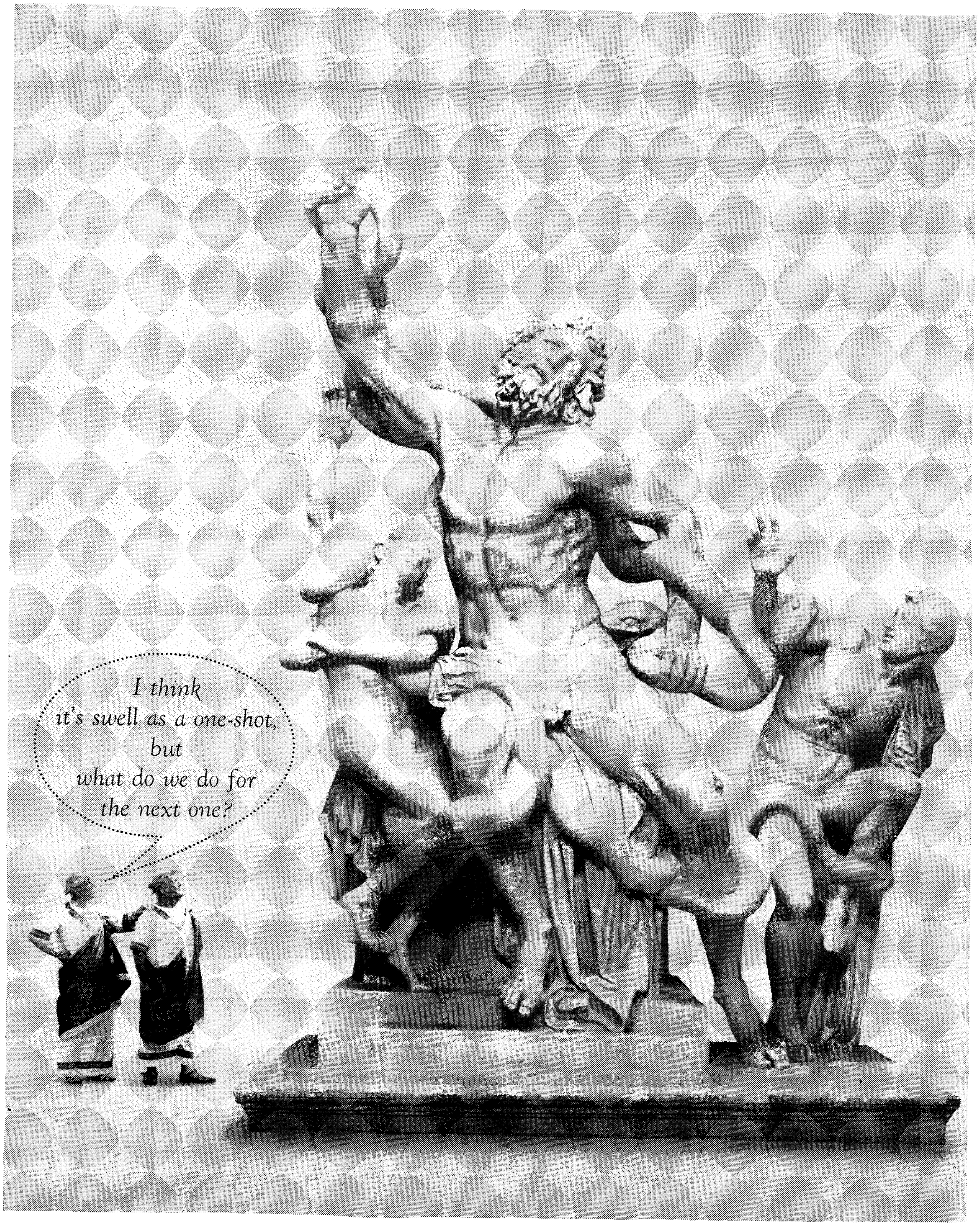
and phrases, but they found him virtually witless, and eventually they would turn to each other with some such remark as "Impossible. Typical squarehead." Notwithstanding these diversions, Teal was glad to take his wife and daughter back to Vermont when the fellowship ended. He had finally received his musk-ox license from the Canadian government, and he set about fixing up his establishment to serve as an experimental farm, fencing in a large pasture, as well as some small corrals here and there, for use in imposing domestication on the beasts in case they should prove stubborn. He also rebuilt the creaky old farmhouse that stood on the land.

Today, with a respectable herd of musk oxen in residence—two of the original seven have died, one from stomach worms and the other in the interest of science—Teal feels that he has made progress toward his goal of showing that the oxen can support Northern man. His conviction hinges on the quality of their wool, called by the Eskimos "*qiviut*," a term that he romantically translates as "golden fleece of the arctic." A few months ago, Teal wrote a piece for the *Atlantic Monthly* (it was later condensed by *Reader's Digest*) about the animals and their fleece, and the response has been staggering. So far, he has received upward of a thousand letters, from all over the world. He has taken these as confirmation of a suspicion of his that nearly everybody has a secret urge to raise musk oxen. A California woman with a penchant for eccentric weaving sent him (glued to her stationery) bits of wool from a chinchilla, a Great Pyrenees dog, and a black poodle, and added, "I get camel's hair from the San Francisco Zoo." She was very contrite at having overlooked musk oxen. A Marine on Okinawa wrote that he had "a quarter of a million dollars" and wished to go partners with Teal in raising large herds of musk oxen. Because of his promise to the Canadian authorities, Teal regretfully but resolutely put the offer aside. A British textile firm, reaffirming the axiom that there will always be an England, quite matter-of-factly asked Teal to send ten pounds of fleece over "as a sample." When one considers that a full-grown ox in good condition sheds only six pounds of its coat in a year (the oxen cannot be sheared without putting their lives in peril from exposure), the request seems breezily admirable. To carry on the experimental work, Teal and some of the members of his expeditions have in-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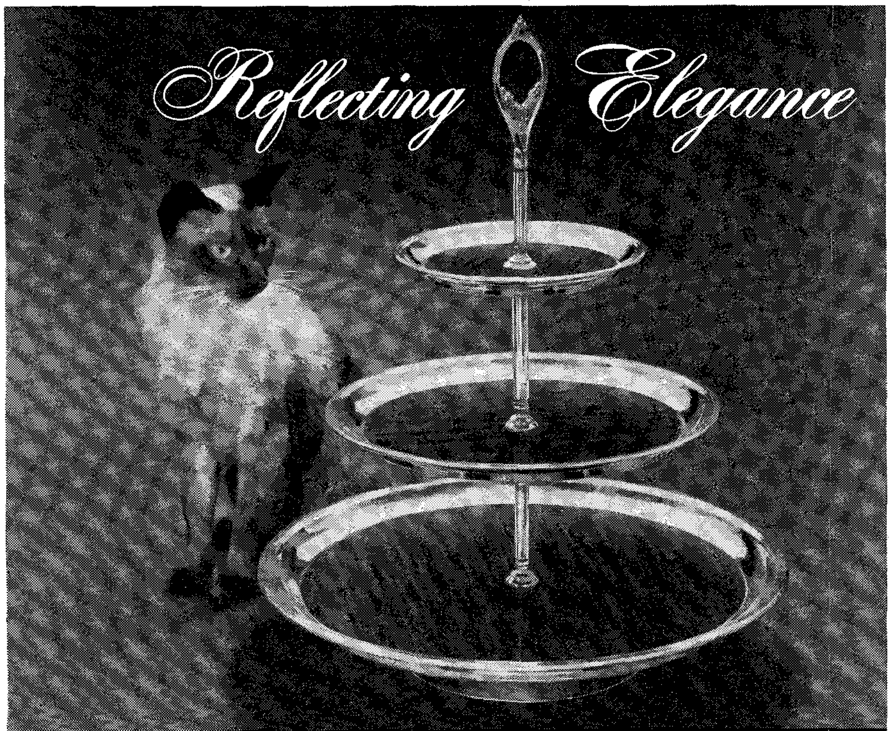

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corporated the project, calling it the Institute of Northern Agricultural Research. One of its mainstays is Dr. Paquette, the veterinarian, who shows up at the farm almost weekly to check on the musk oxen's health, which is excellent. One of the best proofs of this, and a matter of jubilation to Teal, is the fact that a short while back a male calf was born—his first musk ox to be born in captivity. During the latter portion of the mother's gestation, she was noisily restive (perhaps because she was fearful of wolves, without a large herd around to protect her), so to soothe her Teal slept on the ground beside her in a corral every night for more than a month.

In the beginning, Teal harbored delusions that either the United States government or one of the foundations, like the Ford or the Rockefeller, would come forward with financial aid. This has not happened (although nibbles have been felt on the line), with the result that a strain has been placed on the family purse, which is far from stuffed. To piece out his income, Teal teaches at the University of Vermont and lectures, with slides and movies, before interested groups. In academic circles, he is generally held to be a teacher of high merit—hard-working, conscientious, and absorbing—and a remarkably gifted lecturer. Last year, he plunged into his work at the university with such zeal that six of his students pulled up stakes and moved to Alaska the instant his course was over. On the lecture platform, Teal is anecdotal, humorous, challenging, and overflowing with esoterica; also, he is agreeably imposing in style and appearance. He instantly captures his audience, because he starts off by blasting everybody's pet beliefs about the North.

THE Teals live a good and full life. They now have three children (Pamela having been joined by Ptarmigan and John Alden), six musk oxen, three Himalayan goats, a herd of horses, nine golden retrievers, a raccoon, some rare geese and ducks, and several snowshoe rabbits and Bantam gamecocks. The whole ménage gets on splendidly, in a spirit of mutual tolerance. Teal's prize dog, Tundra, has three times rescued one or another of the children from drowning in a nearby pond, and a couple of the other retrievers have gone after the children when they have strayed into the thick woods of a neighboring mountain, bringing them home by biting into their clothing and tugging. The farmhouse is a pleasantly

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informal red and white clapboard structure of two stories—with picture windows aloft and alow—cluttered with glamorous mementos of far-off lands and sheltering an easy, cohesive social unit. Most of the animals have access to the interior—together with all the indigenous insect pests—and odd situations arise. Not long ago, a female guest, leaving after an evening of drinks and conversation, was taken aback to find a raccoon in her handbag. She was more taken aback when it bit through her little finger. The many visitors to the place particularly enjoy driving up in the evening, when Teal, on his favorite horse, a gigantic one named Rouser, conducts his daily roundup. He gallops into the musk-ox pasture and goes about the tricky business of nudging the huge beasts into the corrals. The oxen, while not belligerent, are still unaccustomed to total regimentation, so the game goes on a good while—Teal wheeling and chasing, the animals balkily declining to enter the gates. When the job is done, Teal performs the rite of calling the rest of his horses down from an upper pasture for oats. Standing on the porch, he begins to bellow. He has a voice like a foghorn, and the hills give off wild and eerie echoes. A legend of the region is that infants, hearing the cries, whimper and stir in their cribs. In the summer, the Teals swim with friends in nearby Lake Champlain and do a good deal of riding—Mrs. Teal is an expert equestrienne—and in the winter they ski the slopes of the surrounding countryside, including those at Stowe and Mad River. Teal likes the winters best. Sometimes, deep in the night, he awakens to sense the snow falling, and creeps to his open window, as he often used to in his boyhood. Feeling the inexplicable pull of the arctic, he kneels and stares toward the north, grieving, restless for pack ice and dog sleds—a scientist bound to worries of finance and civilization, a primitive man displaced.

—Robert Lewis Taylor

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Teal.*)

•

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

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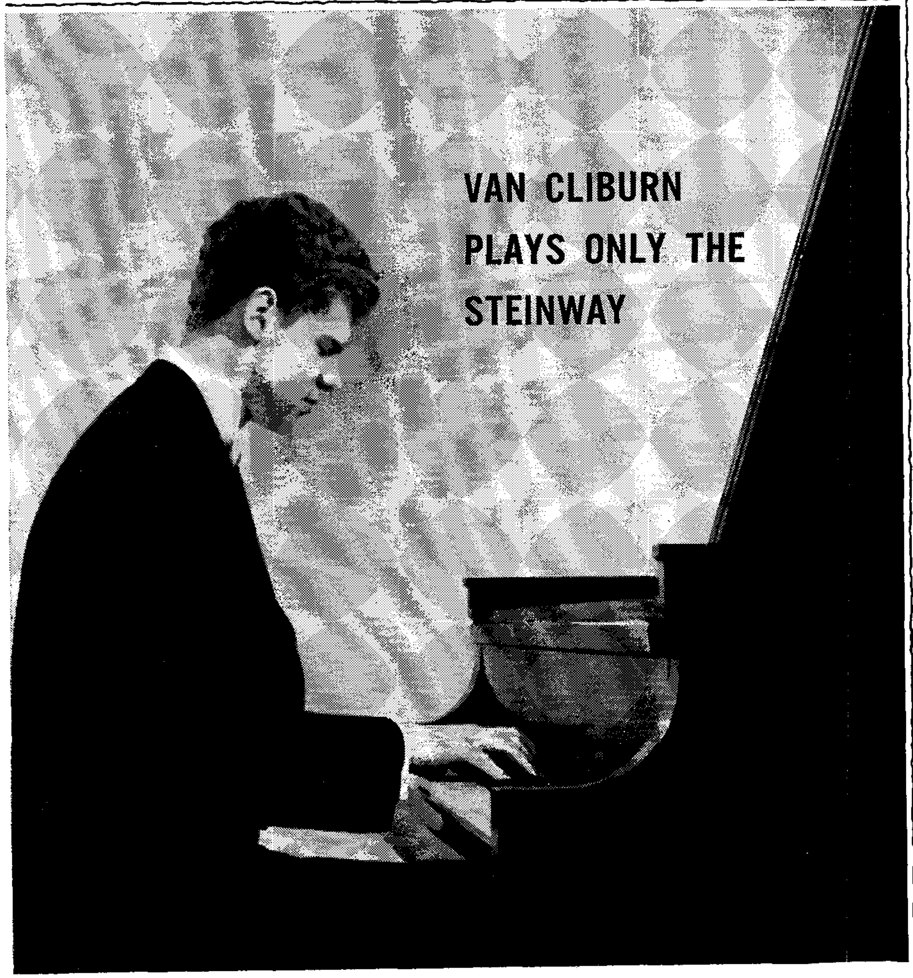

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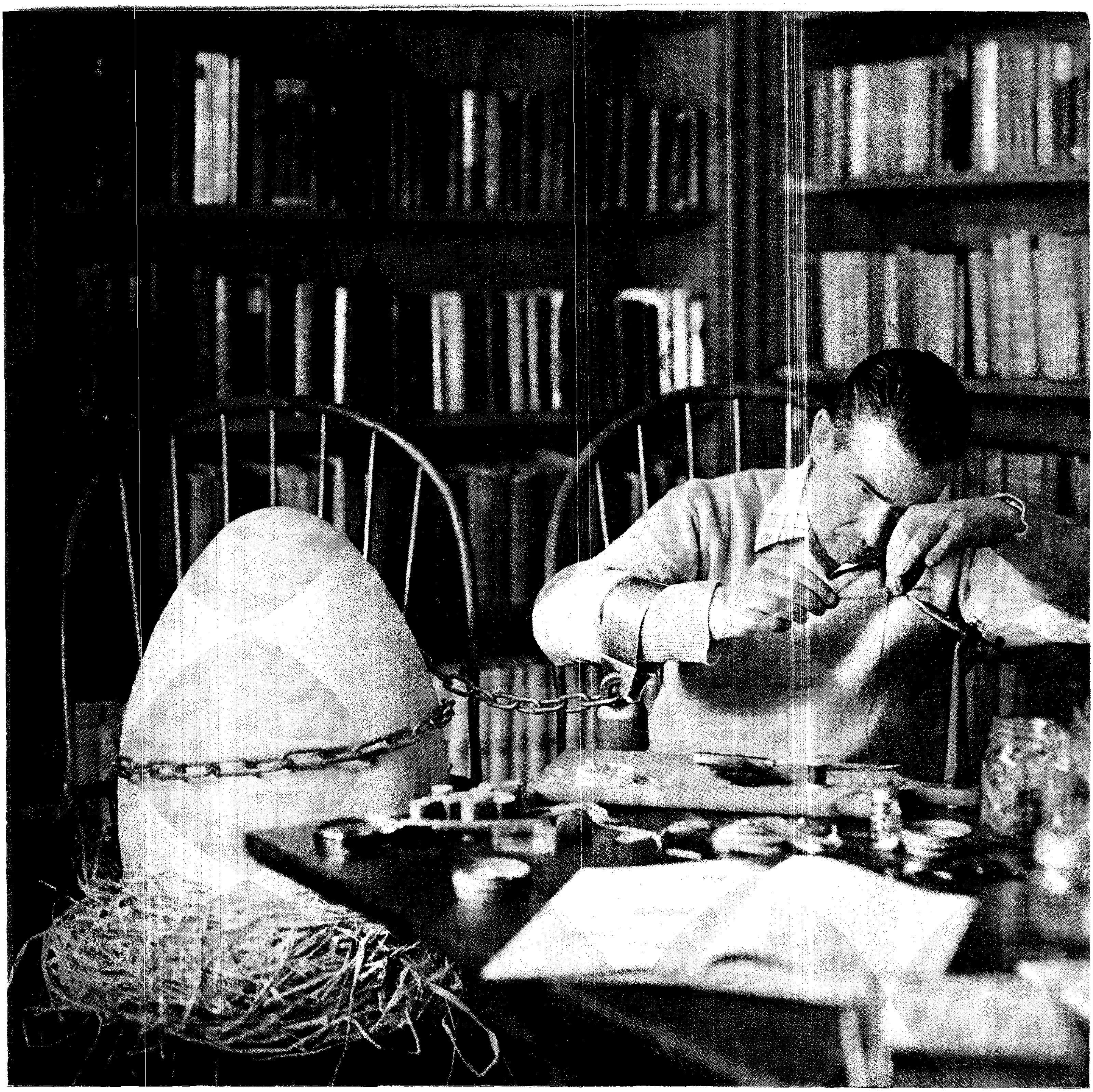

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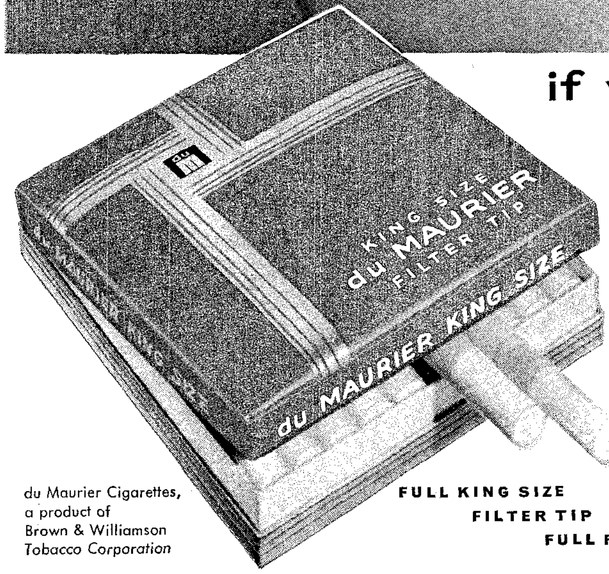

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THE THEATRE

IRISH PRIDE AND MEXICAN LOVE

Eugene O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet," which made its first American appearance last week, at the Helen Hayes, is a strident and sometimes sluggish play, laden with overmagnified people and overly massive points of view. These faults, it goes without saying, are characteristic of the author's work. In "A Touch of the Poet," as in most O'Neill plays, they are mainly irrelevant, because they are compensated for so strongly by the intensity of O'Neill's purpose and the honesty of his writing. They even help, in their way, to produce the characteristic effect on the spectator—a sense of rich and thorough satisfaction such as almost no other modern playwright's work seems able to give. As usual, O'Neill does not concern himself with the contemporary taste for streamlining. At times, he fixes certain characters in certain positions or attitudes and holds them there so long that their pores begin to look as large as knotholes. Here and there, he prolongs the play with what might be called "cycle material." This raises the point that "A Touch of the Poet" was designed to be one of a series of plays dealing with the history of an American family from the eighteenth century to the present time; the other manuscripts in the series were destroyed by O'Neill. It also raises the point that when Mrs. Harford, a member of the family in question, and the only one to appear in the flesh in "A Touch of the Poet," describes the Harfords in some detail in the second act, her monologue, though witty and cogent, is probably more interesting to her—as it was to O'Neill when he wrote it—than it is to the audience or to the girl to whom she delivers it, Sara Melody, an innkeeper's daughter who wants to marry Mrs. Harford's son. The Harfords were of primary importance in the doomed cycle. In this isolated surviving play, they are secondary to the Melody family. The story of the Melodys—their loves, hatreds, dreams, and conflicts—is a powerful one in itself. Furthermore, the play is the only one in the series that is available to us. The Harfords, as Harfords, tend to get in its way. Fortunately, though the playwright's mind strays now and then from the matter at hand, the director, Harold Clurman, and the cast give it their full and reverent attention. They have made "A Touch of the Poet" solid and self-sufficient to a degree that would, I suspect, have surprised O'Neill himself.

The head of the Melody family, Con, the innkeeper, is a man wrapped up, for his own protection, in a false and desperate vision of himself. An Irish peasant, drunkard, and libertine, he passes himself off, in his tavern near Boston, as a gentleman born and bred, a cavalier, and a hero of Wellington's Peninsular campaigns. (The play takes place in 1828.) He is, in short, a kind of poet in action, pitting his Old World gentility, bogus though it is, against the cold, commercial civilization of the Yankees. His role, which he can make himself but no one else believe in, is a painful and ruinous one; as his wife says, he lives alone "in a hell of pride." The wife, Nora, an undisguised peasant, is loyal and deeply loving. She supports his contention that, as a man of honor, he married her because she had seduced him. His daughter loathes him. While she is willing to accept a small part of his dream—she would like to think that he was born a gentleman, and that he helped subdue Napoleon—she is too thoroughly involved in the New World, and too ambitious to rise in it, to stand for his nonsense and his drunken idleness. In the end, Con Melody's dream and his pride break into pieces upon the rock of Yankee realism. Mrs. Harford, the wife of a merchant prince, belittles his pretensions as a gallant. Offstage, a bit later, the merchant prince turns him over to the police, who knock him in the head with their billies. To this extent—and in the fact that at the close of the play the Harfords' son and Melody's daughter seem certain to marry, and thus provide material for the rest of O'Neill's series—the Harfords have their significance in "A Touch of the Poet." But it is merely a plot significance, and their contribution is incidental and minor. Essentially, the Melodys stand alone. In the fourth, and last, act of the play, as the story nears the end of its grinding, bruising course, their independent adventures provide a pair of scenes as fine, it seems to me, as any O'Neill has written. In one of these, Sara Melody begins to understand her mother's Old World reasoning and her submissiveness. In the other, Con Melody is split wide open by the force of his humiliations. When the bout of schizophrenia is over, his more authentic personality has regained control of him so completely that he speaks in brogue once more, instead of in British English, and comes out in favor of Andrew Jackson, the people's choice, whom he previously planned to oppose at the polls.

Mr. Clurman's direction of "A Touch of the Poet" is, as I've said, first-rate; he makes its wordiest and most halting passages fairly gallop along. The leading actors match him in vigor and confidence. They are effective because they perform in the big and vivid style that their parts call for. The people they represent are, after all, prototypes, symptoms of trends and ideas, rather than subtly modulated individuals. Nora Melody, who is played by Helen Hayes, is perhaps a more real and human character than some of the others, but even Nora has been required by O'Neill to embody a considerable number of broad traits and truths. Meeting these requirements with almost no visible effort, Miss Hayes is sweet, earthy, prim, bold, sensible, superstitious, shrewd, and addled, in turn. Her performance is a sort of miracle of flexibility. Kim Stanley, who, as Sara Melody, shares her father's tendency to rant, to rebel, and to dream, is sturdily beautiful both in anger and in love. Betty Field brings style and polish to the role of the graceful Yankee lady, Mrs. Harford. The part of Con Melody is a demanding one; it calls for a tour de force of acting, and Eric Portman, strutting at an unlikely angle, talking almost constantly in synthetic accents, is generally equal to the job, though it is sometimes hard to hear what he says. Ben Edwards has designed a suitably harsh set, the dining room of the tavern near Boston. I have an insignificant quarrel with one phase of the production—or, rather, with one point of O'Neill's history. The standard drink of the house at Melody's inn is whiskey. Given the time and place, rum would be more plausible. It's true that Melody would probably have wanted to avoid dispensing and drinking Yankee grog. Practically speaking, he would have had trouble humoring his whim.

"Handful of Fire," N. Richard Nash's new play, which opened last week at the Martin Beck, and closed after five performances, had the advantages of a splendid set, ingenious direction, and a gay, bustling first act. I'm afraid, though, that I began to lose

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sight of these virtues before the performance was more than half over. They became obscured and outweighed by the development of Mr. Nash's message, which, while high-minded, struck me as more than a little incoherent. The piece is a sort of parable, dealing—maybe I state the case too ambitiously, but I don't believe so—with the influence of love on several varieties of human soul. It takes place in a Mexican border town, at the present time, and nearly all its leading characters are Mexicans. I think that the manner of speech of these characters has a lot to do with the indistinctness of the message—though I'm also willing to give some credit to a failure on the author's part to get a firm grip on his symbolism. In the matter of language, Mr. Nash has made use of the broken-English method of presenting the thoughts of aliens to American audiences. That is, his people, instead of speaking reasonable English or reasonable Spanish, talk like dialect comedians. "I am ze bast damn caballero in all May-hee-co!" an actor named Leo Carrillo used to say in the movies, even when he was addressing his fellow-countrymen. "Go to hal!" says Pepe, a character in "Handful of Fire," and "You are a son-um-a-bitches!" Once in a while, in somewhat better English, he delivers a presumably Mexican philippic, like "You had three fathers, and your mother was a roach!" What makes things confusing is that the targets of both of these styles are Mexicans, to whom Pepe, in theory, is talking in their own language.

Pepe is one of Mr. Nash's chief characters, a garrulous young ex-wetback with a heart of gold and a capacity for pure and salutary love. When he first comes to the border town, he has a sense of humor as well, and a turn for social satire that makes him sound—in a lively comic scene near the beginning of the play—like a Tijuana Sam Weller. His gaiety disappears soon after he meets Maria, a girl who is fundamentally pure, like himself, but superficially soiled. Pepe spends most of the last two acts of the play struggling to find a moral basis on which to love Maria as she, God, and Mr. Nash clearly mean him to do. His task is a hard one, because, to his way of thinking (as to mine), she is a complicated girl. She cohabits pretty regularly with a local racketeer and gambler, but considers herself a virgin spirit, with, as they say in traffic courts, an "excuse." ("When I am first come here, I am full of scare and I am lonely.") There is a suggestion of Joan of Arc about her, in that she is convinced that an angel is helping her to beat her lover's gambling wheels every night. She is impatient with both Pepe and Manuel, the racketeer, for not accepting her own view of herself. Pepe at last manages to find a compromise position in regard to Maria. He faces the fact of her transgressions—as he has to do, being a much more rational type than she is—but concedes that she is just as good, essentially, as she thinks she is, if not more so. By this time, Pepe has lost his satirical sense altogether. There is even something faintly bovine about him as he says, in the final act, "Oh, you are good, Maria! You—are *good!*"

"Handful of Fire" touches on a number of aspects and subdivisions of human love besides the Pepe-Maria affair. If Maria loves Pepe, Manuel, in his own way, loves Maria, and Manuel is loved in still another way by Sylvi, a brothelkeeper from north of the border. Kay Medford, who played Sylvi, seemed to me to be the most trenchant and intelligible of all the performers, perhaps because she was the only one who used normal English. Roddy McDowall as Pepe, Joan Copeland as Maria, and James Daly as Manuel were always intense and sometimes brilliant, but, like the roles they played and the lines they spoke, they were often baffling, too. I said earlier that the setting and the direction were excellent, so I had better report that the setting was by Jo Mielziner and the direction by Robert Lewis. —JOHN LARDNER

OFF BROADWAY

A Lulu

ONE misses a lot, belonging to a generation that was schooled to take a healthy attitude toward sex. To be specific, one misses the rich throb of an unhealthy attitude toward sex. Our educators are to blame for this. At the first tender stirring of our adolescence, they plunged us into unspeakably wholesome discussions of whether "we fellows" really respected a girl who "did it" before marriage, while the budding young ladies themselves were soberly invited to ponder the question of how far they might safely "let a boy *go*." That these discussions generally failed to achieve their inhibitive purpose is beside the present point. What matters is that with us the whole subject of sex was exposed to such quantities of artificial sunlight that its more delicate branches simply withered away. And now, whenever we come upon one of the lush growths of a darker, more reticent era, we are apt to respond not with thrills but with unfeeling levity.

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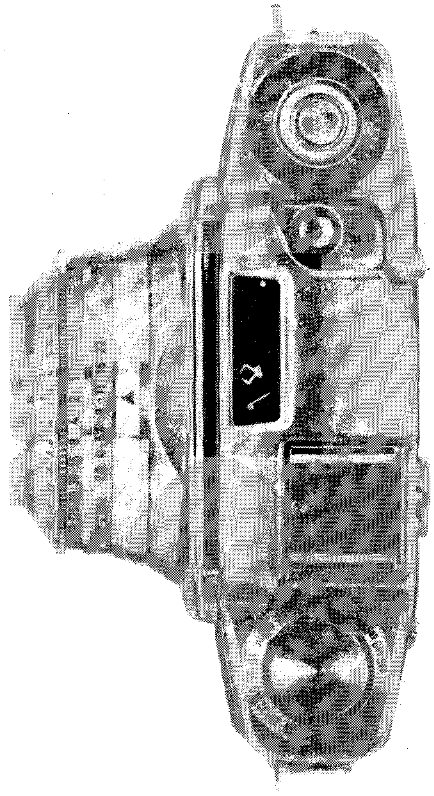

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AIR LINES

Frank Wedekind's "Lulu" at the Fourth Street Theatre last week. If ever a play was the product of a sexually overwrought imagination, this play is it. Wedekind's heroine is a veritable monster of beauty and depravity, who first conquers and then destroys her quivering prey. No man can look upon her and preserve his calm; few can spend five minutes in her company without declaring themselves ready to sacrifice everything for her sake. And Lulu, magnificent Lulu, strides scornfully to triumph over their prostrate bodies. In 1895, when the play was first presented in Germany, this sort of thing apparently set the spectators all atremble. In 1958, rendered into English by Stephen Spender and Frances Fawcett, it moved the greater part of the audience to outright laughter. Only here and there an elderly gentleman might be seen leaning breathlessly forward and nibbling his cane.

It was perhaps out of deference to these patriarchs that the management described the production as "a sex tragedy." But the actors, who were prompt to sense the prevailing mood, took a completely different view of it. Unfortunately, the tragedy does not lend itself gracefully to a comic interpretation; three of the four acts end with a fresh corpse on the premises, and this prevalence of cadavers effectively dampened the general effort toward gaiety. To confuse the audience further, the actors were often funniest when they were least trying to be, and most depressing when they strove hardest to be jocular. After twenty minutes of this, the spectator hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. Eva Gabor is to be commiserated with on the part of Lulu, which did not suit her at all. To be sure, she was beautiful enough to drive men to desperation, but much too good-natured ever to try it. Certainly no one seemed more distressed than she when one of her victims fell dead at her feet, and it was with visible reluctance that she shot an admirer who, at the last pitch of despair, had threatened her life. When it became evident that the evening was beyond salvation, Miss Gabor prudently took refuge in her accent, which began to evoke with ever greater insistence the wild plains of Hungary. At length, she was heard to remark—rather roguishly, it seemed to me—"I feel an icy swill running swoo my body." Miss Gabor was supported chiefly by Harold Huber, Clarence Derwent, and Patrick O'Neal. None was deserving of high praise, but all were deserving of sympathy.

—DONALD MALCOLM

FOOTBALL

The Heels of Achilles

THE improvement of the breed of football players has been proceeding with such efficiency that though fullbacks can run the hundred-yard dash as fast as trackmen, and quarterbacks can throw a ball with the accuracy of a Milwaukee outfielder, one good, rousing collision with an opponent can retire one of these brittle performers for life. The graduation from college of a number of valuable young men last June has done little more damage to the fall collection of football teams than has the testing to destruction (seemingly no trick at all) of other valuable men in spring and/or autumn practice. The little Vassar girls who become couriers for *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* and spend all day on their feet exploring the market will soon be more than a match in a test of strength with their football heroes; in fact, in more than one stadium last Saturday, when they came trooping in, arrayed like Solomon, to take their seats, they looked as if they were already far fitter and more alert than the players they had presumably come to admire.

What went on at Palmer Stadium, where Princeton and Columbia met in desultory, rather than mortal, combat, must have bewildered the serious student of the art of football, serving principally to demonstrate the shapelessness of things to come. The premise was this: Princeton, defending champion of the Ivy League, having been beaten, 28–0, the week before by a lively Rutgers team that could handle both *Harper's Bazaar* and *Vogue* simultaneously, was going up against a Columbia team that had been beaten, 22–0, the week before by a Brown team that had been considered the poorest relation in the League. (This was, by the way, the poorest relation that came from behind on the dead run on Saturday to beat Yale, 35–29.) The result was simple: Columbia, which actually *is* the poorest, in respect to manpower, employed an offensive layout that differed considerably from the one that the Princeton scouts had seen it use against Brown, and very nearly got a decisive jump on Princeton; Princeton, resetting its defense to deal with Columbia's unorthodoxy, and infiltrating Columbia's defense with wave after wave of fresh operators,

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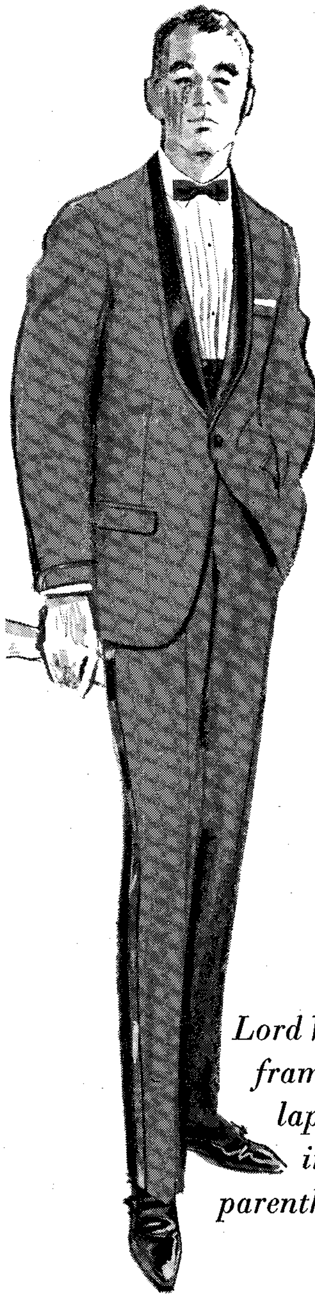

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presently took charge of the match and ran off with it, 43–8. Columbia has a wily first team, an excellent end (Graske), a quarterback (Donelli) of vast sagacity and sense of direction, and no luck at all—a situation apt to prevail the rest of the season. Princeton has no first team; it has a large assortment of linemen, several of them with a decent skill at their calling, and as good an assortment of backs as the League is likely to see this year. Ippolito, a ballcarrier last season, is now a quarterback and blocker. The other experienced service men are Tiley, an effective sledgehammer; Sachs, a deerfly of great renown; and Heyd, a useful but less spectacular performer. The novices are Kornrumpf, a pretty good sledgehammer himself; Iseman, a fleet fellow and a good passer; and John Sullivan (there's also a Jerry Sullivan, a center), who is another deerfly. In a season in which six of the eight contenders in the League are practically on a par (Columbia and Harvard, I'm afraid, just aren't husky enough), this collection of runners should put up a solid argument.

NONE of the League teams, and perhaps none of the teams anywhere in the East, could handle the new Army team, which, on offense, uses only ten men, plus an end who plays hull down on the horizon to one side. This special method of operation has led to a great deal of conversation, although the flanker (the trade term for a player who drifts as far apart as Army's end) has been used within memory by the team known as Yale, and could hardly be deemed a rarity in professional football. True, the Army end does not take part in the conference that precedes each Army play (he keeps his distance), and some of the conversation turns on the problem of how he is told what play is coming up. Anyone who has ever been concerned with team sports, though, knows that the science of the sign is not a dead language. The theory that Army is so far ahead of its opponents this fall that it can afford to run off a set series of plays without notifying all its players must be summarily rejected. —J. W. L.

•

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore an aqua blue suit with navy accessories and carried a white prayer book topped with chocolate pudding.—*Paris (Ky.) Kentuckian-Citizen.*

Anybody would give her away.

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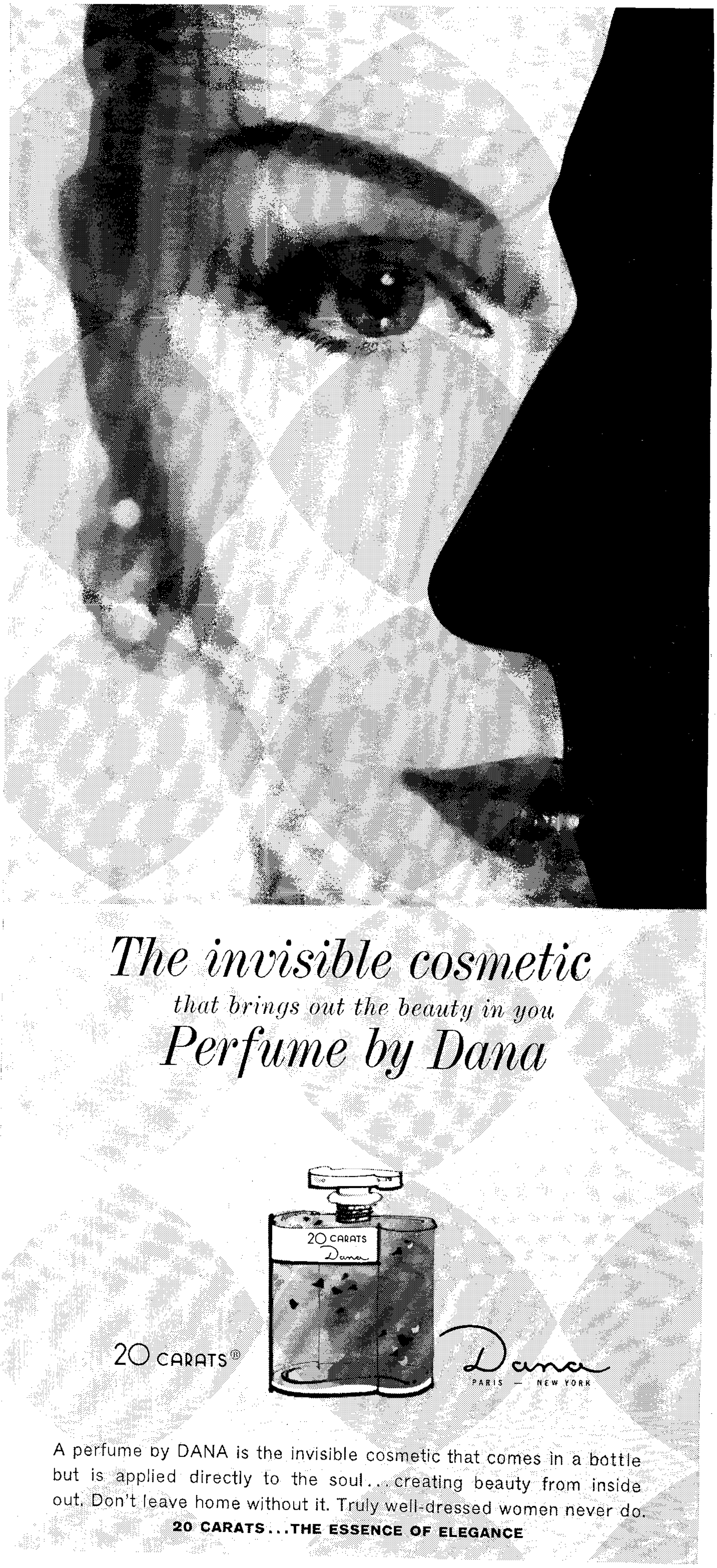
THE CURRENT CINEMA

What's All the Shootin' For?

THE Far West as it used to be before the Cadillac replaced the horse and Neiman-Marcus got prairie girls out of Mother Hubbards is investigated *in extenso* in "The Big Country," a Technicolor-Technirama item directed by William Wyler. With all outdoors at his disposal, Mr. Wyler takes us on a fine scenic tour of the plains, but whenever he stops looking into the distance and listening to the lonely coyote's howl, he confronts us with a group of characters who might have been jettisoned from a passing television wagon train. One of them, played by Gregory Peck, is a well-heeled Easterner who has journeyed into the West to marry the daughter (Carroll Baker) of an affluent rancher (Charles Bickford). Mr. Peck is a man who likes peace and quiet, and he wants no part of a feud that is raging between Mr. Bickford and a rival cattle baron (Burl Ives). Both Mr. Bickford and Mr. Ives are hellbent on acquiring a well-irrigated property owned by a cowtown schoolmistress (Jean Simmons), and when Mr. Peck refuses to join in the general uproar, he is sneered at as a pantywaist, particularly by Mr. Bickford's foreman (Charlton Heston). As you can well imagine, he isn't such a sissy as the boots-and-saddle boys presume, and presently he gives Mr. Heston quite a battle in a no-holds-barred bout. Meanwhile, Mr. Bickford and Mr. Ives are making life miserable for each other, cattle are stampeding all over the landscape, and heads are being staved in with gory regularity. (Just to show you how tough these hombres are, I might point out that Mr. Ives, in passing, kills one of his own sons, played by Chuck Connors, on the ground that he is a cowardly whelp.)

Of those involved in this massive enterprise, Mr. Bickford and Mr. Ives are the most commendable as they whoop and snort about the sagebrush. But even they are hardly credible types, and as for the rest of the cast, they can be set down as a rather wooden lot.

ANDY GRIFFITH, who was so amusing as the hero of "No Time for Sergeants," goes back to the wars once



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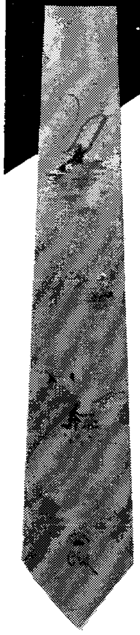

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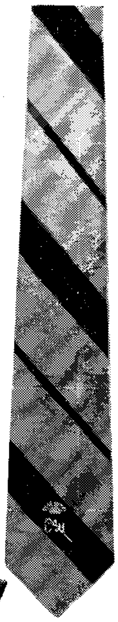

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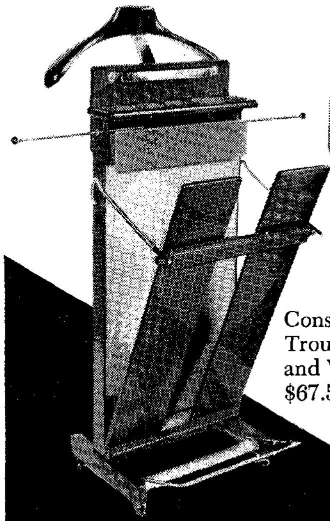

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again in "Onionhead," this time as a cook on a Coast Guard buoy tender. As directed by Norman Taurog, the film wavers uncertainly between comedy and melodrama, and Mr. Griffith is only sporadically able to enliven the business with laughter. According to the plot, Mr. Griffith is a college student from Oklahoma who joins the Coast Guard to escape an unhappy romance and soon finds himself entangled with an incandescent Boston girl (Felicia Farr). Eventually, she marries his superior, the chief cook (Walter Matthau), and this causes something of a strain between Mr. Griffith and his boss. Their difficulties are explored with a good deal of humor, but pretty soon the movie takes a serious tack, and we have Mr. Griffith developing into a masterful type as a gunner on a ship engaged with a submarine, whereupon "Onionhead" dissolves into just another undistinguished picture about the war.

"THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA," which was directed by John Huston, has to do with some of the adventures of Townsend Harris, who was the first United States consul in Japan. As portrayed by John Wayne, Harris is a rather dull dog, who can't even put much life into his affair with a delectable spy (Eiko Ando). When he isn't limply involved with Miss Ando, our hero does his bit for U.S.-Nipponese relations by burning down a village that has been infected with cholera by sailors from a visiting American ship. The natives don't approve of this at first, but after a while they salute him as a savior. As the picture dawdles along, we are offered some fine views of Japan. Maybe Mr. Huston should have settled for a travelogue.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

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ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*Letter in the Salt Lake City Deseret News*]

Everyone I have met here has been so wonderful to me. I am sure that if people all over the world would be friendly and love one another for the pure love of God, that it would make our lives more acceptable to Him and we would gain the peace in the world that people are hoping so desperately to attain.

If people had the faith to know that God loves us all, sinner as well as saint, we would be uplifted and strive for the lasting values, not those that so quickly fade away.

This is a wonderful place to live. But one thing bothers me. Our skins here seem to peel and crack. Could you give me some explanation for this, or should I see a physician? Mrs. M. L. S.

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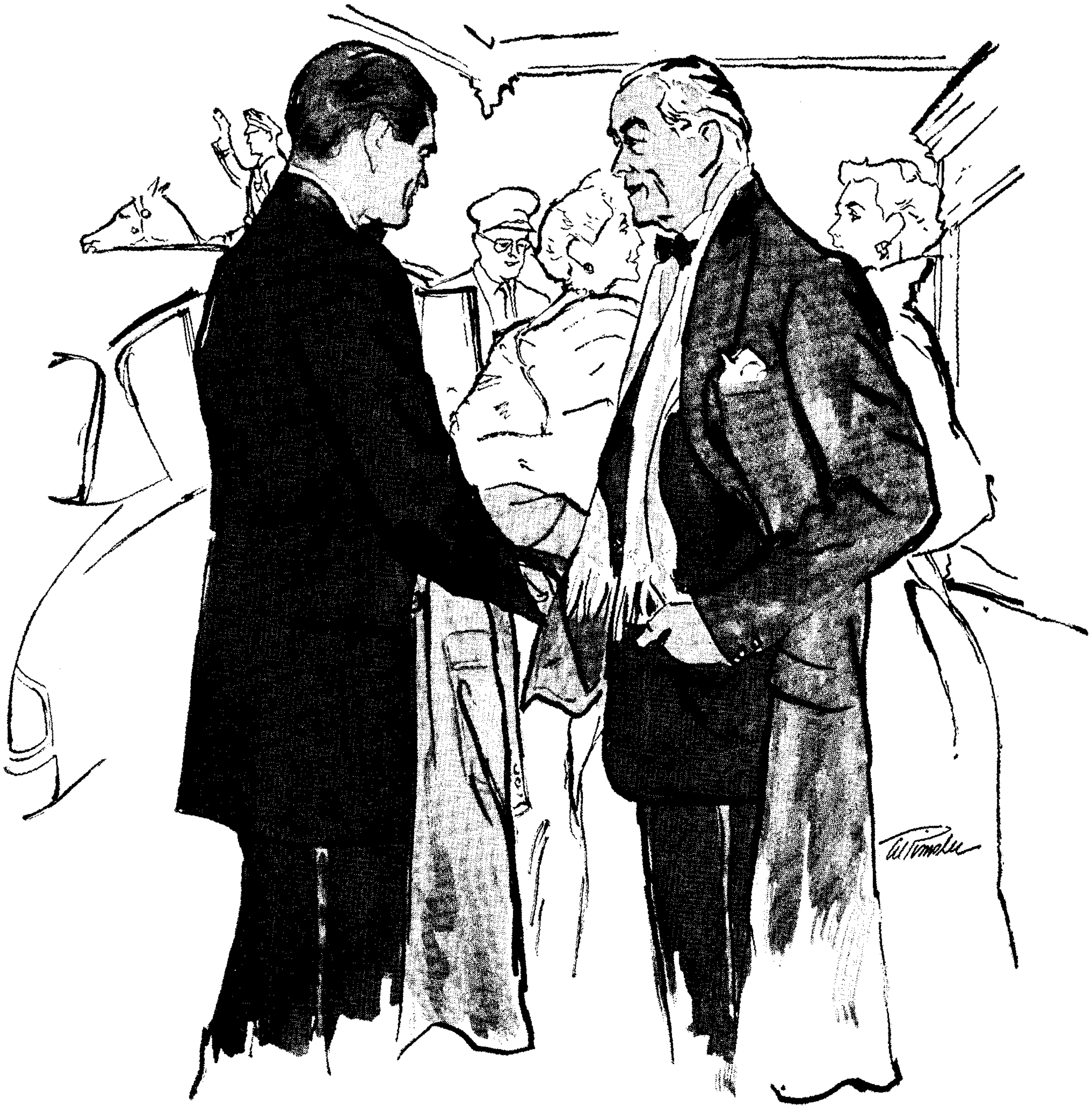

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

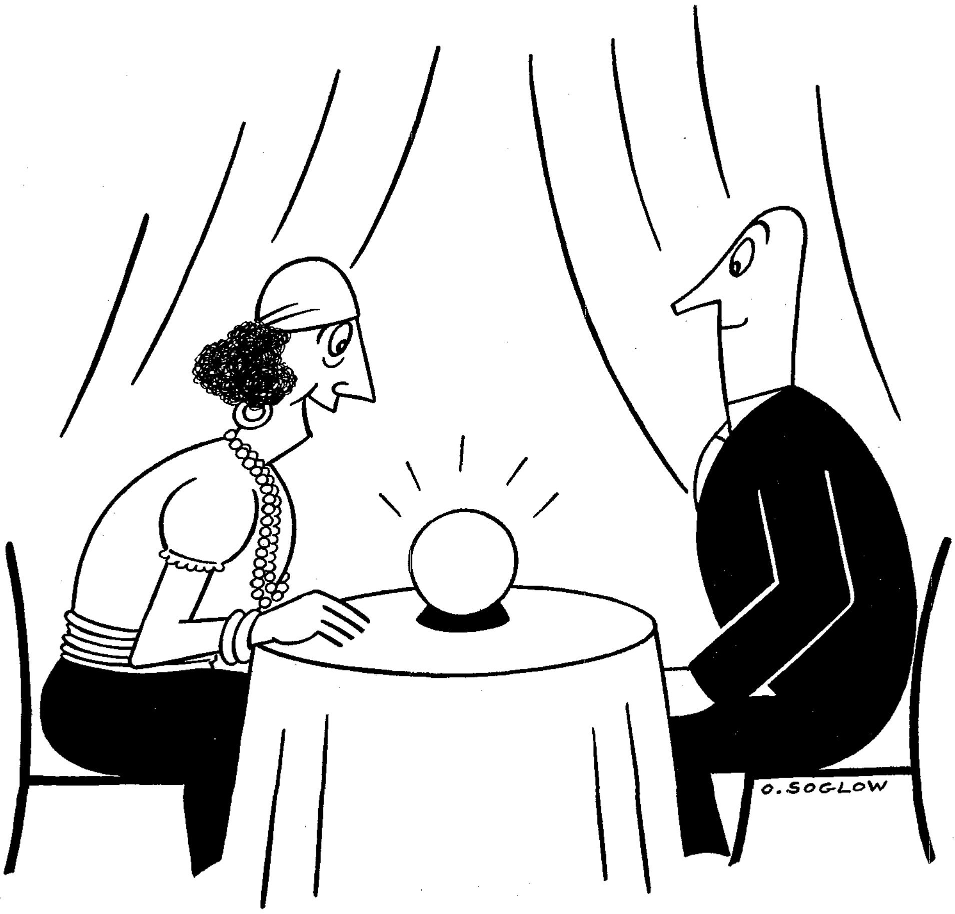
FEMININE FASHIONS

GENERALIZATION, the sport of fools, was never more risky than in this turbulent fashion season. Only one thing seems sure, and that is that everything is on the up and up—hats and hairdos and skirts. Skirts end at the kneecap, but they don't *look* that short because they are really still the same old length; they merely start much higher in front, at least, from just below the bust. We are being reproportioned, that's what, with emphasis at the top of the body and a bypassing of the midsection. Designers in the United States seem to manage all this more gracefully than their French cousins, who, despite the most inspiring fabrics and the most vibrant colors I ever saw, are trying to hang themselves with drawstrings; while our Mainbochers and Carries and Sophies and Hatties are maneuvering an uplifted look, by using bows and folds and bits of detail under the chest, they continue to hint at a willowy midriff somewhere along the line. But too many of the French offerings are really clumsy amidships, because of heavy gathers starting high on the diaphragm and often going bunchily straight around you. (Some Balenciaga and Givenchy clothes, I hear, even have padding protruding above the stomach with folds over *that*, but isn't it a little late for us to be posing for Frans Hals?) Possibly all this is because of the unwarranted praise of the youth movement among French designers. The glory of youth is its uninhibited ideas. But when a designer gives you six or eight ideas in a single dress, as newcomers are likely to do, the result is chaotic.

It is ironic that the retail shops, in this year of all years, went completely overboard in getting literal copies of Paris fashions. Most are at prices that preclude use of the marvellous original fabrics. To me, this is the year when anyone wanting a Paris dress should go straight to our custom salons, such as Bergdorf Goodman and Bonwit Teller, for the editing the Paris clothes didn't get in Paris. Bonwit's custom salon, always interested in grace, finds that its customers want waistlines lowered a bit and plenty of the new up-and-down fullness removed from the region of the stomach; in short, they count on the fitters to cut the fat away from some basically good ideas. Well, I, too, have had my fill of thickness.

BERGDORF'S comprehensive new custom collection from Paris includes a number of short-jacketed, double-breasted, chunky little suits of bright tweed, and those from Dior and Balenciaga in particular manage to look endearing even on little women. There are lovely, lovely jersey dresses molded by Grès, who needs no editing, and expertly picked beauties from Lanvin-Castillo, Griffe, Givenchy, and the rest. Among the formal evening clothes, one that is stomachy in a magnificent Renaissance way is by Balmain, its high-waisted bodice ruby velvet encrusted with jet beads. This has a deep décolletage and big puffed sleeves; black faille sweeps in copious folds to the floor.

BONWIT TELLER'S Salon de Couture approves of Givenchy's treatment of reversible and versatile tailored coats for day or evening. They are straight and slender, in marked contrast to the voluminous short evening coats that are seen everywhere, and they're of wool instead of satins and brocades. One, shown in blue (the reverse side is black), has stitching that resembles welting going around a high, unindented waist and all around the edges, and it's equipped with patch pockets and small revers. Balenciaga's bright-red woolly coat with a wide yoke seam across the back is here, and so is his strapless dance dress (made specially for Bonwit) of black satin organza with lace attached to the décolletage in back and coming in a circle over the head to drape on the chest as you choose. Dresses from Lanvin and Givenchy show up in that Ascher looped wool, which looks so bulky and is so light in weight. My favorite among the beautiful full-length evening dresses is a Dior in brown faille, with his typical deep scoop neck and crushed elbow sleeves; the vast skirt drapes upward in front and ends in a big bow loop slanting up the chest, a touch that is also a trade-



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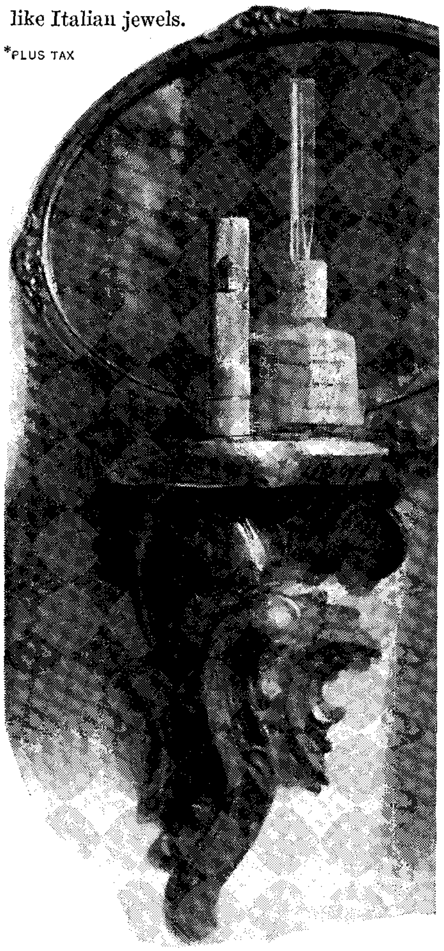

PRINCESS Marcella Borghese

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Harzfeld's, Kansas City

mark of Dior (in the Paris as well as the New York division) this season. Lanvin's Josephine is what it sounds like—bright-yellow satin gathered below a tiny bodice with rows and rows of self fringe around it. Bonwit is showing many models from Goma, too, who is unusual in that he both is young and makes youthful clothes. Full-skirted dance dresses are his specialty.

TO get back to our home-grown custom designs, Sophie, of Saks Fifth Avenue (with able assists from Stephen Erklin), manages a high-rising look in front that usually results from folded drapery ascending the ribs from a normal waistline in back. If skirt fullness starts very high in front, it is likely to be transparent—black chiffon floating over a black beaded sheath, for instance. Among the short formal dresses there's a penchant for panniers low at the sides. A Sophie charmer of red satin covered with black lace has these pannier folds outlined with one-inch black velvet ribbon that ends in a bow at the waist in back and another bow much higher in front. The fabrics are fantastic, such as the rose-printed white uncut velvet (ribbed like bengaline) of a full-skirted dance dress. But there is nothing the matter with the Sophie way of handling black silk crêpe, either. One instance of this skill is a slender deal with a tall, collarless neck and a pair of interrupted belts of black velvet—high fore and aft, perceptibly lower around the sides. This dress has straight panels, like vast box pleats, down the front and back of the skirt that loop smoothly under at the hem without creating that harem-skirt puffiness. In Sophie's suits, her nipped look is missing. This season she prefers box jackets with gored skirts, sometimes really circular at the hem. And, as always, her evening clothes, whether short or long, are the epitome of femininity—lots of trailing white chiffons, beautifully beaded, often with a great loop of plain chiffon descending in back from the shoulders to below the knees; short, round, fat-hipped evening skirts of red velvet with black beaded tops that are deeply oval in back. (The cape top is simply two plump red velvet ruffles, one over the upper arm and one below.) And there is marquisette, ranging from hunter green to yellow chartreuse, in a full-skirted, full-blooded ball gown with a big stole, and a vampire evening sheath of Ascher wool, in red, and draped up to a rhinestone pin under the breast. "Turn *down* that thermostat!"

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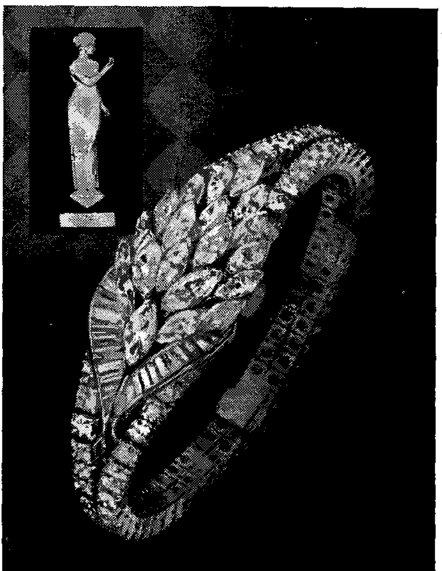

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will be your cry this winter if you pick that one.

BEAUTIFUL necklines, trim bodices, and small waists once again characterize the Carrie Munn dance dresses, and a fold or a bit of detail under the bust is her one concession to the passion for the raised line. Her skirts have never been more varied, and most of them look wind-blown and puffy-cloud, but there *is* a cocktail dress of black faille with a skirt that's in complete kite formation. Another juts out sharply and widely to a point below the hips and then falls straight in a very wide band to the knees. Black figured silk (dull polka dots on a shiny surface) makes a whirlwind dress with an extra-full skirt draped over the top of the thigh on one side and under the buttocks on the opposite, so it looks sort of punched around. The full skirt of a satin dance dress in red, with a scoop-neck front and a low, square back, is caught up in folds below and behind the hips. All these things have the joyous mood that's expected of Munn. She has always done well by the swaggering dance coat, and now, when everyone is making it, she still manages to stand out with, for example, a black satin domino with a pink satin lining, and two bows almost under the arms. But the coat that haunted and entertained me the most of all the coats I've seen is a big, circular one of velvet with a feathery wild-game print—bronzes and browns and slate blues. The stuff looks exactly like real feathers until you get very close. This one could also be worn in the daytime. All these Munns are to order, but the same sort of spirited clothes are on hand, ready-to-wear, at Polly (480 Park, at 58th), where Munn's the word.

MAINBOCHER's regal aplomb is distinct from both the elegant glitter of Sophie and the flirtatiousness of Carrie Munn. This is a season of rough surfaces and bright colors, but he uses, in the main, smooth wools and muted hues. A dream of a little shoulder-strap dance dress is of the palest green satin, and a cascade of overlapping ribbons, all pale pastel, goes from the wide waistband down one hip. His suits are superlative this year—very short jackets, waistbands that are likely to rise snugly well up on the diaphragm, where they may end in self binding and a little self bow. One of these charmers is of gray flannel; a panel fold down the front of the skirt makes for ease in walking. Another, of black wool, has a ()-

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After Six
BY RUDOFKER

Write for Free Dress Chart Booklet by BERT BACHARACH, foremost authority on men's fashions. AFTER SIX FORMALS, Dept. N-10, PHILA. 3, PA.

SEE?

Ever since the beginning of broadcasting, various techniques have been developed to find out how many people are listening to or watching a program. Some do it by asking you to keep a diary; others by telephone; still others by installing a meter in your receiver which records the time and station you tune in. It is not only important to get this information, but to get it fast. Up to a few weeks ago about the fastest you could get it was the morning after the broadcast.

However, a new invention has come along which tells you instantaneously how many homes are watching your program. It works through a meter in the set which is connected by wire to a computer in a central office. The computer sends out electrical impulses every minute-and-a-half to the meter which immediately sends back the number of the channel you are watching. All the data is then combined and lights up a series of bulbs on a big board. Thus you can see at a glance if your program is being accepted by the audience or not at the very moment they are accepting it, or not. Electronically, it's all pretty breathtaking. Especially for us, since CBS Television Network programs still come out on top as, indeed, they do in all other methods of measuring audiences.

Our Washington Bureau has it on good authority that Secretary Dulles pays regular and strict attention to the daily broadcasts of CBS News foreign correspondents. On his way to the airport recently the Secretary caused something of a minor traffic jam by telling his chauffeur to slow down long enough to let him finish hearing the 15-minute *World News Roundup* broadcast by our twin network (CBS Radio) every morning at 8 am. He listened to David Schoenbrun from Paris, Richard Kallsen from Beirut, and Peter Kalischer from Formosa. Thus informed, he flew to Newport to see the President.

CBS

shaped plastron descending the jacket and three buttons down each side. The jacket swings away a bit in back and the waistband zooms far up beneath it. For day dresses, Mainbocher believes in a fold that suggests a turtleneck but stands well away from the throat, and he likes X detail on the chest. He does flaring coats for both day and evening, and lines them, practical man that he is, with warm quilted fabrics. His black-and-white tweed coat, which has a lining of red taffeta, goes over a mere slip of a black jersey with black satin ribbon across it high on the top. An evening domino coat of black velvet is lined with quilted white satin, and the deep cape collar is edged with mink that loops over in front, ascot fashion. This is shown with a willowy wand of café-au-lait satin that has a high, surplice top and cartridge pleats below.

When one thinks of Hattie Carnegie, one thinks of suits, and the Carnegie suits this year are more delightful than ever. Lots of them are three-piece and adaptable to fickle climates. A good sample of what is going on in her custom salon this year appears in gray wool. The jacket is short and double-breasted, and its profile suggests slight barrel roundness as it dips in back. It's lined with white squirrel bellies. Beneath is a sleeveless, collarless top of gray wool, a bit below waist length and flaring a trifle away from the body to the rear. The skirt is slim. Many versions of this sort of thing are here, some with silk overblouses. One, a fuzzy navy tweed with a short, rounded jacket and a sapphire crêpe overblouse that stops just short of the natural waistline, has a skirt that ascends trimly to a high bodice. The dress-and-jacket combination has friends here, too. Black-and-gray checked wool makes a slim box-jacket dress that is molded to suggest a high waistline in front—no buttons, no bows, no detail, just cut. It's a trick that Carnegie's designers have been using for some seasons, and they are masters. Among the full-coat daytime costumes, a coat of sapphire-blue wool tweed that has a soft, rounded air is paired with a dress of a lighter-weight wool. Its back is plain and flat, but folds give it a short-jacket look in front.

Downstairs, in Carnegie's ready-to-wear shop, are clothes in the same calm mood. The Carnegie ready-to-wears, by the way, are now found only at Carnegie. The specialty of this group is knits with a nice spongy aspect, and

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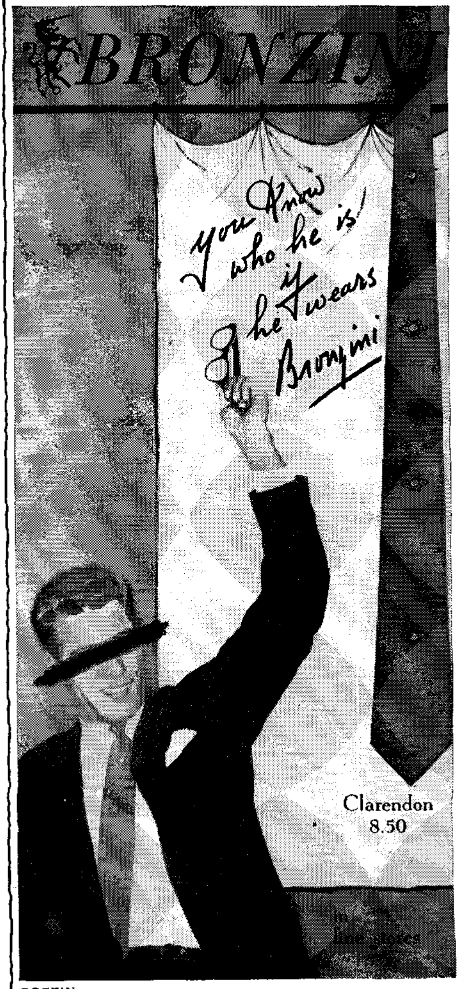

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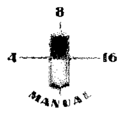

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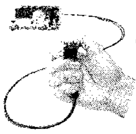

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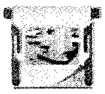

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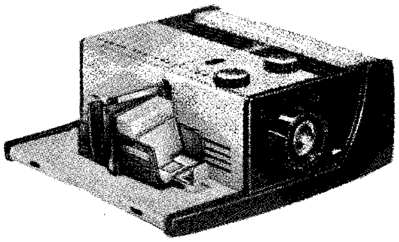

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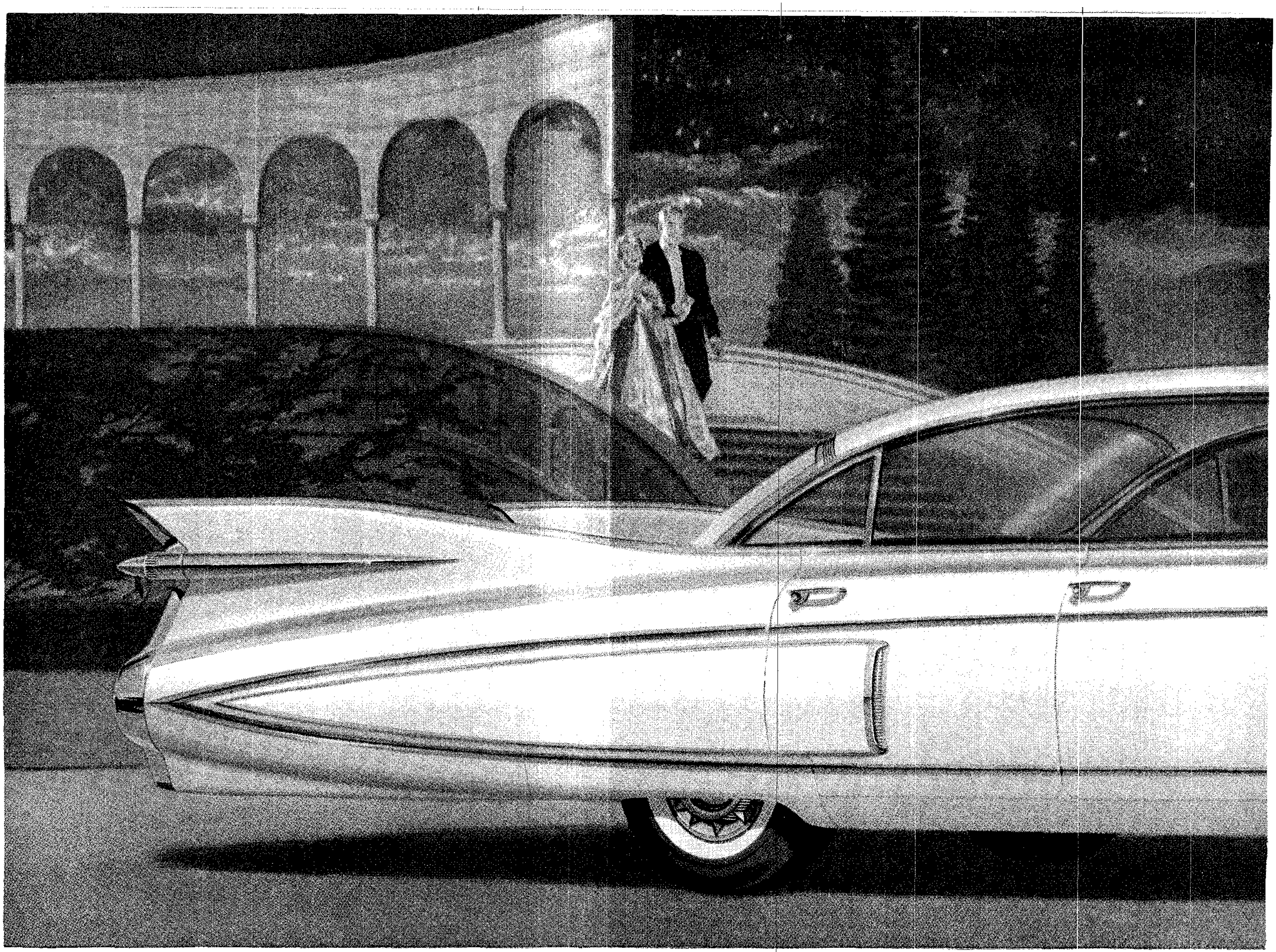

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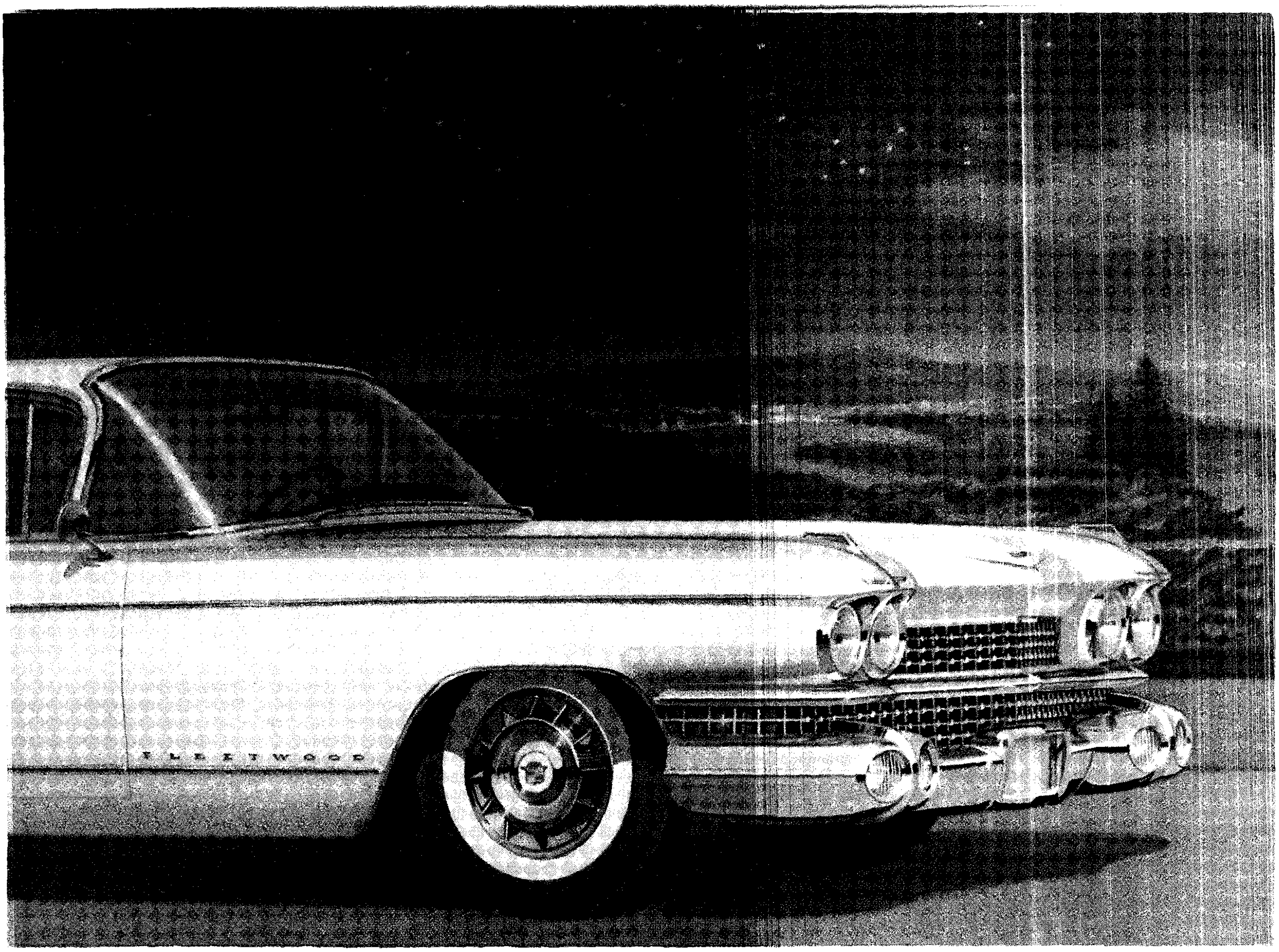

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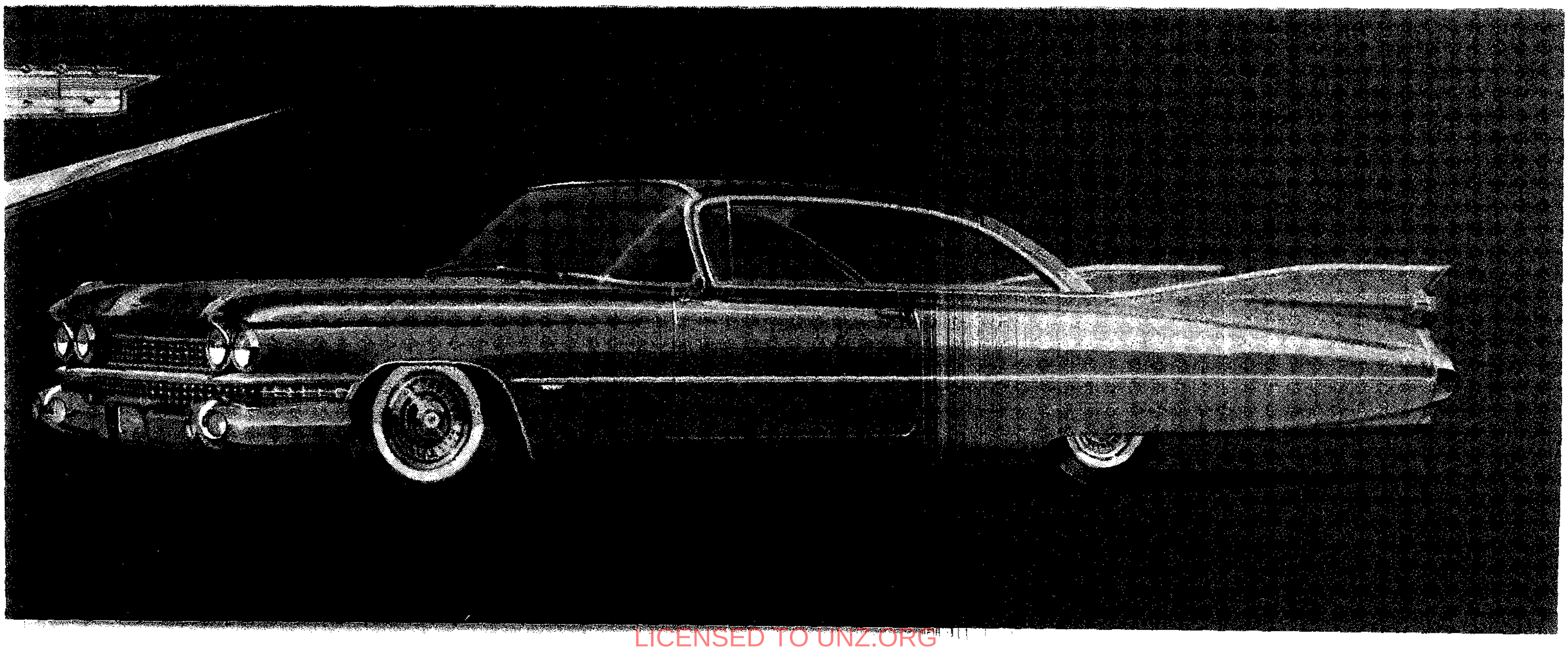

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they're used for everything—suits, coats, even cocktail clothes. The suits are likely to have matte jersey overblouses that match, and matte jersey overblouses that contrast are sold nearby. Finally, there's a charming cocktail dress of black knit bound with black satin. This has a satin belt and bow, both placed high, as well as short sleeves and a scoop neckline.

THE Carnegie clothes are the most understated of them all this season, and the clothes of Eleanora Garnett of Rome (47 East 51st Street) are among the most outspoken. (The things I'm about to discuss are made to order to your measure in Rome, but the shop teems with dashing ready-to-wear clothes.) She scorns clumsiness, gathers, bundles, and bunches. For daytime, she does a bold black-and-white checked tweed with a straight tunic ending eight inches above the hem of the skirt. Its prim round neckline is bound with black velvet that comes a good inch above the hollow of the throat, and a token bit of black velvet is placed just under the bust. This tunic buttons down the back. Another two-piece of black-and-white checked wool has a hip-length tunic. Inverted pleat detail goes from the collar to the black grosgrain bow that cuts across the tunic a trifle above the normal waistline. Here, as elsewhere, fabrics are the nighttime story. Orange satin brocade printed with creamy chrysanthemums makes a strapless, floor-length column. A tiny gathered fold slants high across the front, and another fold, starting below the décolletage in back, is caught in momentarily below the waist and then continues to the floor. Heavy cream-colored damask with militant red cut-velvet roses and green leaves is used for a short dance dress in a jauntier vein; olive-green velvet is the basis of the flyaway coat over it. And cream velvet with a large dark-brown leaf print results in a full-skirted dance dress with a wide, tight waistband of brown velvet. Above this band goes the deep, deep, high blouse that Garnett dotes on.

OLDRIC ROYCE's custom clothes are suave but also compel second looks, because of the subtle and intricate detail. He delights in crisscross drapery to make women seem flexible through the middle, and he delights in buttons. A cocktail dress of bronze moire collects into an oblong high across the throat, with a button at each side to secure a stole, which is thrown across

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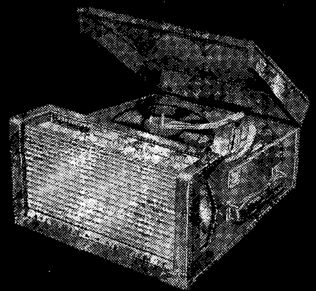

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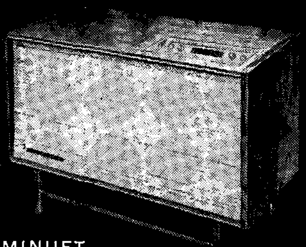

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the chest. Two more buttons appear at the top of the side slit at the hem of the skirt. Royce is a grand hand, too, at lace for evening. There's a beautiful ball gown of violet lace over white poult de soie, which also makes a wide hem that goes to the floor in back and then curves up on one knee. The lace is cut out so that the poult shows through in a big, formalized, daisy pattern all over the dress. Next comes a short formal dress with a skirt that is all scalloped tiers edged with black velvet, which does double duty by outlining the scalloped point that goes up over the bare chest. The back is a low U, *which is not to be confused with* non-U. Not everything is refinement here, though. A slinky formal evening dress of gold crêpe has white fox, dyed to match, around the hem and ascending one side. It's pure Hope Hampton.

NOW for some ready-to-wear that is confined to the shops mentioned hereinafter. Elizabeth Arden's Count Sarmi has done his very best yet. His full-length coat costumes for the street are memorable. A pyramid of beige tweed is entirely of elongated V seaming; the dress that goes with it is of brown wool hopsacking with a graceful outward flare that begins at a bow under the bust. (Sarmi's bows are on everything.) He is fond of flower prints, of which iris is his pet this time. Purple iris on white taffeta decorates one of his short, very round-skirted strapless dance dresses; warp-printed brown and taupe iris on a moiré ground decorates other things. One of the best slender lamé suits in town is pale blue and silver. There's a V back and a bateau front, and it's slick down the body; the waistlength jacket has mink revers as far as the waist, and mink cuffs end the long sleeves. For formal evenings, tall and slim ventures into brocades abound in the collection, and chiffon gets a big play. Many black chiffons of day length are draped up the sides, and white chiffon may be draped up between the breasts, below which there is fullness all the way to the floor. Just a few ideas from a large and lovely assortment.

BERGDORF GOODMAN'S Bernard Newman is, as usual, up to his easygoing tricks with black crêpe costumes, but there is a lot of sass besides. Printed wool broadcloth in a dark-red-and-pink mottled pattern makes a sleeveless sheath and a waist-length jacket buttoned tight to the body; a heavy and heavenly tweed—pink with

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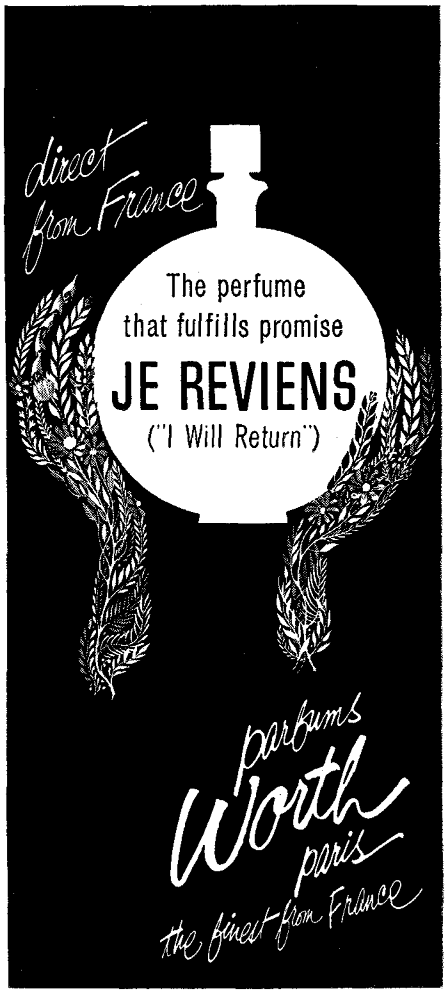

a big black crossbar—makes not only a waist-length bellhop top over a dress of black bouclé wool but a full-length coat, with pleats below the high seam across the back, that is lined with shrimp satin and is to be worn over a circular, swirling dance dress of shrimp chiffon. For the theatre, there are costumes of gold-and-black metallic brocade topped by a bolero that is very Newman—dipping folds across the back to give it roundness.

Other Bergdorf Goodman clothes were designed for it by Gigliola Curiel of Italy. I particularly admired her formal gowns of white satin or chiffon or shirred tulle, often with intricate beading around the top and down one side of the dress. For evening nonsense, Curiel has done a skinny dance dress with a brassière top of bright-coral satin and a meagre attached skirt of wool jersey to match. Over this goes a satin coat on sports lines—revers, patch pockets, and all. It's lined with the jersey.

LET'S see. What else took my eye? Among the Howard Greer clothes (at Jay Thorpe) is a dress of green-gray wool with a small square neck and a velvet bow, this last to indicate a high waist. A forward fold at each side descends from the bust, so the body of the dress seems slimmer, because the folds give the effect of a coat—a charming trick. *His* satin evening ensemble starts with a navy dress that has a slanting fold to make an Empire waistline; a deep, square neck and short sleeves complete the Récamier illusion. The coat is of satin, and a deep inverted pleat in back is caught in by a bow at the hem. It's the lining that knocks you out, though—satin in vertical woven stripes two and a half inches wide, in pink, Kelly, and bright red. . . . Very long-jacketed suits will survive while Irene (at Gunther Jaeckel only) continues in business. I liked best of all a black wool one fastened with a button high at each side on the diaphragm. It's cut away in front from there and descends low in back into tails; a similar cutaway fold on the slender skirt carries out the line. And, in case you haven't yet rushed out to buy one of the draped, slender, formal evening dresses I've already mentioned, hers are tops, too.

Now all you have to figure out is what to hock. —LOIS LONG

•

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—*Headline in the Wilmington (Del.) News.*

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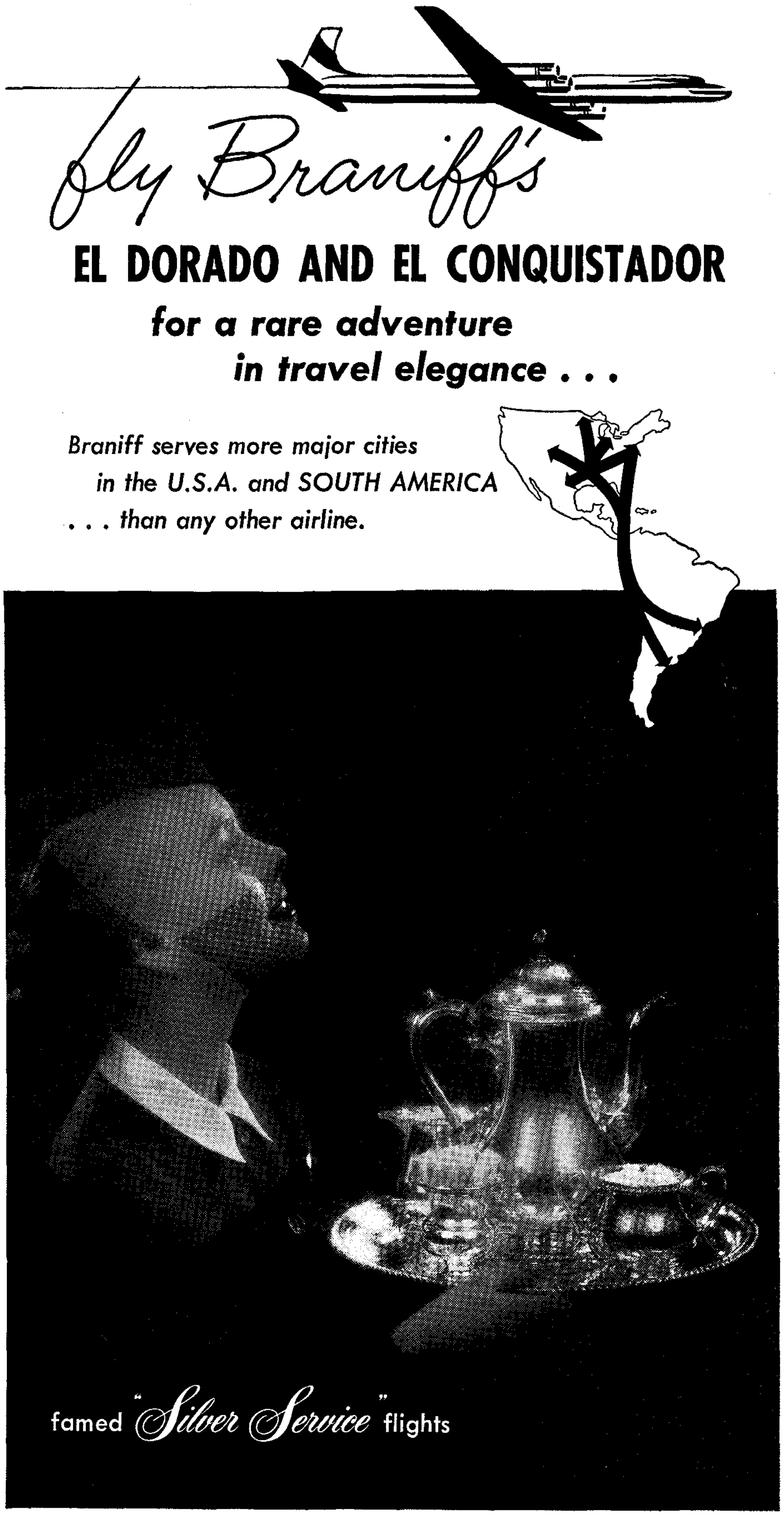

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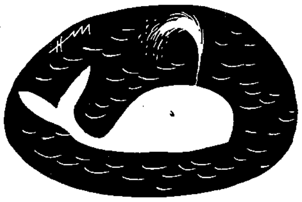
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 2

THE ablest campaigner of the decade, the Vice-President, took off from National Airport a few days ago, aboard the Dick Nixon Special, on his regular biennial mission of mercy and succor for Republican candidates in various parts of the country. Before he left, however, he gave the press here two of the most interesting statements that he has ever made—two of the most interesting statements, indeed, that anyone has made in this city in recent years. Both of them dealt with the relationship between public opinion, as expressed in correspondence and polls, and sound public policy. At the airport, just before his departure for Indianapolis, where he was to recommend Governor Harold W. Handley as a worthy successor to William E. Jenner in the United States Senate, he told reporters that his recent mail had run heavily in favor of segregation in the Southern schools but that in his view right is right and segregation is wrong. He also said that he had never been much impressed by public-opinion polls, adding, "The only poll that counts, as Mr. Truman used to say, is the one taken on Election Day." These observations followed by just forty-eight hours another, and weightier, statement—one that contained echoes of voices as disparate and irreconcilable as those of Walter Lippmann and the late Senator McCarthy. The most widely discussed part of this statement was the part that has seemed to many people here to be reminiscent of Senator McCarthy. It was occasioned by a report in the New York *Times* that of the five thousand or so letters the State Department recently received on the administration's policy in the Formosa Strait, approximately eighty per cent expressed disapproval. (This was mail received up to the end of last week, when administration policy wasn't quite what it seems to be today.) The Vice-President said:



> I was shocked to read the reports in the morning papers to the effect that the preponderance of mail to the State Department opposed the policy that the United States is following with Quemoy and Matsu. What concerns me primarily is the patent and deliberate effort of a State Department subordinate to undercut the Secretary of State and sabotage his policy.

The *Times* says that it merely made a routine inquiry of the Public Correspondence Branch of the Public Service Division of the Department of State, and got back a routine answer. By the paper's account, the man who gave out the information would have been derelict if he had refused to do so or had otherwise tried to conceal the facts about the mail. Mr. Dulles, in his news conference two days ago, wasn't willing to let it go at that. He would not commit himself to Mr. Nixon's strong language, but he said he could not help assuming that the man was aware of the probable consequences of his act. (No one has yet raised the question of whether Mr. Nixon was undercutting Mr. Nixon by revealing the content of his mail on segregation.) However that may be, a good many people have been fascinated by the section of Mr. Nixon's statement that followed the accusation. In it, he came to grips with one of the central problems of foreign policy in this or any other democracy:

> The expression of opinion by people to their elected representatives by mail or otherwise is constructive and helpful, but it can never be considered the decisive factor in determining the course of policy.
>
> If we indulge in the kind of thinking which assumes that foreign-policy decisions should be made on the basis of opinion polls, we might as well decide now to surrender our position of world leadership to the Communists and become a second-rate nation.
>
> When I was in the House, I recall that the overwhelming preponderance of mail from my district opposed the Truman Doctrine for Greece and Turkey, and our foreign-aid program. Yet substantial majorities for both of these programs were obtained in the House and Senate.
>
> You cannot develop foreign policy on the basis of what random letters show the people will support in the light of the minimum and often misleading information available to them.
>
> It is the responsibility of a leader to lead public opinion—not just to follow it. He must get all the facts before making a decision, and then he must develop support for that decision among the people by making the facts known to them.

Walter Lippmann says this sort of thing day in and day out in support of a view exactly contrary to Mr. Nixon's view that "what is at stake in the Formosa Strait is not Quemoy and Matsu, and not just Formosa, but the whole free-world position in the Far East." But Mr. Lippmann is not Vice-President, and he is not, to the best of anyone's knowledge, hoping to be elected

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President two years from now. Coming from any American politician at any time, the Nixon statement would be unusual; coming from Richard M. Nixon on the eve of his departure on a cross-country campaign trip in behalf of beleaguered Republicans, it seems downright extraordinary. Several observers here have raised the question of where the Vice-President gets his view of American public opinion and, furthermore, where he gets the audacity to express it. According to these critics, he seems to be saying that the people, who have twice provided large majorities for the Eisenhower administration, are so bent on appeasement or so indifferent to the world beyond the horizon or so ignorant that a foreign policy reflecting their views would mean the surrender of American leadership to the Communists and an acceptance of the role of a second-rate nation. There have been a few thinkers without portfolio who have voiced the suspicion that this may be so, but until now there have been no politicians who have shared these misgivings publicly. What Mr. Nixon means when he speaks of "the minimum and often misleading information available" to the American public is hard to discern, since the government itself is the principal source of the kind of information he is talking about. In the present case, that of Quemoy, the current crisis is the second in three years, and few things have been thrashed out before the public at greater length. Three weeks ago, the President, appearing on all major networks, put before the nation the facts as he then saw them, and his interpretation of the facts. Does Mr. Nixon suggest that the press has failed the people? This is National Newspaper Week, and the President has just sent the newspapers of the nation the most complimentary of messages: "With thorough and fearless inquiry, with clear and responsible reporting, the press renders a fundamental service to the citizens of our republic." If "thorough and fearless inquiry" is a good thing, why, it is asked, should Mr. Nixon be shocked when the New York *Times*, with its customary enterprise, gets the facts about the kind of mail the State Department has been receiving? Mr. Nixon may not regard *vox populi* as the most trustworthy guide to foreign policy, but *vox populi* certainly has a bearing on it, and by reporting upon public opinion the *Times* was adding to the fund of general information.

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that foreign policy is much too intricate and delicate a matter for a democratic electorate ever to understand. The defense of Quemoy might be in the national interest even if nine out of ten Americans were convinced that it was not, and it might be altogether impossible ever to explain to the nine why they were mistaken. The Vice-President obviously had something of this in mind when he wrote his statement, but, just as obviously, this is not all that he had in mind. As a substitute for the kind of leadership that merely mirrors public opinion, he recommends one that fashions opinion—one that takes a position first and wins the consent of the governed later. This is a concept as applicable to domestic policy as to foreign policy, and it is a concept exactly opposite to the one held—or at least put into practice—by Mr. Eisenhower. The President has never said in so many words that he considers it his responsibility to follow public opinion, but he has always acted as if this were his view, and in several cases he has deliberately rejected the role now advocated by Mr. Nixon. Throughout his first term and part of his second term, he would not even go so far as to try to rally the public behind his legislative program, and the efforts he has made in the last year or so have been feeble and largely unsuccessful. Most people here have believed for some time that he could relieve a great deal of the tension over school integration by endeavoring to lead public opinion, and in the last two or three years there has scarcely been a news conference at which some correspondent did not provide him with a neat opportunity to do so. He has humbly refused each one. ("I think it makes no difference whether or not I endorse it," he once said of the Supreme Court decision of 1954. Whether or not he does endorse it is still a mystery, but the really odd thing is his view that a President's opinion makes no difference.) In fact, his speech about Quemoy three weeks ago was his maiden effort at convincing the country of the wisdom of a policy that he had reason to believe met with extensive disapproval, and as he got ready for that address he may have reflected on the possibility that things could be rather different today if earlier in his administration he had sought to lead the country around to his way of thinking about China policy. He entered Republican politics in 1952 with grave reservations about the Party line on China (which he managed to avoid endorsing throughout his campaign of that year), and be-

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fore and after his election he confided to more than a few people that he believed the day was coming when the only sensible course would be to recognize the Communist government and bring it into the United Nations. Once, after he had been in the White House for a few months, he told a visitor that he had been astonished to find the climate of opinion in Washington such that this matter could not be discussed on its merits. A President following the current Nixon prescription might have used his power and prestige to initiate a discussion, but Mr. Eisenhower did not do so—presumably because he did not think it was his place to do so.

Mr. Nixon's remarks on leadership may be, as quite a few people here believe, a backhanded dig at Mr. Eisenhower. The Vice-President, though, is far too shrewd a man to suppose that his own record would be seen in a flattering light if it were to be judged by the standards he now professes. Far from being a molder of public opinion, he has, at least until the last year or so, been known as a man who keeps his ear to the ground and follows his ear, and he would be not only humorless but utterly lacking in perception if he failed to appreciate the irony of his present stand for making principle the solitary lodestar of policy. The quality that distinguished the Vice-President from the beginning of his career until the Eisenhower-Nixon campaign of 1956 was his almost total indifference to policy. Thomas E. Dewey in his prime was never more innocent of ideology or more attentive to public-opinion polls than Mr. Nixon was then. His role was that of an honest broker between the Republican factions, and he was able to play it splendidly, because he was the only uncommitted power in the Party. It was he who was forever seeking a rapprochement between Senator McCarthy and the anti-McCarthy Republicans. And it was he who, at the time of Dienbienphu, first suggested that it might be necessary to support the French with American arms and later, when the administration had decided that public opinion would never tolerate the venture, boasted of how the President had kept us out of war. (He repeated this boast last Monday night in Indianapolis, where he said that the administration "got the United States out of one war [and] avoided other wars.") Examining the charge that the Vice-President is lacking in political principle, Robert Bendiner, a contributing editor of the *Reporter* and a close student of Nixon's career, wrote, "He

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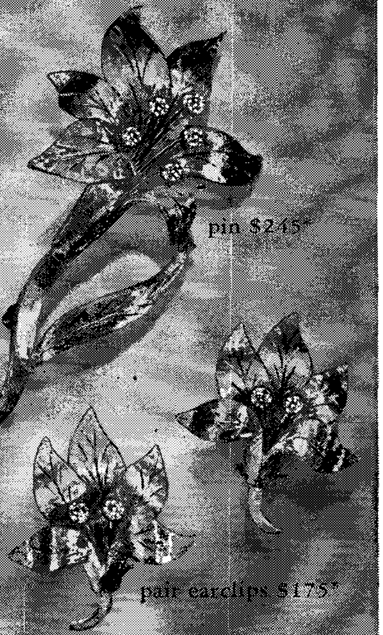

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has, indeed, an overriding principle, and it is altogether political. Quite simply . . . it is the unity of the Republican Party." ("We've got to get forty-eight votes in the Senate, and let's get that into our heads," the Vice-President would say as he braced the faithful at Party rallies.) In those days, he was not heard to say that a leader should create public opinion instead of following it; he was heard to say only that no one could go wrong who stuck with Dwight D. Eisenhower: "And remember, folks, Eisenhower is a great man. Folks, he is a great man, and a vote for Eisenhower is a vote for what is good for America."

THERE are, roughly speaking, three ways of viewing Mr. Nixon's performance. One, favored for the moment by the aggrieved New York *Times*, is that he was merely serving as a chore boy for the administration. The statement was significant, James Reston, of the *Times*, wrote on Monday, "as an additional bit of evidence of the administration's mounting resentment against its critics." There is certainly something to this. The administration is impatient of criticism, and the Vice-President, knowing that there are a good many persons inside the State Department who are critical of Mr. Dulles's position on Quemoy and Matsu, may simply have assumed that one of them was planting a story calculated to make trouble. But none of this explains why the Vice-President—the one leading member of the administration who can look to 1960 and beyond—should commit himself to the heresy that the people don't know what's good for them. It is wildly out of character, particularly at the present stage of his career, for him to be a volunteer patsy in this regard for the President or for the Secretary of State, either one of whom could have pointed out the public's lack of wisdom if he had wished to. A second way of viewing the matter, favored by those who for some time have been talking about a "new," regenerate Nixon, is that the statement was simply an expression of what the Vice-President, in the ripeness of experience, has now come to believe. There may be a good deal to this, too, but the Vice-President has not stopped being an astute politician, and an astute politician does not blurt out to the press everything he has learned from experience.

A third view is that the statement (however accurately it may have reflected Mr. Nixon's present views on leadership and foreign policy) was

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written by a man who had his own career very much on his mind—though perhaps more toward the back of it than toward the forefront at the moment of composition. In this view, the Vice-President's mood as he wrote would have been powerfully conditioned by his anticipation of the experience that lay immediately before him. He had been called by his party to lend a hand in the Congressional elections, and for him this meant casting aside the identity he had been seeking to establish for the past year or two. It also meant climbing into harness with a bunch of wheel horses scarcely capable of drawing their own weight. Republicans almost everywhere are in trouble this year—or so, at any rate, the experts insist—and it is, of course, those most deeply in trouble who cry the loudest for outside help. Of the men Mr. Nixon is aiding this week in Indiana, California, and Oregon, only one—a candidate for Governor of Oregon—is given as much as an even chance. No politician enjoys this sort of mission, but for the Vice-President it must be a source of special anguish. The thing he has most to fear at this time in his life—in a sense, the only thing he has to fear—is association with either the idea or the fact of defeat. He has time and again told friends here that what really worries him about his own career is the fixed belief of many Republicans that he can never win over those independents and inconstant Democrats whose votes are needed by any Republican candidate for President. He fears, therefore, a fate similar to that of Robert A. Taft, who was three times denied the nomination of the party he dominated between elections because the party managers and strategists—careful students of the mail and the public-opinion polls—were convinced that he could do no more than get the votes of the party regulars. Senator Taft was a gifted campaigner, too, and he had an even larger place in Republican affections than the Vice-President has; still, he was regularly rejected in favor of men who had served the Party less effectively but who made a better showing in the public-opinion polls. Those who are closest to Mr. Nixon say now that his concern with this problem comes close to being an obsession, and that this year he would far sooner be caught with a Bernard Goldfine rug or a Fifth Amendment brother-in-law than be identified with a slate of losers in the Congressional elections.

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must once more go about the country trying to buoy up the spirits of county committeemen, finance chairmen, women's-division women, and all the rest. There might be some profit in this if he could display before a broad public either the "new" Nixon—the sober, responsible statesman—or the bold, confident campaigner of 1956. The statesman can't be displayed, for he is not at all the man that the county committeemen want to see, and the radiant warrior of 1956 won't do, either, because this is not 1956. In that year, the Republican slogan was "Peace, Prosperity, and Progress," and as the President saw the Vice-President off on the first campaign tour, he said, "Give 'em heaven." Mr. Nixon did just that: "Remember, folks, you are working for an administration that has brought peace and prosperity and progress to America." And he never failed to introduce the theme of rectitude:

> This administration recognizes that it is equally important to an individual to be able to raise his family in an atmosphere of national morality as it is to see that they are well fed, clothed, and housed. That is why the whole moral tone of the national administration has risen during the past four years from one of casual and even callous indifference to one of high principle and integrity. . . . Of course, you will find corruption in either party in a country as big as ours, but under the great leadership of President Eisenhower we clean up fast.

Little that was said that year will bear repeating now. Until this week, the peace has been in the hands of Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung, either of whom could end it at any time; at the moment, Mr. Dulles seems to be in the process of restoring American policy to American control, and the Vice-President may be able to add another war to his string of wars we have avoided, but it is a safe bet that he will not make this a major theme. There is prosperity of a high order, but there are still five million unemployed, and economists differ about whether the recession is over or just in temporary recession itself. There may still be progress and purity, but progress has always been hard to talk about, and purity, for the time being, had best not be talked about at all.

It is not a happy time for a campaigner, and particularly not for the Vice-President. Identification with a slate of losers is abhorrent to him; on the other hand, if he does not do his best for the faltering Party wheel horses, they may not do their best for him at nomination time. If he accepts the administration's position of mirroring, rather than fashioning, public opinion, he may lose popularity in the nation, but if he speaks

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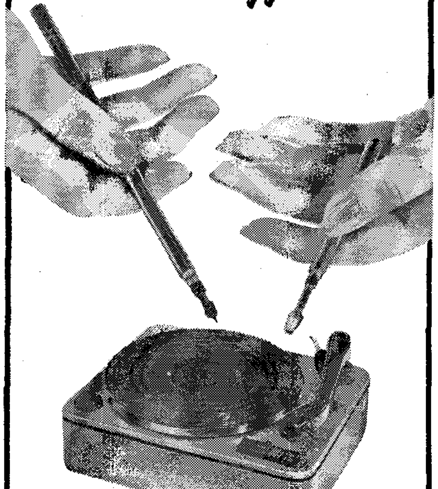

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out on what, in his shrewdness, he has perhaps come to consider the soft spot in the administration's defenses, he may also lose popularity, by appearing to lack respect for public opinion. Therefore, what the Vice-President may be displaying is a third Nixon, the conscious or unconscious product of his own warring needs and anxieties. Ignore the poll-takers and the letter-writers, the Vice-President may be saying, almost desperately, to the Republican Party—which demands him now but which he fears may reject him later on—and find a man who, risking unpopularity, will say what he thinks about integration or anything else, and will give the people an image of enterprise and direction. In short, find a man who offers firm leadership. Though the Vice-President reached his present eminence by keeping his ear to the ground and following his ear, and though no one in this city doubts that he would be capable of firm leadership, there is still uncertainty about the quality of his ideals.

—Richard H. Rovere

•

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I mooch at midnight by Loch Awe,
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I dwell upon this blooming earth
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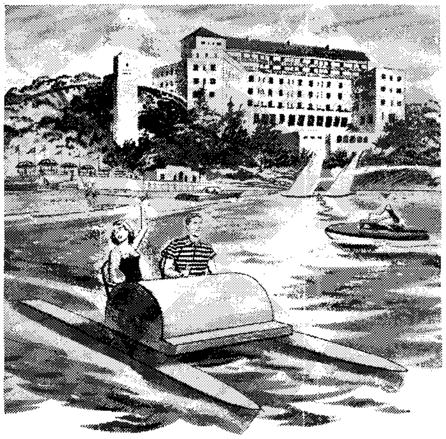

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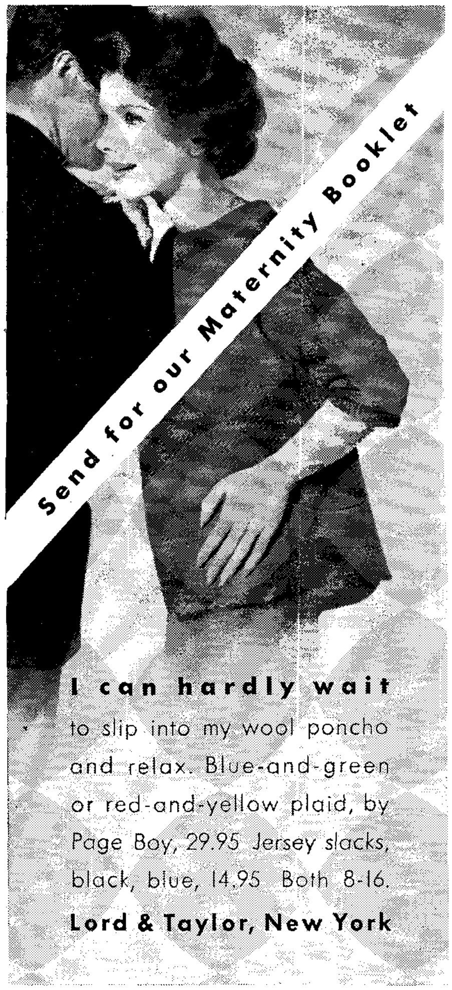
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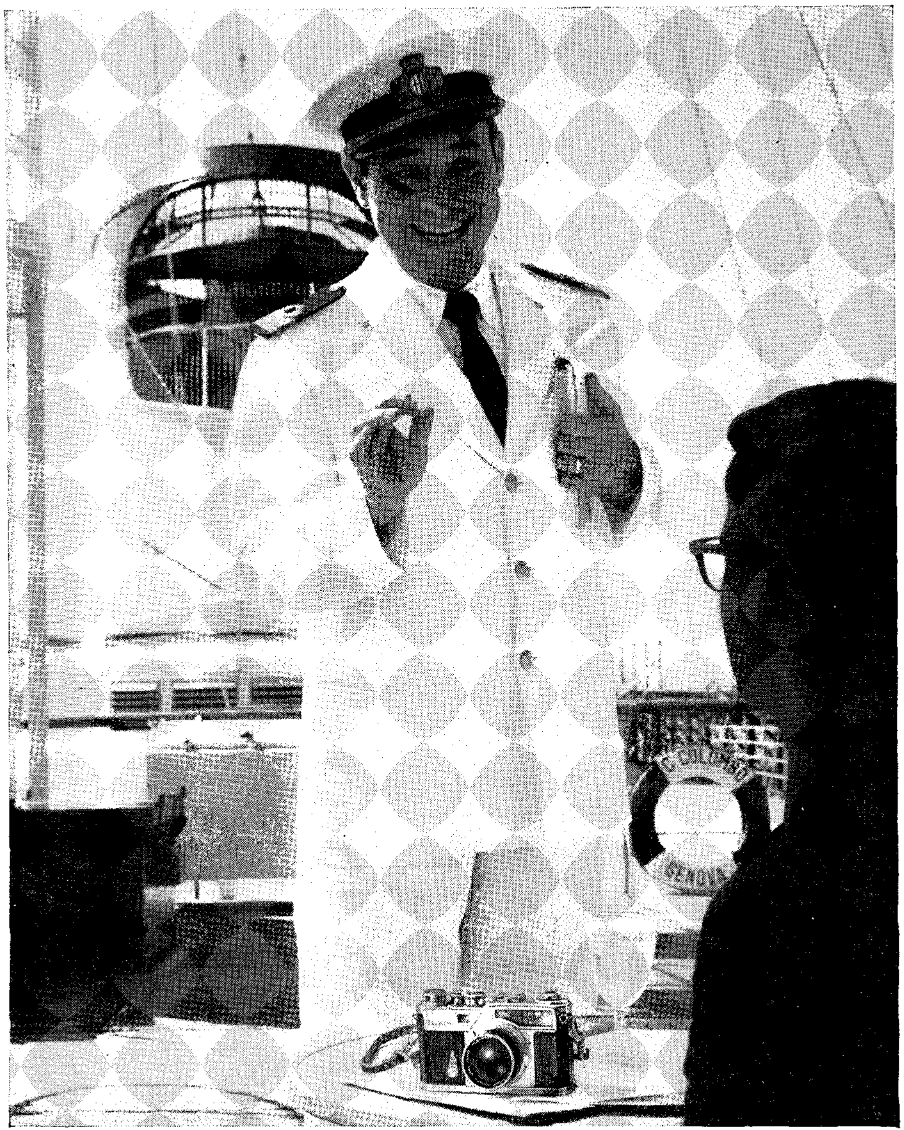
THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Day

ONE thing you can say for the Beldame Handicap is that it's never dull. At least, it hasn't been for the last twenty runnings. In 1939, the year that Aqueduct raised this little number for fillies and mares to the gilt-edged, five-figure bracket, Pete Bostwick brought off a 50–1 chance with Nellie Bly, a gray who was no bigger than a polo pony. Since then, the race has been enlivened with dead heats, disqualifications, and whatnot, and in 1955, the last time it was run over the old course, there was a spill at the clubhouse turn in which three racers and their riders went down. There were no mishaps in the renewal at Belmont Park last Saturday, but there was a flood of surprises, and there were four heads right together at the winning post. Outer Space, who hadn't been asked to go a mile and a furlong since she tried and made a bad job of it in the same race last year, went around the leaders on the turn for home, engaged A Glitter in a furious drive through the stretch, and won by a nose. A Glitter, giving out with her best effort in months, was close all the way, but barely stayed off Dotted Line, who came through with a great burst of speed, going from tenth to third in the last quarter and beating Rare Treat by a neck. Idun, who was fifth, made a game try but simply wasn't up to giving all that weight (as much as eighteen pounds) to everybody in the race. Besides, she seemed more fidgety than usual in the paddock. As for some of the others, Tempted couldn't keep up the early pace she set, Munch started well but dropped back when she should have come on, Endine did the same thing, Alanesian got herself boxed in, and Spar Maid was way off form. I still think Munch will be hard to beat in the Ladies' Handicap on Monday. It's at a mile and a half.

FOR some time, the Lawrence Realization Stakes, which, at a mile and five furlongs, is the longest event exclusively for three-year-olds, has been slipping downhill. One reason, I suspect, is that when it comes up on the calendar, the better colts and fillies are tired out from racing. Certainly, not many top-



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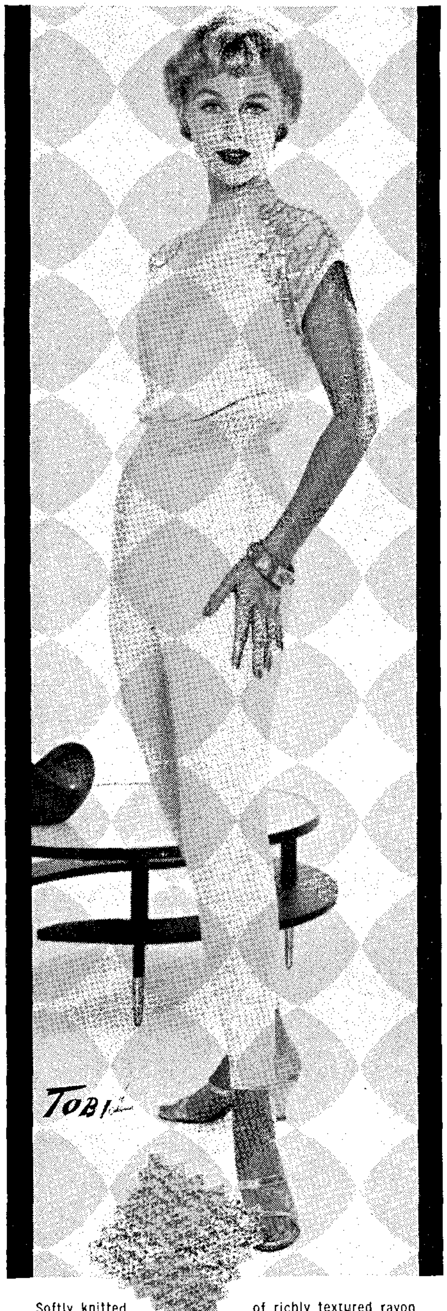

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notchers have run for it in the past twenty years. Possibly because my expectations were low (the colts still in training are no great shakes), the sixty-sixth running of the Realization last week seemed above par. Indeed, Martins Rullah and Warhead put on a good show, Warhead leading for nearly a mile and a half in muddy going, and Martins Rullah, who went right along *with him, wearing him down in the* stretch. Nice going, but neither will be tapped for Horse of the Year.

ALMOST everyone was sure Restless Wind would make short work of his opposition in the Cowdin Stakes earlier in the week, but instead, the big colt stumbled as he came out of the starting gate, failed to settle into his stride, and finished last. Meanwhile, Crafty Skipper, a handsome son of Crafty Admiral, was running away from his field, doing the seven furlongs in the smart time of 1:23. He will have lots of support in the Champagne Stakes this weekend. So will Tomy Lee, California's unbeaten speedball, but I'll string along with First Landing.

I WAS delighted to hear the other morning that Round Table was to have a rest—that he was going to California and wouldn't run again until after the first of the year. Well, it was too good to be true, so he'll run for the Hawthorne Gold Cup in Chicago this weekend. It will be his twentieth start of the season, and I hope he wins it.

ACCORDING to reports, the Russians will send two horses to the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel, in Maryland, on November 11th. They will be Garnyr, who won the Russian Derby in Moscow last June, and Zaryad, who finished second. So far, the other entries for the International are Sailor's Guide, a top-class Australian racer; Orsini, the best four-year-old in Germany; and Clem, who will represent this country. There will be others, for John Schapiro, who puts on the show, is in Paris talent-scouting. It would be fine if Ballymoss, the best horse in England, who won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in Paris on Sunday, could make the trip.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Q. Can you tell me what day of the week June 5, 1936, fell on?
A. June 4, 1936, was a Friday.
—*Staten Island Advance.*

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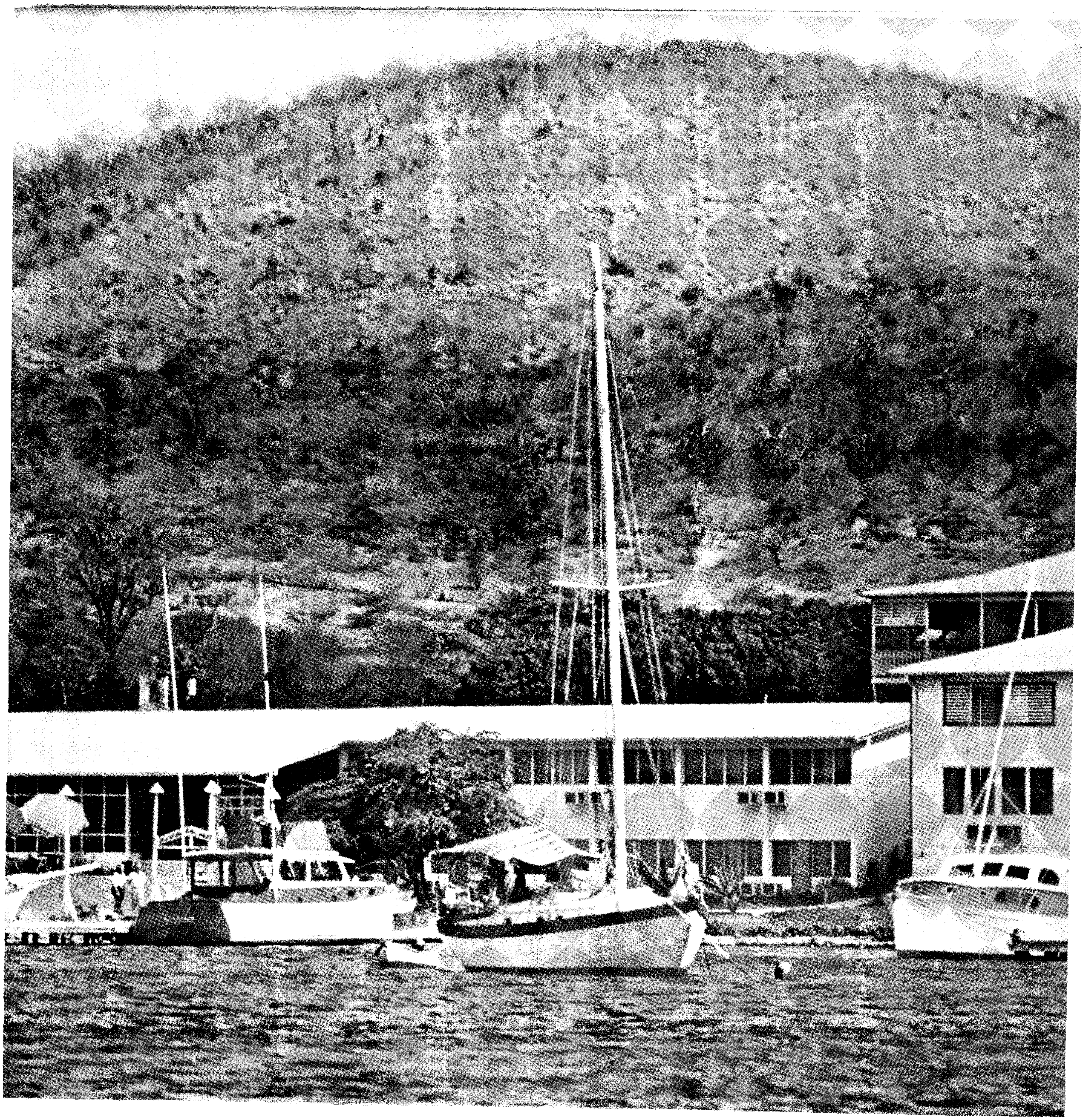

La Parguera in Spring. Photograph by Tom Hollyman.

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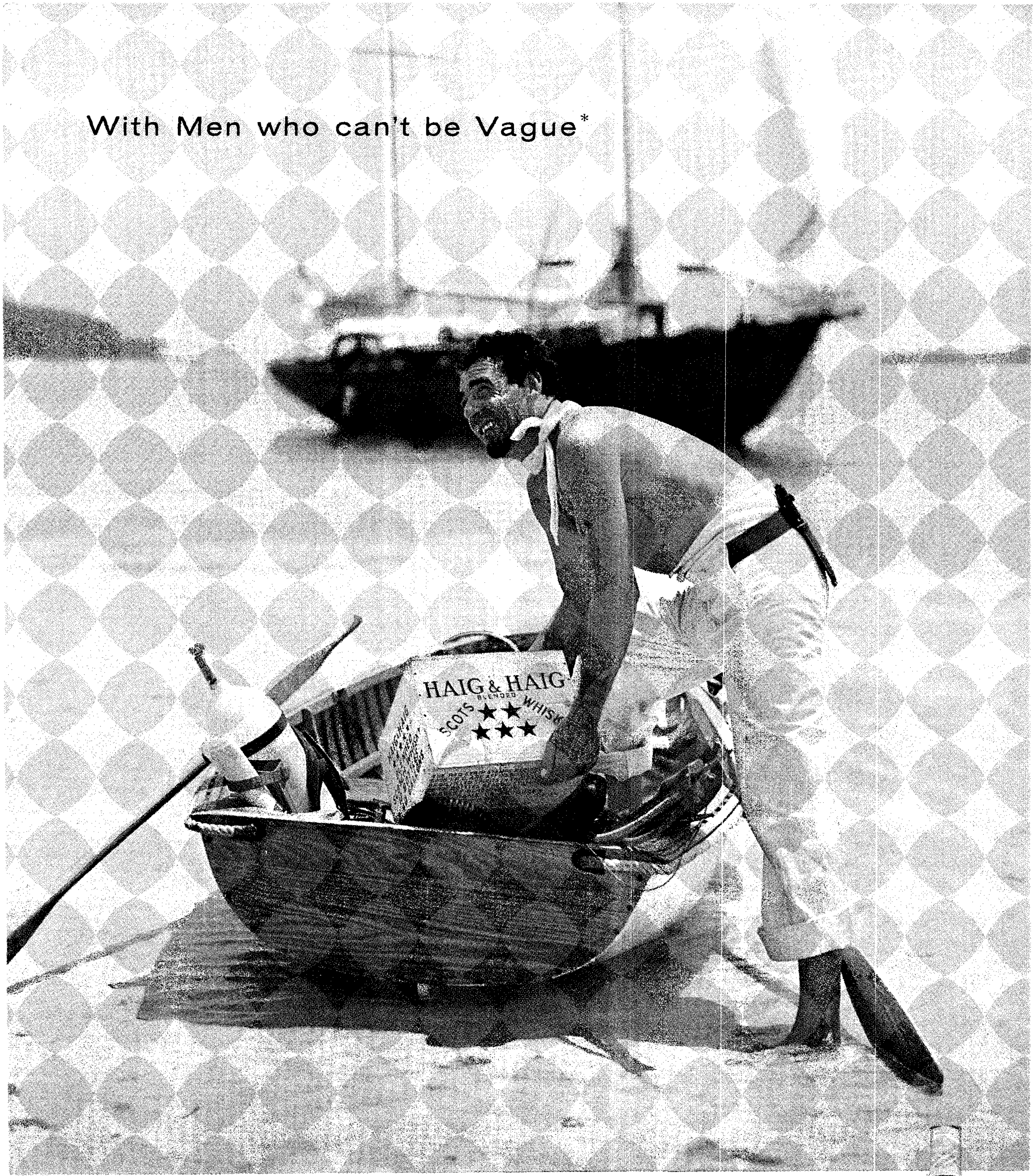
With Men who can't be Vague*



What sort of man is this . . . who makes adventure his livelihood? He's a professional who depends on his sailing skill for his very existence. He's a man of good judgment—who knows exactly what he wants from life and how to get it. ☆You'll often find Haig & Haig Five Star in the picture with men who can't be vague. They naturally name ***Scotland's Five Star Scotch,*** with the character they know through experience . . . the *original* Scotch flavor and gentleness that in 1627 set the standard for all to follow. Blended Scots Whisky, 86.8 Proof. ©Renfield Importers, Ltd., N. Y.

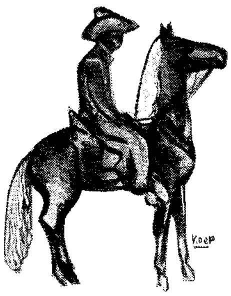
*Don't be Vague . . . say: **HAIG & HAIG**

MONICA

MONICA was displeased with her mother for pausing outside Trinità dei Monti and talking with a stranger. Mrs. Cross was aware of her daughter's mood, but she preferred to ignore it as long as possible; she was enjoying her talk with the American girl, who appeared to Mrs. Cross's romantic fancy as a true pilgrim—as much so as any medieval character in sandals and sackcloth. The girl was actually dressed for the part, in a way—neatly clad in black, with long sleeves and a high collar, which must have been torture in the late-summer sun. She came from North Dakota. She was carrying a map of Rome that was falling apart at the folds, and a list of holy places to visit, nearly half of which she had already checked off. Both these possessions she revealed to Mrs. Cross, chattering in a slangy, enthusiastic manner. Mrs. Cross thought it might be the slang and enthusiasm that had put Monica off. Monica was reverent of Rome. Besides, though Mrs. Cross herself was American, her husband was English, and Monica had always known England as her home.

"Don't, for goodness' sake, you and the little girl miss *this*," the pilgrim said, underlining one of the names on her list with a finger. "And this—oh, you've just got to save a whole day for this! Take any bus going in that direction—never mind the number. Better carry sandwiches, so's you'll have more time. Saves money, too. Me, I walk everywhere. It just about kills my feet, but I save money."

Mrs. Cross reflected that Monica hated being called a little girl. Small though she was, she was fifteen and wore her hair in a bun. Her face had grown so stormy and her stance so resigned that Mrs. Cross speedily brought the conversation to an end, and, calling over her shoulder to wish good luck to the pilgrim, moved off down the Spanish Steps with her daughter.



Afterward, prudently, Mrs. Cross did not speak first. They had walked down nearly all the Steps when, at last, Monica said, "She talked too much," in a tone that was quite mild, considering. "Really, tourists!" She sighed.

Mrs. Cross said, "As to that, we're all tourists, darling." She waved a hand at the world around them. The Steps were so thronged that she and Monica could not move side by side. "She talked a good deal, but then we do, you know—American women do talk a lot. And at least she was enthusiastic and fresh. It's nice to see someone enjoying herself so much."

Monica was jealous—she had fallen in love with Rome and could not bear to have innumerable other people claiming a part of the city—but she was loyal, too. Her mother had cunningly dangled a bait she never failed to rise to. "*You're* not like that," she said warmly. "You don't talk too much." She always tried to be courteous to her mother, the foreigner in her home.

"Don't I? I wish I could be sure," said Mrs. Cross cheerfully. "Now, what more will we have time for before lunch? It's ten to twelve."

They got out of the main stream of climbers and opened the guidebook.

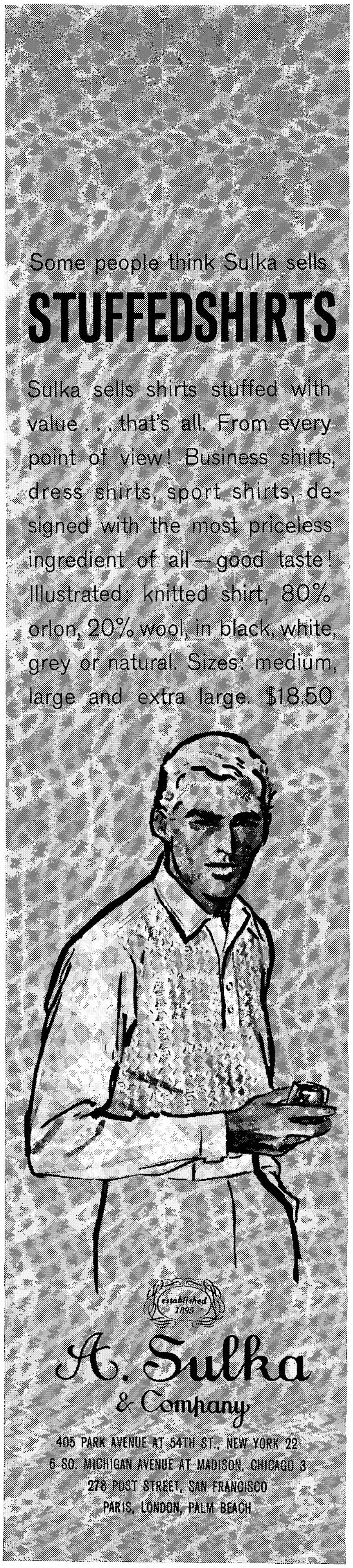
Monica said, "Keats's house is right here. But look—it closes at twelve. It would!"

"We'll go back to the hotel, I think," said Mrs. Cross, shutting the book. "We can wash before lunch, and have a rest."

Monica said, "Oh, Mummy, please let's not waste a whole hour of Rome in the hotel. Couldn't we just sit here in a shady place?" She glanced around with fading hope. There were no shady places unoccupied. Girls and boys draped with camera straps were sitting on all the flat spots that were not directly in the way of the walkers. "Too many people, always too many people," Monica said mournfully.

ON the way back to the hotel, Mrs. Cross and Monica went into a shop and bought a sketchbook. Monica had had a sudden urge to draw what she had been seeing, and this had made her happy again. When they reached their room, she hurried into it eagerly. It wasn't an ideal chamber for that weather, being hot, airless, and fanless. Mrs. Cross had economized in choosing a hotel, and was now regretting it. But as far as Monica was concerned, the heat didn't matter. She loved the hotel room because it was Rome, and would not have anything said against it. She took out her pastels and got to work, while Mrs. Cross lay on her bed and looked at the guidebook.

"I hope you don't think I was saying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anything specifically against Americans back there," said Monica after a long silence. "I'm half American myself—I wouldn't be so silly. It's just that these tourists irritate me so."

"You didn't worry me a bit," Mrs. Cross said absently, and turned a page.

"Honestly? You're sure, Mummy?"

"Darling, don't always fret. Of course I'm sure."

Mrs. Cross knew that this was not strictly true—Monica's airy remarks did annoy her from time to time—but when do we ever achieve absolute truth? Certainly not with our children, she reflected. She got up and poured a glass of tepid mineral water, drank it, wiped her wet face, rearranged herself on the bed, and went on with the guidebook. She was fond of it because of what she felt behind its slightly dated text. A family possession, it was redolent of generations of British in Italy. Her mother-in-law had bought it for some long-forgotten holiday, and to Mrs. Cross it brought visions of Byron and the whole band of exiles. She thought of the tradition that still flourished in England—of her friends and contemporaries whose parents had dutifully taken them at regular intervals to this shrine of taste, this Italy, this epitome of everything north Europe is not: the sun, the olive trees, the sea; oil in the cooking; smiles on brown faces, enthusiasm unabashed; and a certain welcome fuzziness of morality. In Italy, young English girls for generations past had behaved very much as Monica was behaving. They had visited museums, made sketches, read instructive books, and bought huge numbers of religious picture postcards.

That her daughter should be passing her time in such an Old World manner amused Mrs. Cross. There floated into her sleepy mind a picture of Monica in white muslin and blue sash. The child ought to learn to play the harp, she thought. But had the harp been one of a young lady's accomplishments in the early nineteenth century? Had she got it mixed up with harpsichords?

"Mummy."

Mrs. Cross woke up gently. There stood Monica with her hair freshly brushed, ready for lunch and laughing at her. "I don't think I was really asleep," Mrs. Cross said, sitting up.

MRS. CROSS and Monica walked to a restaurant recommended in another guidebook, a modern one. The hour was late, for lunch, and the streets were nearly empty; the shops were locked up for the early afternoon. "I

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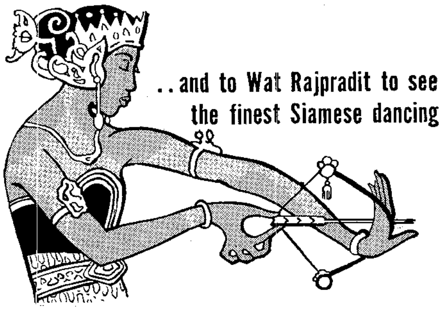

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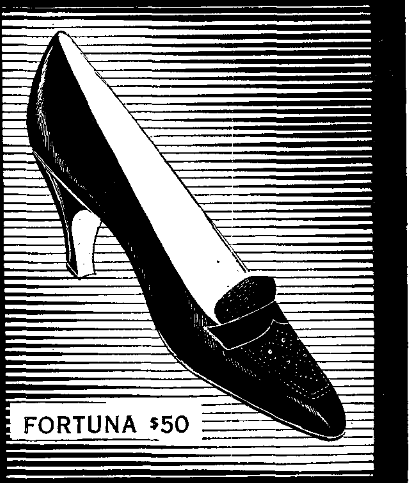

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want you to do the ordering today, in Italian," said Mrs. Cross.

Monica said, "I can't. I never get the articles right."

"But that's just it. You have to practice, or you'll never get things right." Mrs. Cross wondered if the anecdote she just then thought of was suitable for a fifteen-year-old. She decided that it was, and went ahead and told it. A friend of hers who had gone to Italy with her mother when she was seventeen or so had somehow found herself alone in a room with a young Italian, who had tried to kiss her. "She grabbed the bellpull," said Mrs. Cross, "and cried '*Sono il campanile!*,' meaning to say 'I will ring the bell.' Actually, of course, what she said was 'I am the bell tower.' "

Monica didn't laugh, but the story interested her. "What happened then?" she demanded.

"Oh, I don't know. She got away somehow," Mrs. Cross said. No, the story had been a mistake.

They found the restaurant almost empty, served by only one waiter. He put them near a table occupied by two young men attired in loose, patterned sports shirts, who asked for coffee and the check in American accents. The Crosses argued—it was Mrs. Cross's fixed opinion that her daughter never ate enough to keep a bird alive, whereas Monica was firmly convinced that she ate quite enough and, in fact, was grossly fat—and then Monica ordered, giving the waiter considerable trouble. In a public place, she habitually talked in a very low tone, as if she were in danger of arrest, and the mannerism was especially marked when strange Americans were within earshot. As soon as the young men had taken their leave, she became more audible.

"Now, let's see," she said when she and her mother had finished their wine and started on peaches. "We're having drinks at Robert's studio tomorrow. Or is that Thursday?"

Mrs. Cross said, "It's tomorrow. We're seeing Teresa on Thursday, for lunch. If we get much busier, you'll have to start keeping a social diary."

Monica looked shocked but delighted at the idea of a social diary. "It's awfully nice, knowing people in Rome," she said.

"Certainly it's a great help," her mother agreed. She felt that they said such things too often, as though the holiday were a sort of ordeal for which they needed a tonic. Often, when people told her politely that Monica was pretty and charming and well-man-

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nered, and all that, she replied smugly, "She's a great comfort." When one thought about it, that was really an appalling thing to say. Why need her daughter be a comfort? Why this insistence that her life was something that needed supporting? And why this other hint—that time must be enticed to pass? Friends were not a *help* to them in Rome. It was nice to have friends, but the Crosses didn't need help at all. They had come to Rome as a particular pleasure, a reward to Monica because she had won top marks in her Italian class. As for friends—well, if there had to be friends, Monica would be better off and happier with people her own age. She must be getting bored, never away from her mother. "I'm afraid these people—Robert and Teresa, not to mention me—are pretty old for you," Mrs. Cross said.

"But I don't want to spend all my time with people my own age," said Monica. "Lately, I've been getting much more interested in the people you know, Mummy." She looked fondly across the table. "I want to meet them all, sooner or later. Do you think you could take me to one of those parties in London sometime?"

Mrs. Cross said hurriedly, "Yes, of course I can, sometime, though you're away at school so much. Now, about tomorrow morning."

She produced from her handbag a pencilled list of the places that Monica had said she wanted especially to see. Mrs. Cross's own knowledge of Rome was of prewar days, and she found it simpler to ignore it and to depend on the recommendations of schoolmistresses, aunts, and friends, sifted and rearranged by her daughter.

At the top of the list was the Catacombs—Monica had a fondness for horrors, martyrdom, and the supernatural, which seemed incongruous in such a gentle girl—and after that came a scattering of churches, gardens, and villas that signified, in its extent, a tremendous optimism. "Remember, we've only got about a week altogether," Mrs. Cross said. "You'd need months to do all this properly. Years, really."

Monica said, "We've got eight days clear. I do realize we won't be able to do all that, but we can try. We can see a lot in eight days."

THEY did. Monica was thorough, and what she and her mother did in the next eight days was none of your roller-skate tours. Once they had entered a museum, they investigated every room, every corner. In the long

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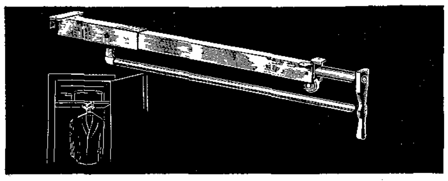

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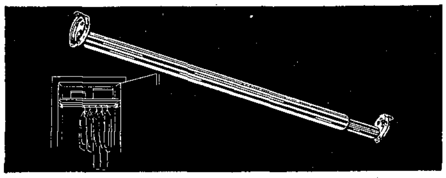

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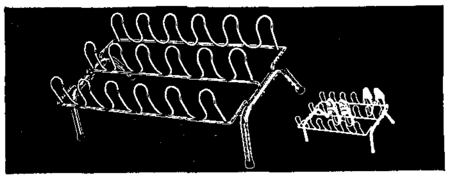

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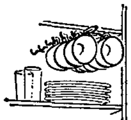

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gallery of marble statues in the Vatican Museum, Monica looked at every single figure, head, or fragment of bas-relief the whole length of the passage, the catalogue clutched in her hand and an expression of pure bliss on her face. She and her mother had to be swept out of buildings at closing time, and if they had not finished, they went back as soon as the place opened again. Though they got into the wrong catacomb at their first try—not that all catacombs didn't interest Monica, but it was not the one that had been particularly recommended by a friend—it didn't matter. With her mother doggedly following, she joined a guided party, looked at everything in the wrong catacomb, then went up to the surface and marched straight off to the right one. In time, she brought herself to speak a few words of Italian to a monk selling souvenirs. His hearty, delighted reception of the timid attempt emboldened her, and after that she practiced regularly.

And all the time the Crosses moved like corks at the edge of the sea, bobbing up and down in a froth of American tourists. The Americans were different in detail but the same in bulk. Outside museums, they stood in line by the score, waiting to procure their tickets of entry, the ladies asking one another worriedly if their arms were adequately covered, the gentlemen changing films in movie cameras. Away from the museums, they shopped voraciously. In the passages of the Crosses' hotel, they gathered at the end of the day, comparing notes in friendly little groups. Because it was not a luxury hotel, most of them were young people, bareheaded, lightly clad, sunburned and seasoned after visiting France and Austria and Spain.

"They all seem to be in such a hurry," said Monica severely, one evening. "Always on their way out, going somewhere." The Crosses themselves were on their way out, to dinner, but they strolled.

Mrs. Cross said, "I suppose they *are* in a hurry. Lots of youngsters make friends on these trips, and they keep up the contacts all the way through Europe, eating together and drinking together, and so on. Sightseeing isn't everything, you know."

Monica said, "That's silly, when they've come such a long way."

Mrs. Cross was nettled. "What's wrong with making friends?" she demanded. "You said yourself that it's nice to have Teresa here."

Monica said, "But Teresa's Roman. It's quite different."

Mrs. Cross told herself to relax. It

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was an old struggle, only in new terms—her American sociability against her British family's fear of losing privacy. For years, she had seen her husband and daughter looking for deserted stretches of beach at the seashore before they settled down to enjoy themselves. With them, she had spent uncounted hours of discomfort sitting on stones, well away from the common herd that sat on smooth sand. Their house was in a remote part of the country, and had been selected carefully because it was surrounded by fields and could not be "overlooked," as Mr. Cross put it. The contrast in attitudes was especially obvious when they travelled. When Mr. Cross, Monica, and Mrs. Cross stepped into a railway carriage, Mrs. Cross always looked around, amiably and openly, to take stock of their companions. But Monica hung her head as if in terror of meeting a strange eye, and Mr. Cross never seemed to be there at all, so quickly did he shake out and hang up a newspaper between his face and the world. It was an old story, yet Mrs. Cross did not quite give up, even now. She said, "I sometimes wonder why you wanted to come abroad at all, Italy's such a thickly populated country."

"As long as I don't know the population, it's all right," Monica said.

"That's one snobbery we don't have in America, thank God," Mrs. Cross retorted.

No more was said on the subject; the conversation was one they often had, without genuine rancor. Monica always liked being called a snob. She said suddenly, "Look, there's a carriage. Let's—Oh, no, somebody's in it. Bother!"

"Let's find another," said Mrs. Cross. "It's such a lovely night."

They had not yet, in their stern routine, given in to the customary impulse of the tourist to ride in one of the picturesque hacks that were everywhere available. All day, every day,

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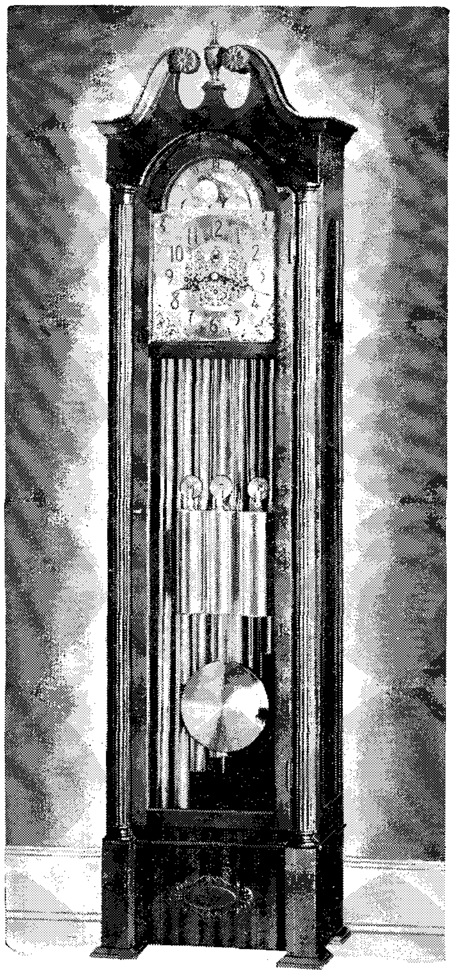

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drivers had solicited their patronage in vain, but now, when they were disposed to surrender, it seemed impossible to find an empty carriage. They walked a long time; then Monica said, "Oh, never mind. Let's eat."

THE search for a carriage had brought Mrs. Cross and Monica near a restaurant high on the recommended list, and Mrs. Cross suggested that they stop and dine there. Monica demurred, arguing that she wasn't dressed for dinner in a posh place. "Rubbish," said her mother. "Summer clothes are summer clothes, and they look terrible no matter what time of day it is."

So they went in—or, rather, stepped across the line that divided the sidewalk from the open-air dining plaza—and accepted without argument one of those tables that men usually object to, well inside the restaurant, near the service door. Monica sat with her back to the wall, facing her mother. Over her mother's shoulder, if she wished—but she did not—she could survey the rest of the clientele: long tables surrounded by well-dressed men, square tables with loving couples at them, and a few family parties. Everything was rather dark, and Mrs. Cross said, "You see, you don't have to be dressed up for this place. Nobody can see you anyway."

"It's perfectly lovely. I'm so glad we came," said Monica. Her face glowed, and her mother regarded her, for a moment, proudly and fondly. Without prejudice, she said to herself, "This is a pretty child."

They gave their order, and sat in silence for the most part, now and then talking about the morning they had spent at the Roman Forum and the Palatine Hill. Monica voted the day the best yet. She had been able to recognize many of the names of the villas among the ruins, and had told her mother stories about them. Besides, it had been so baking hot that, barring an occasional hardy young German with a knapsack, they had had the place to themselves—in short, a day made to order for a British schoolgirl. Mrs. Cross gave silent thanks that they were having this adventure before what is known as "the bad time" set in with Monica. Adolescent tears, teen-age rebellion, wild accusations, woman against woman—all this was bound to come, but it had not yet begun. In the meantime, how innocently pleasant to have a daughter! And how flattering! She recalled an afternoon when Monica, six years old, had come home from school with two little girls she had just

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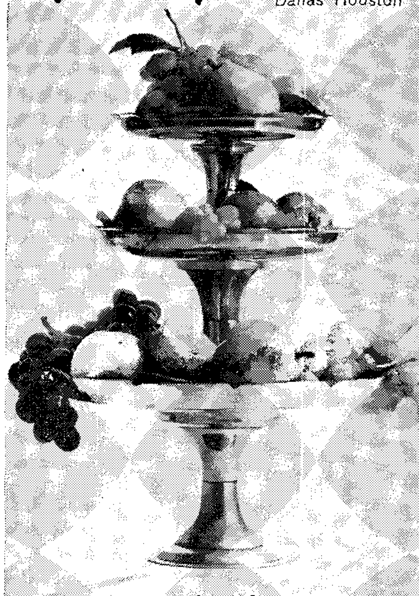

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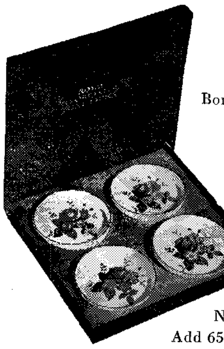

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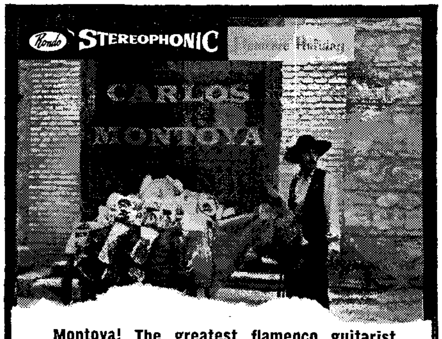

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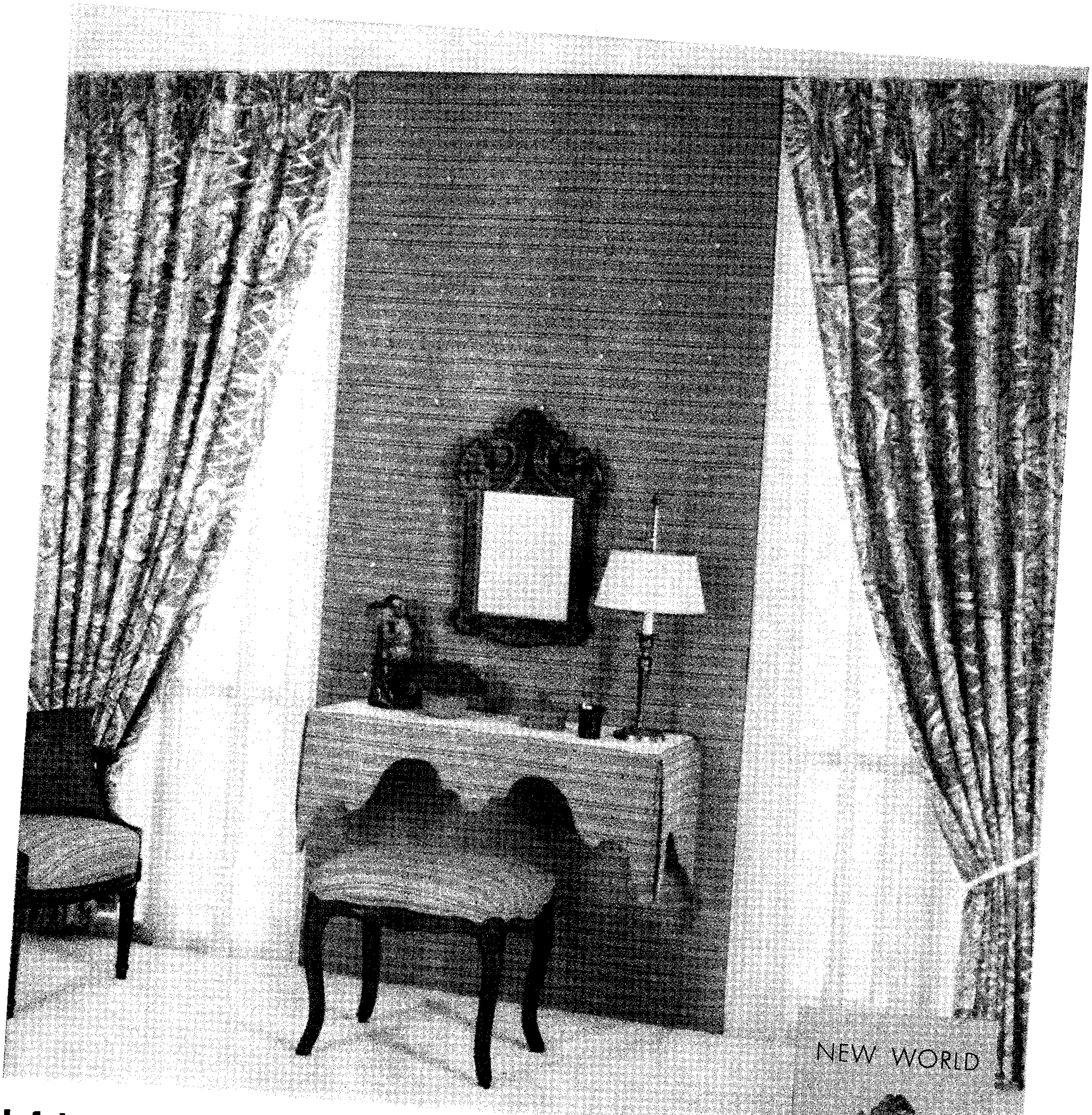

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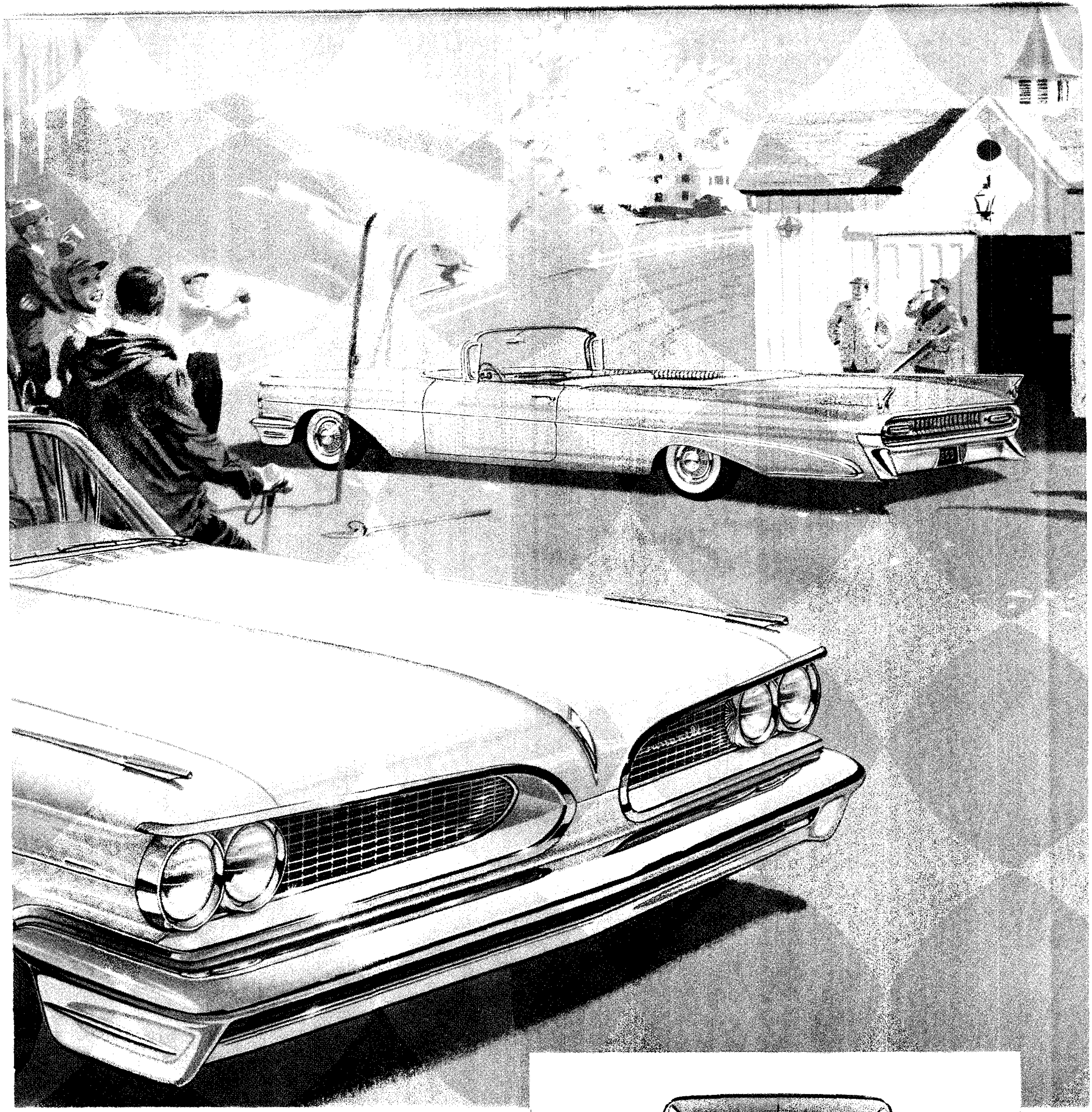

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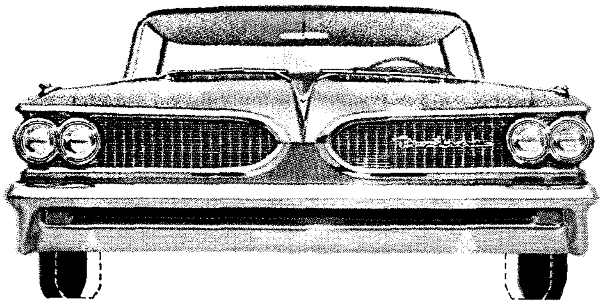

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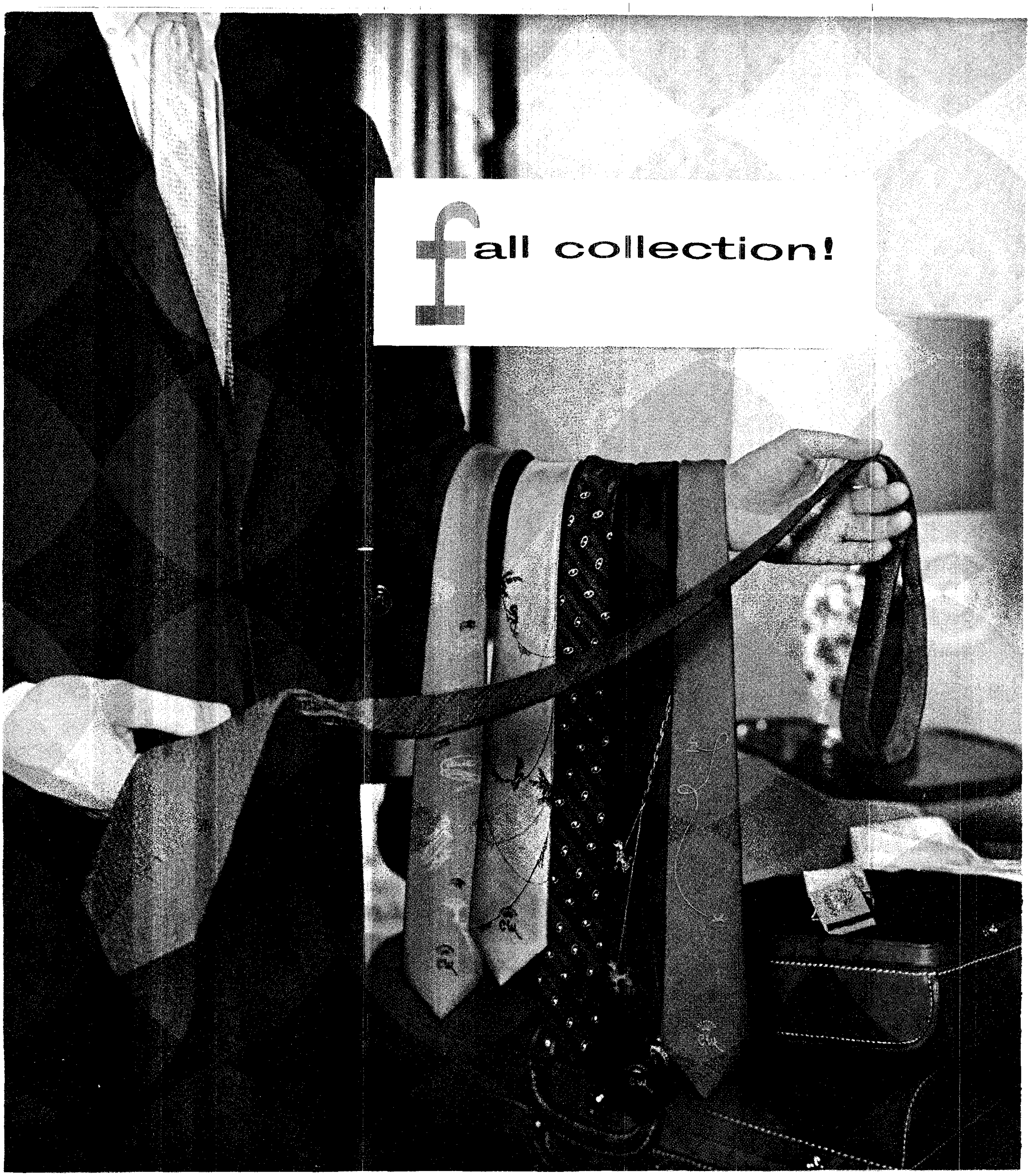

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met. They'd stood inside the front door, and Monica had called her mother from her room upstairs, and when she had come out inquiringly and stood on the stair landing, Monica had turned to the others and said triumphantly, "Well, there she is!" Embarrassing, but very sweet.

Someone moved behind Mrs. Cross's chair. Thinking it was the waiter, she leaned a little to one side, expecting him to put down a plate in front of her. Instead, she smelled whiskey, and just as she noticed a startled look dawning on Monica's face, a male American voice sounded in her ear: "Pardon me, Madam."

Mrs. Cross turned and looked straight into a man's anxious countenance, six inches from her nose—a gray-haired, red-faced man leaning low over her shoulder. He had eyes like small green olives. "Pardon me," he said again. "You're American, aren't you? Well, so am I. So's my boy, back there at our table—my boy Tommy. He's eleven years old, but big for his age. I'm showing him around Europe."

"Isn't that nice!" said Mrs. Cross cordially.

The man straightened up rather unsteadily. "I figured the minute I saw you, when you came in, that you're in the same boat," he said. "Is this your lovely little girl?"

"Yes, it is," said Mrs. Cross, with a hasty glance at Monica. Her face was set in a faraway expression.

"Just what I thought," said the man. "So I had an idea. Why don't we combine forces for dinner? Won't you and your lovely little daughter do us the honor of sitting at our table?"

It was all very well, as Mrs. Cross was to tell herself later, to say that she should have refused. She couldn't refuse. Everyone in the place was looking. He would be shamed, and he was an American, and her dinner would be spoiled if she knew he was sitting there snubbed, with his son as witness. She said tentatively, "But we're settled in here so nicely—"

"Oh, that's easily rearranged," the man said. "Alberto will fix that up." He waved to the headwaiter, who waved forward a number of other waiters, who began taking glasses and silverware away from the Crosses' table. Everyone was still looking. Mrs. Cross and Monica were lovingly ushered to one of the good tables next to the flower-filled window boxes that edged the plaza. With solemn courtesy, their new host introduced to them Tommy, a big, fat boy with a punch-drunk expression,

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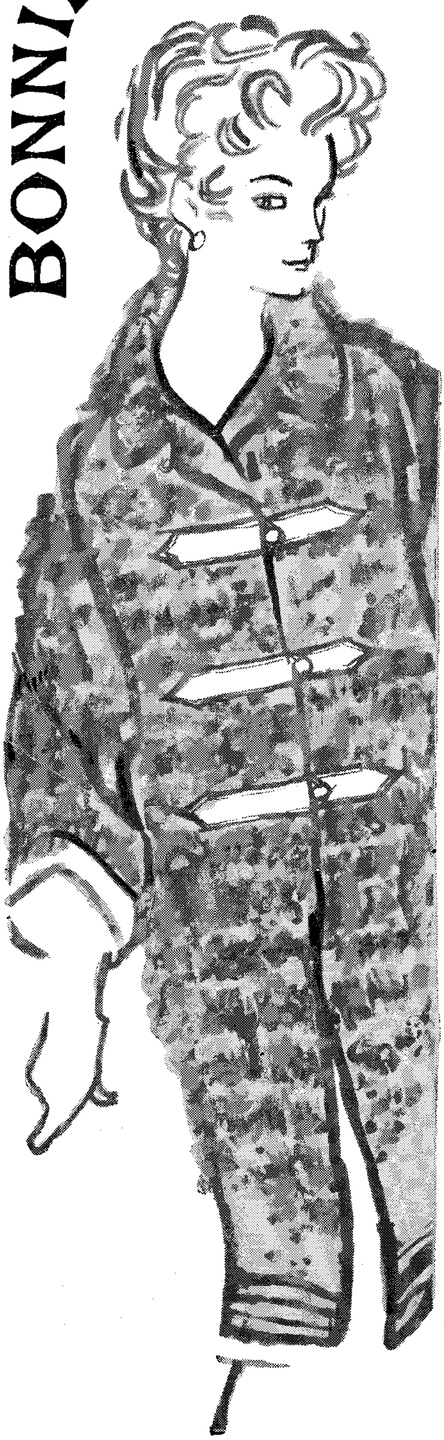

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who was polishing off a plate of spaghetti. "Now, Tommy, you must pay attention to this lovely little girl," said the man, and he ordered drinks and handed over a thousand-lira note as a tip. Most of the waiters were hovering around him, and Mrs. Cross deduced that he had been there for some time, handing out money.

His name was Miller, he said—Bill Miller. He was on a business trip. He had brought Tommy along because it was bound to be good for the boy. He said, "I believe in letting kids share your interests. Tommy and I are pals—isn't that so, Tommy?"

Tommy made no reply except to glance at his father and then away. Mr. Miller chatted on. The Crosses' food came, and they ate it silently. When they had finished, Mr. Miller interrupted a long, involved anecdote and cried, "Let's get down to business! What else are we going to eat? You want some dessert, don't you, little lady?"

His voice dropped to a coaxing, cooing note, and he peered into Monica's face. She murmured that she had eaten enough. Mr. Miller turned to Mrs. Cross.

"I hope you won't mind my saying so, Mrs. Cross," he said, "but that's certainly a lovely little girl you've got there. Lovely. I hope I don't offend you?"

He beamed drunkenly at Monica, and she looked at her hands.

"Yes," continued Mr. Miller, "it's like I was saying. It's up to a parent to let the kids join in the fun. Tommy goes everywhere with me. We're pals. We're all pals together, in our family. His mother, a very fine woman, wasn't able to come with us on this trip, unfortunately, owing to her mother having a stroke at the last minute, but we telephone her every day of our lives, don't we, Tommy?"

Tommy grunted.

Ultimately, Mrs. Cross reflected, it would be over. Everything had an end, though this evening time seemed to have stopped. She found herself looking at her wristwatch two or three times within five minutes.

Mr. Miller was now confiding, in clarion tones, that he had been very drunk the night before. "Wasn't I, Tommy?" he asked. "Oh, no, I forgot—Tommy was in bed and asleep before the worst happened. At least, I hope so. What worries me isn't so much what I can't remember as what I can. For example, early this morning—must have been very early, round about three

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o'clock—I distinctly remember being shoved into my room by the housekeeper."

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Cross.

"Yes," said Mr. Miller. "But the thing that bothers me is that I was stark naked at the time. Stark naked. And the housekeeper was so *unpleasant* about it."

He paused. Mrs. Cross said, "How awful! Where were your clothes, do you know?"

Mr. Miller said, "Oh, that's all right. They were on my chair. Neatly folded." He made an effort, and brightened up, and turned to Monica. "Let's pay attention to this lovely little lady," he said. "Where are those musicians?"

He looked around, and two restaurant minstrels—a violinist and an accordionist—sprang to attention and hurried up to the table. The violinist leaned over and, with much tremolo, began to play "Que Será, Será" into Monica's right ear. Back of him, the accordionist swayed and also played, and a number of guests joined in and sang. Monica sat rigid, staring ahead at nothing, a statue of pink stone. Decisively, Mrs. Cross pushed back her chair and stood up. "We must go now," she said. "We've had a long day. Thank you so much, it's been lovely."

SCATTERING bank notes, tugging Tommy by the sleeve, Mr. Miller followed Mrs. Cross and Monica onto the street. He would get them all a taxi, he declared, and then, while Mrs. Cross protested, a carriage came out of a side street and stopped beside them. "Just the thing!" cried Mr. Miller. "Up you go, little girl!"

The driver agreed, in fragmented English, to let Tommy ride in front with him. Mr. Miller stowed the Crosses in the back seat and sat opposite them, on the jump seat. The carriage rolled off in the wrong direction, and it was all too evident that the Crosses, whether they liked it or not, were about to make a tour of Rome by moonlight.

The horse trotted on and on, past the landmarks they knew so well—the Quirinal, the Vittorio Emanuele memorial, the Colosseum. At the Forum, on the road that runs uphill along the side, the driver paused, and the Crosses, surrendering to his pleading, got out for a few minutes while he gave them a little dissertation on Roman history. Mr. Miller and Tommy followed, and all the while Mr. Miller kept talking. Once, he broke off and kissed Tommy on the cheek. A little man in a peaked cap walked out of the shadows and

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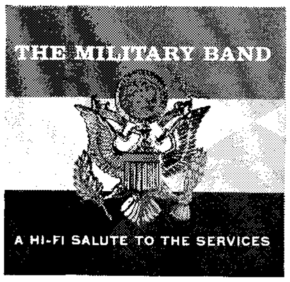

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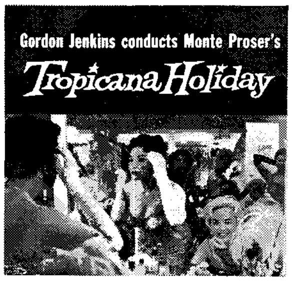

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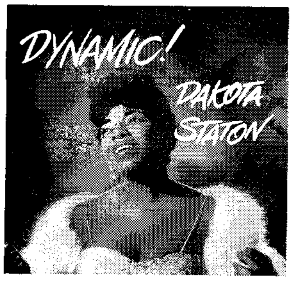

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said "Excuse me. English?" and he, too, began to give a lecture on Roman history.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Miller. "Very nice. Now go away." He handed the little man the customary thousand-lira note, and the little man gasped, settled back on his heels, took a long breath, and proceeded to give them real value for the money.

"I'm afraid we really *must*—" said Mrs. Cross, interrupting at last.

"All right," said Mr. Miller.

They all got back into the carriage, which started on its way. Mr. Miller had reached a quiet, moody phase. "Your daughter is very sweet," he said. "I wonder if I might just kiss her cheek?"

"You may not," said Mrs. Cross. "Certainly not."

Mr. Miller said he was sorry to have mentioned it. The rest of the ride was uneventful.

THE Crosses went up in the elevator without speaking, and, in a continuing silence, prepared for bed. Eventually, Mrs. Cross said, "Darling, I'm so sorry."

"That's all right," said Monica.

They climbed into their beds. Monica reached up to snap off her light, but paused. She asked curiously, "Why did you do it?"

"Do what?" asked Mrs. Cross.

"Let that man join us."

Mrs. Cross said, "I couldn't very well help it."

The light went off, and Monica turned over and closed her eyes. Mrs. Cross felt miserable.

Next morning, Monica was very quiet. They visited the Villa Borghese, according to plan, and she seemed to have nothing to say about it. They lunched silently at the first *trattoria* they saw on the way back, and returned to the hotel at two o'clock for their customary nap.

Usually, Mrs. Cross woke up after sleeping only a few minutes. Girls need a lot of rest, she would tell herself as she tiptoed to the bathroom for a shower. It was the only way to fill in the time; she could never turn on her reading lamp, for fear of waking Monica. This afternoon, however, she was tired. It was past three when a sound woke her and she slowly opened her eyes. Monica was dressed and sitting at the mirror, brushing her hair. As her mother watched, she began pinning it up.

"You're awake early," said Mrs. Cross.

"Am I? I suppose I am," said Mon-

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ica. "I thought I'd like to take a walk, that's all."

Resignedly, Mrs. Cross began looking for her slippers, and then Monica spoke again, in a soft, chilly little voice that her mother had never heard before. She said, "Don't bother to dress. I thought I'd go alone, if you don't mind."

In the dim light of the shuttered room, they looked at each other. Mrs. Cross said, after a pause, "No, darling, if you're sure *you* don't."

"Why should I?" asked Monica.

Her mother said, "Well, come to think of it, there's no reason, except that you've never before wanted to go out alone. In Rome, people bother a girl so. Remember those soldiers who talked to you."

"I can manage people who talk to me," said Monica. Her eyes widened and seemed to flash in the gloom, and she added, in a tone viciously, clearly cold, "Better than *you* can, at any rate."

Her skirt swished as she walked out, but she closed the door softly, politely, as she always did. Mrs. Cross settled back on her pillow. So it had begun at last, she thought. This was it. Outside the shuttered window, the afternoon traffic had started up, but she was still languid, and she wondered drowsily if the sensation she was experiencing could possibly be—No, no, it couldn't, and yet it did feel, extraordinarily, like it—relief.

—EMILY HAHN

•

Honolulu (AP)—A sailor aboard the transport Renville got his wallet and $200 back, but he hasn't any idea who his pretty benefactor was.

The sailor, George Jacobs, lost his wallet in the sand at Waikiki. It contained $400.

A blonde woman, out for an early dip, found it at 7 A.M. She called Pearl Harbor and was told the Renville was leaving at 8:30 A.M. The woman rushed to the harbor, and arrived as the ship was casting off lines.

Jacobs lowered a bucket on a line and she dropped the wallet in.

The ship sailed away and the woman drove away.—*The News.*

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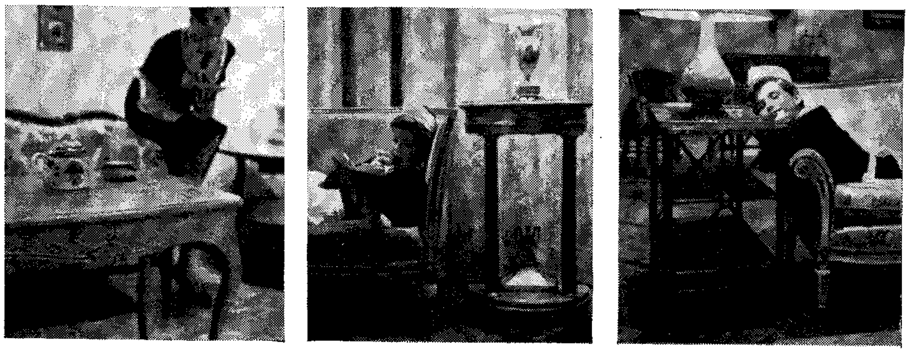
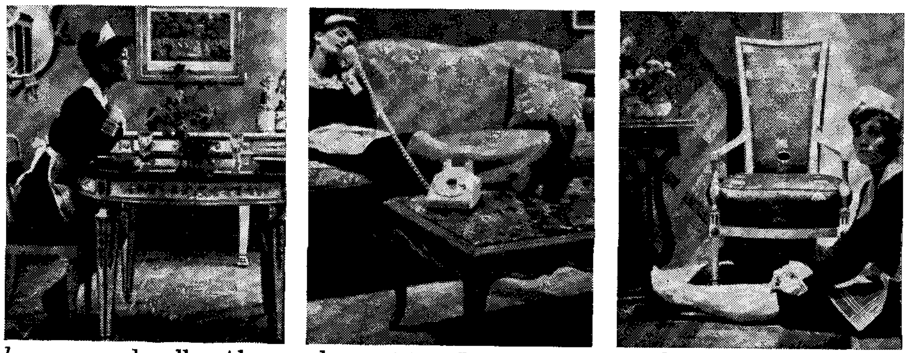
meditation on *Directoire* sofas and *Empire* beds. In the event she is not



here when you arrive, you'll know someone's made off with her, *chaise-longue* and all. About that visit: Just see your decorator or dealer.



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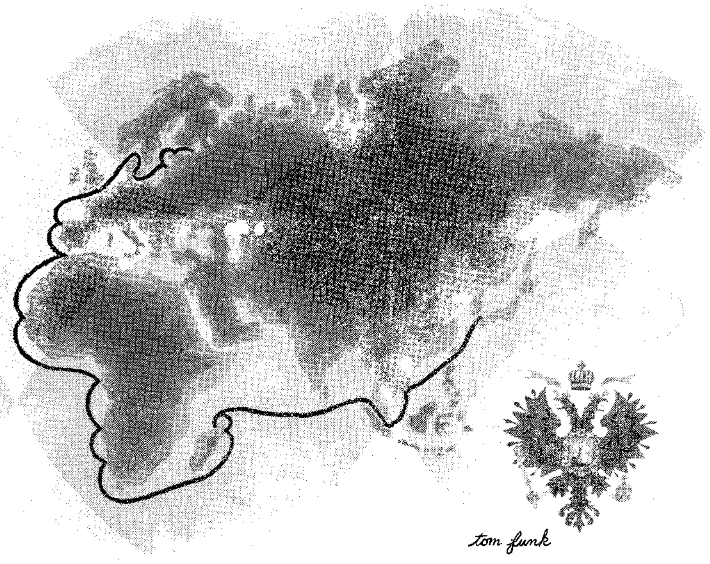
I—OFF TO THE HOLY WAR



THE first major war of this century pitted against each other two powers that, in their makeup and outlook, curiously combined the modern and the medieval—the Empire of Russia and the Empire of Japan, both ruled by despots, both motivated by a fanatical nationalism, both ridden with superstition, and both engaged in the process of Westernizing. The final battle of that war was fought at sea, and the fleets that fought it relied chiefly on a new type of vessel, the ironclad battleship; in fact, it was during that battle that this strategic monster received its most spectacular chance to perform without the distraction of submarines below or aircraft above. And, remarkable though the battle was in the history of naval warfare, it was made even more remarkable by the personalities of the opposing admirals—Heihachiro Togo, a single-minded, impassive commander who, like his country, was unswerving in his drive for victory, and Zinovi Petrovich Rozhestvensky, a hot-tempered, high-strung man who was capable of titanic feats of organization and command but might, at some crucial moment, simply retire to his cabin, sick, despondent, indecisive, and silent.

Japan then, as at Pearl Harbor, used the surprise attack as a means of opening hostilities, and it was a thrust from Togo that set off the Russo-Japanese War. On the night of February 5, 1904, as his fleet lay at anchor in the port of Sasebo, on the southwest coast of Japan, he summoned his top officers to the Mikasa, his flagship. When they filed into his cabin, they saw on a table a ceremonial tray bearing a ceremonial sword—a short sword of the sort used by the samurai for the rite of hara-kiri. It was unsheathed, and to the officers this meant that Tokyo had determined to go to war. "We sail tomorrow," Togo said, "and our enemy flies the Russian flag." Then the conference got down to business. Weeks before, the Japanese war plan had been worked out to the last detail, and Togo's briefing was rapid and precise. Most of Russia's naval power in the Far East was concentrated at Port Arthur, in southern Manchuria, and so efficient was Japan's spy network—so quick had it been to report every change of berth of every Russian vessel—that Togo had as up-to-the-minute a picture of the Port Arthur harbor, six hundred miles to the northwest, as he would have had if reconnaissance planes had just brought him photographs.

Three nights later, the lights of Port Arthur were glowing, and out in the roadstead seven battleships and six cruisers—the main strength of Russia's First Pacific Squadron—were lying at anchor in a neat row, lit from stem to stern. Nearly all the officers were diverting themselves in town, and neither the shore batteries nor the heavy guns on the ships were manned. At about half past ten, the sailors on watch caught sight of a small force of torpedo boats coming toward them, but the vessels were flashing Russian signals from their bows, and there seemed no cause for concern. Then, at a range of only a few hundred yards, the boats fired their torpedoes, crippling two Russian battleships and one cruiser, and quickly pulled out. The next morning, Togo's battleships moved in and shelled the roadstead at long range while the Russians, still too bewildered to put up a real defense, responded weakly with light guns. By the end of the day, four more Russian ships had been damaged.

That night, Togo sailed away, his fleet intact and its personnel nearly so. At a cost of just six Japanese sailors, he had reversed the balance of naval power in the Far East as effectively as Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto was to reverse it, with his aircraft carriers and dive-bombers, thirty-seven years later.

THE diplomatic give-and-take that preceded the Russo-Japanese War was intricate, but the basic dispute was simple. For economic and strategic reasons, both powers had designs on Manchuria, a part of the Chinese Empire, and on Korea, a newly independent and feeble country. Nine years earlier, Japan, showing a grasp of modern warfare that astonished the nations of Europe, had struck at China, and within eight months that lumbering enemy was defeated. The decisive battle had been for Port Arthur, which the Japanese took by banzai storm, and which then became Japan's Yorktown—a symbol of her courage and her new-found strength. The peace treaty gave Port Arthur to Japan, but she was soon to be cheated of her spoils; soon after the signing of the treaty, Russia, France, and Germany—a powerful combination—bullied the Japanese into abandoning the port, and soon after that Russia leased it from China. By bluster and bluff, the Russians proceeded to penetrate Manchuria and Korea, building fortifications and removing natural resources. Japan protested unceasingly, and since she had the support of Britain, Russia made one or two halfhearted promises to evacuate the disputed territories. But she had no intention of keeping her word, for she was certain that the forces of the Czar, if they had to, could easily destroy those of the Mikado, and that Japan would never dare go to war. How wrong the Russians were, in both respects, was proved in February, 1904, not only in the harbor of Port Arthur but on the shores of Korea, where the Japanese quickly

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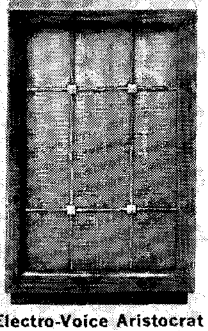

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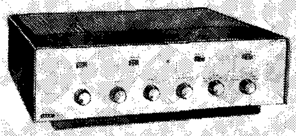
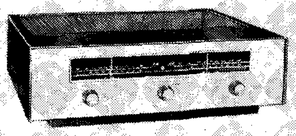
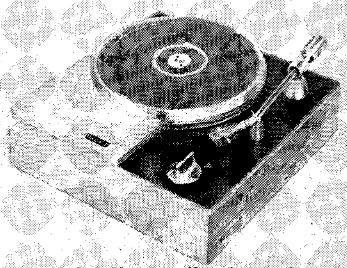


Harman-Kardon Trio



Harman-Kardon Duet



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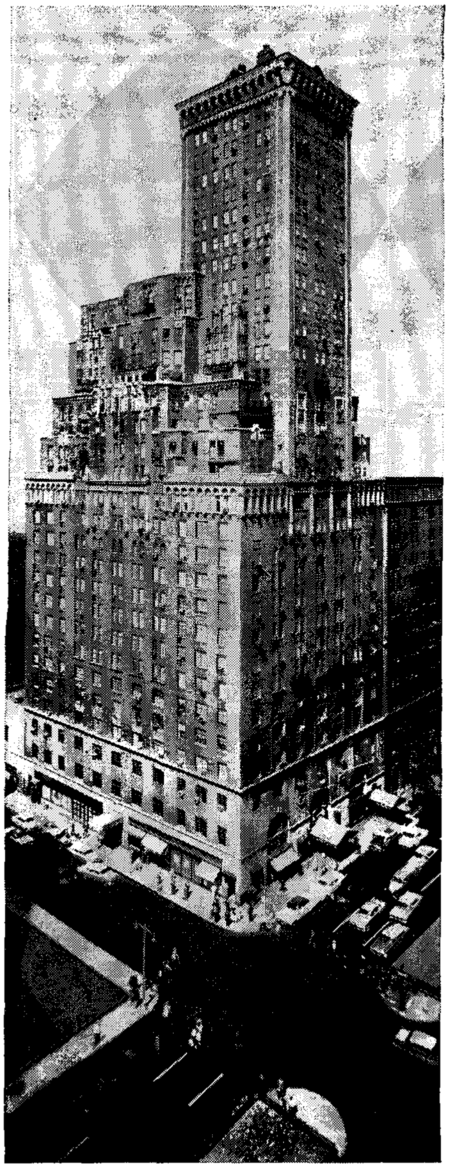

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landed infantry. Within six weeks, these troops had reached the banks of the Yalu, and within four months they had cut off Port Arthur, two hundred miles to the southwest, and were making bloody suicide attacks on the town.

Meanwhile, Togo patrolled the sea off Port Arthur and off Vladivostok, in Siberia, six hundred miles to the north, where the rest of the First Pacific Squadron was stationed—three large cruisers and a small one. He was cautious, though by no means as cautious as the Russians, who still had a great deal of naval strength but seldom ventured out of their harbors. When Togo did meet them at sea, he was content to strike fast and disengage—a maneuver that more often than not worked very well, since the Russians were usually fleeing. Togo's policy was one of patience, and while it did not appeal to most of his commanders, who were eager to get things over with, it was the right policy, for at that time Japan had no sizable shipyards of her own (her warships had been built in America or Europe), and the continuation of the war—indeed, Japan's very life—depended on her Navy. For all his restraint, though, Togo suffered a catastrophe that could have cost Japan the war; one day in May two of his battleships—he had only six—were sunk by mines while on blockade duty off Port Arthur. It was now vital that the Japanese capture Port Arthur and destroy what was left of Russian naval power there, for Togo knew that in the Baltic Sea the Russians had a fleet of about a hundred vessels, including four brand-new battleships, and he thought, as most of the world did, that it would sail for the East at any moment.

IN St. Petersburg, things were moving far more slowly than Togo imagined. One reason was that even after the bad news began streaming in, most of Russia's military and naval chiefs were confident that the forces already in the Far East could mop up the primitive heathen in a matter of weeks. Another was that the Russian government, autocratic as it was, was disorganized almost to the point of anarchy, and throughout the spring there was a welter of contradictory orders and announcements from many agencies. But, most important of all, the Baltic fleet was simply not in condition to sail. In spite of all the rumors that it would soon be on its way, the truth, apparently, was that Nicholas II—the impressionable and ineffectual Czar who was to be assassinated by the Bolsheviks fourteen

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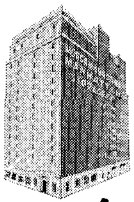

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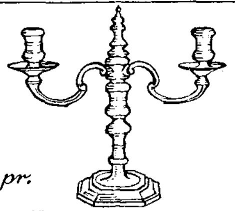

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years later—and his elderly uncle, Admiral the Grand Duke Alexis Alexandrovich, who commanded the Imperial Navy, had not definitely made up their minds to send a relief force to the Pacific, and it was not until June 20th that they finally decided to go ahead with the project. The force was to be called the Second Pacific Squadron, and its commander was to be Rear Admiral Rozhestvensky.

A tall man of fifty-six, with piercing black eyes, a prominent straight nose, and a neat pepper-and-salt beard, Rozhestvensky was one of Russia's most capable and dedicated officers. His devotion to the Czar was absolute, he had great physical and intellectual powers, and he was ready to take on any sort of responsibility. Guns had been his passion as a boy, and since he was the son of a wealthy aristocrat, he had been able to indulge it. From the time he joined the Navy, at seventeen, he had specialized in gunnery, and his chief interest for most of his life was the high-explosive projectile. During the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78, he served as second in command of the Vesta, a small armed steamer that did well against Turkish shipping, and while aboard her he showed the qualities that were to dominate his many years as a naval officer—irascibility, skill at gunnery, and reckless bravery. Also while aboard her, he became involved in an incident that might well have ended his naval career in disgrace. One day, the Vesta chanced upon an enemy ironclad many times her size and power, and her captain immediately turned his ship about and made off at full speed. Later, the captain announced that he had sunk the battleship, and for months the Vesta was the toast of Russia. For all those months, Rozhestvensky, perhaps out of loyalty to his commander or perhaps for some more obscure reason, kept the secret, and it was not until after the war ended that the truth about the Vesta was told—by a Turkish admiral. Faced with the first major crisis of his career, Rozhestvensky wrote a letter to the St. Petersburg newspaper *Novoe Vremya*, bluntly telling what had happened and making no attempt to justify either the captain's hoax or his own silence. The captain was sacked; Rozhestvensky was promoted.

The reorganization of the gunnery branch of the Bulgarian Navy—a trifling task for an ambitious man, one would imagine—was Rozhestvensky's next assignment, and in 1885 he was sent to London as Naval Attaché. He did not care much for either the city or

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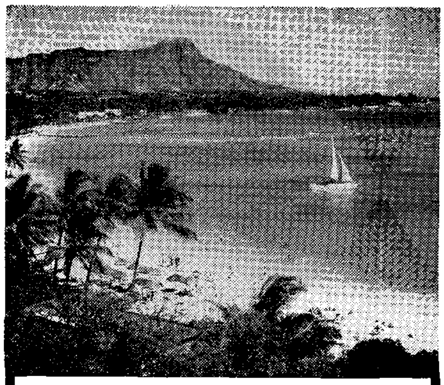

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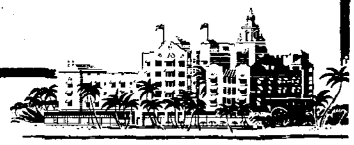

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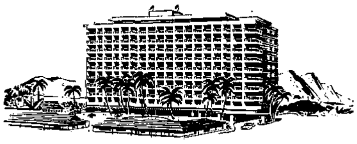

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the people, but he did acquire a grudging respect for the Royal Navy's gunnery, which was unquestionably the best in the world, and he himself seems to have been both liked and respected by the British officers he met. During the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95, he was a captain, in command of a battleship based at Vladivostok, and from there he followed the increasingly impressive reports of Japan's strength at sea. Returning to St. Petersburg, he was put in command of a practice gunnery squadron—not a demotion, perhaps, but certainly not the promotion he had expected. Still, in the end, the appointment served him well.

If an officer in the Russian Navy did not have friends in the proper places in those days—and Rozhestvensky, though a nobleman, did not—his only way of rising into the higher reaches of the Admiralty hierarchy was to come up with some spectacular achievement. Unlikely as this was in peacetime, Rozhestvensky was able to bring it off. On the afternoon of August 6, 1902, his squadron put on an exhibition of gunnery in the roadstead of Reval (now Tallin), in the Baltic, for the Czar and an important guest—Kaiser Wilhelm II. With the Czar (in the uniform of a German admiral) and the Kaiser (in the uniform of a Russian admiral) standing beside him on the bridge of a cruiser, along with a small swarm of Russian and German admirals, Captain Rozhestvensky, erect and self-confident, directed his gunners in a brilliant three-hour display of firing at fixed and moving targets. Only once all afternoon was his composure shaken, and that was when a torpedo boat momentarily got out of position. Throwing his arms wide and high in a Russian gesture of rage and despair, he sent his binoculars sailing overboard; it was not the first time this had happened, and a subordinate unobtrusively handed over his pair. Later, when the Kaiser congratulated the Czar on the display, Nicholas murmured, "If only we could fight now, Sire." That autumn, Rozhestvensky was appointed Chief of Naval Staff and aide-de-camp to the Czar, who had clearly taken a fancy to him.

ON paper, Rozhestvensky's Second Pacific Squadron appeared powerful. To begin with, there were the four new battleships, identical in every respect: the Suvoroff, the Borodino, the Alexander III, and the Oryol. These were great cumbersome affairs, about four hundred feet long and seventy-five feet wide, encased in thick steel armor

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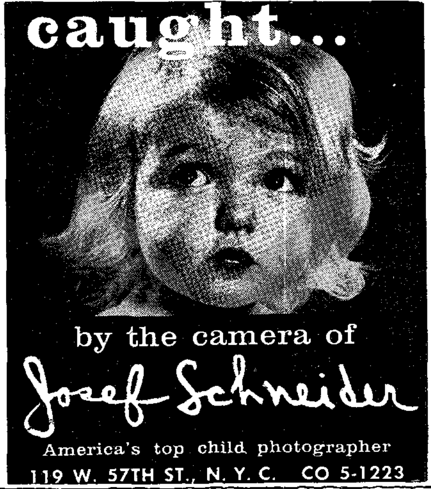

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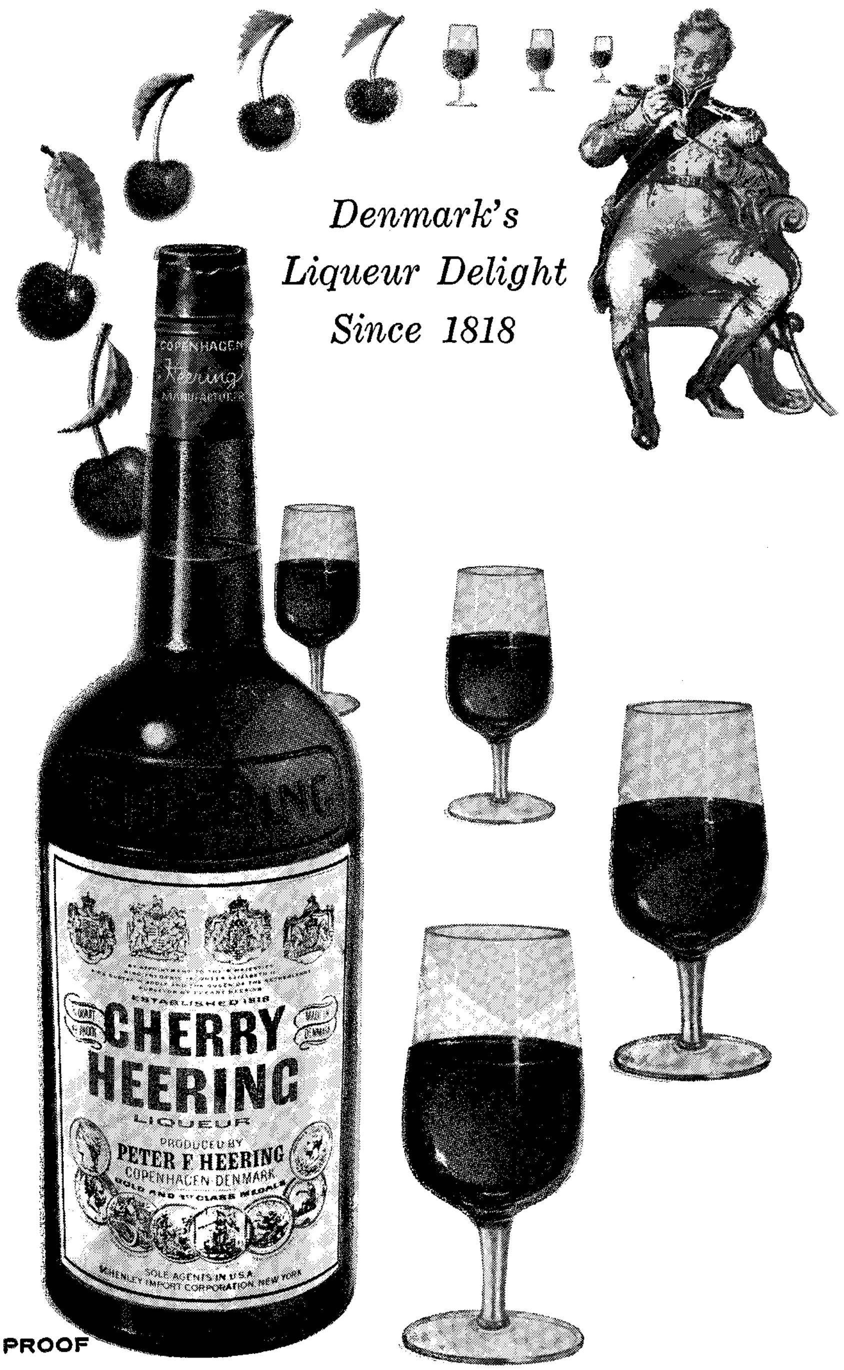
and constituting a wilderness of decks, platforms, funnels, bulkheads, bridges, ladders, and turrets. Each had a displacement of well over fifteen thousand tons and a speed of a little over eighteen knots, and each had ten big guns—four twelve-inchers, capable of hurling a shell weighing a third of a ton ten miles, and six six-inchers—as well as numerous cannons. Protruding from the bow just below the waterline was a sharp-pointed ram—standard equipment for battleships of the time—intended to finish the enemy off in close action. From stem to stern, the four ships were painted black—even the lifeboats were black—except for the funnels, which were brilliant lemon yellow, with a black band at the top. The name of each vessel was heavily embossed in gold letters at bow and stern. These four ironclads, each with a complement of nine hundred men, were to form the squadron's first division, and the Suvoroff was to be Rozhestvensky's flagship.

Three older and less heavily armed and armored battleships made up the second division: the Oslyabya, the Sisoy Veliky, and the Navarin. The Oslyabya, by far the most effective of them, had high, vulnerable sides, which made her look gawky in the water, but she, too, could do eighteen knots. As for the Sisoy Veliky, she could theoretically manage fifteen knots, and at that was faster than the Navarin, which had not been designed for anything more strenuous than coastal-defense work and looked rather like the Monitor, with four funnels in pairs amidships. The third division had four fast modern cruisers and nine small destroyers; the armored cruiser Dmitri Donskoy, which had originally been rigged for sail; and the Svetlana—"half cruiser, half yacht, a caprice of our luckless naval designers," as one Russian officer called her—which was good for twenty knots but for little else, since she was but lightly armed and armored. And, finally, the squadron had a host of auxiliary craft, among them, armed merchantmen, supply ships, tugboats, and the Kamchatka, a sort of floating workshop, loaded with jigs, lathes, and spare equipment of all kinds, which was to acquire distinction as the squadron buffoon.

This was the Second Pacific Squadron as it was finally constituted—forty-two vessels in all, carrying about ten thousand men. Rozhestvensky could have had twice as many if he had wanted them, for there were perhaps fifty more ships in the Baltic—ancient tubs, many of them, that had not been to sea in a dozen years—and a powerful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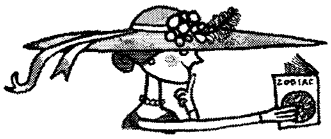
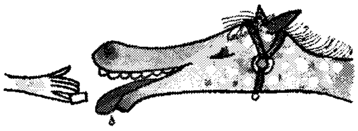
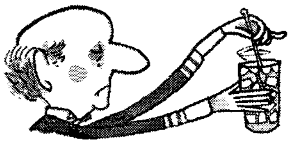


Ladies! If you were born this month, your sign of the zodiac is Libra—*and are you something!* Passionate wife, good mother, terrific party girl. And mark this: A stickler for neatness. (Alas, we were born under a sloppy sign!)



Collywobbles! One of our friends, a horse named O'Malley, had an attack of collywobbles the other day. Treatment? A teaspoon of Angostura on a sugar cube. (Note: Great for people, too, but omit the sugar.)



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school of thought in the Admiralty held that these should go along with the squadron, in order to divert fire, when the time came, from the ships that really mattered. Rozhestvensky, however, resisted this idea fiercely; the old tubs, he said, not only would be worthless in battle but would hold down the speed of the rest of the squadron and consume precious coal. In the end, he had his way—or, rather, he almost did. He was permitted to reject the most doddering of the aged vessels, but he had to take along several ships—notably the Sisoy Veliky and the Navarin—that he would just as soon have left at the bottom of the Baltic.

In the summer of 1904, naval correspondents for papers all over Europe were juggling sets of figures (often widely disparate) relating to tonnage, speed, firepower, and armor, in an effort to size up the chances of the Russian and Japanese fleets, and almost invariably the statistics showed the Russians ahead, principally because they had more battleships (eight to four, most calculations went, though it was not known precisely how much strength either side retained in the Far East) and more twelve-inch and ten-inch guns (forty-one to seventeen, by one expert's reckoning). But simple arithmetic, even if it was accurate, was too simple; other things were involved. For one, few of the high Russian officers, from Rozhestvensky down, had any illusions about the quality of their ships—even the best ones. "Our wiseacres give the squadron a battle coefficient not much lower than Togo's," one of the Suvoroff's officers dryly told another. "This is simply a fraud—an infamous fraud." The basic trouble was that Russian shipbuilding was a leisurely, haphazard process, involving many improvisations and caprices. The big battleships, for instance, had originally been designed to displace only thirteen and a half thousand tons, not fifteen thousand, but in the course of construction the designers were persuaded to add more and more weight above the waterline, in the form of officers' accommodations and supplementary armor. The result was to slow the ships down and make them perilously top-heavy. Then, not one of the ships was equipped with the latest devices for aiming and firing. Seven years before, at Queen Victoria's Jubilee review, the Royal Navy had demonstrated a new mechanism for electric firing, and since that time every first-class fleet in the world had adopted it—except the Russian fleet, whose gunners fired their weapons not by pushing

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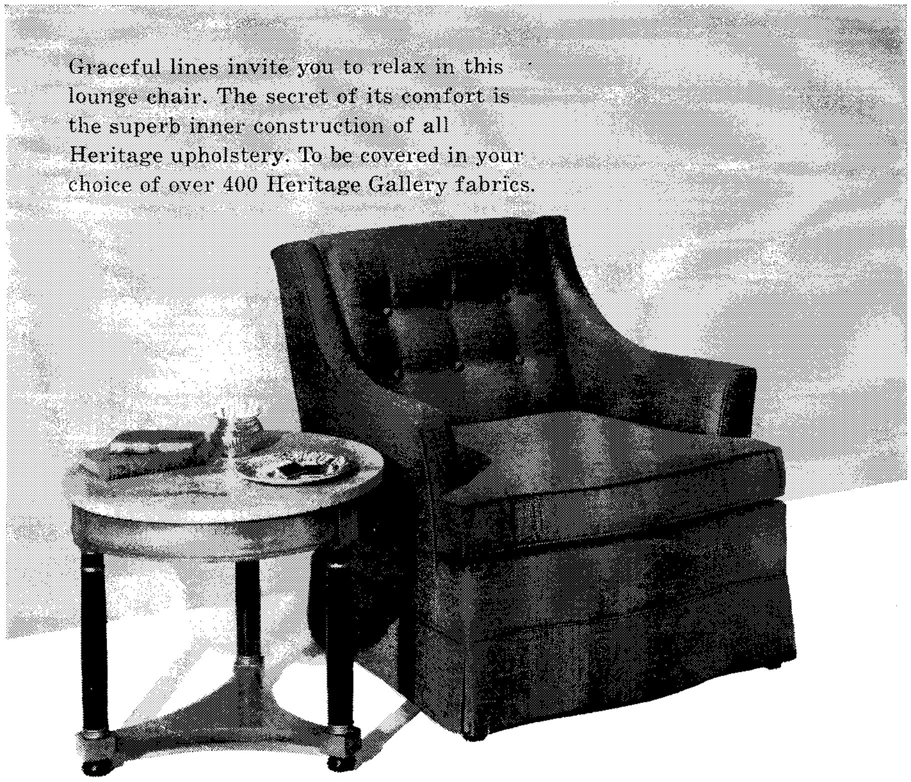
a button but by tugging at a lanyard. Over the past several years, the navies of all the other great powers had also adopted telescopic sights, but the Russian fleet had continued to depend on the naked eye. In the summer of 1904, workers began installing the new sights in the big-gun turrets, and eventually they went to sea with the squadron to finish the job there. To the gun crews, the new sights were for many months objects of curiosity only; they had never used them, and they probably would not use them until the enemy was met, for the Russians were short of ammunition for the big guns and could spare none for practice. Finally, almost all of the ships carried poor signalling equipment. For a reason that can only be guessed at, the Admiralty, instead of installing the well-known and carefully tested Marconi equipment for wireless telegraphy, had made a deal with a German company called Slaby-Arco, which produced a somewhat different—and, as it turned out, highly inferior—apparatus. Later, when the ships were at sea and having trouble keeping in touch with each other, one officer said, "And so the Russian battle fleet, the last card in our game, was placed at the disposal of Herr Slaby-Arco for experimental purposes. Suppose all this is merely an advertisement!"

If the ships were not exactly well equipped for naval warfare, neither were most of the men, and personnel problems of one kind or another were to dog Rozhestvensky throughout the voyage. Of his own top aides, the only one he appeared to trust fully was his Chief of Staff—Commander Konstantin Konstantinovich Clapier de Colongue, a tall, fair man of about forty-five, who was known to the squadron chiefly for the punctiliousness of his manners and dress and for his aristocratic French ancestry. One of the last men that Rozhestvensky would confide in, it appears, was his second in command, Admiral Dmitri Gustavovich von Felkerzam, who was to head up the second division of battleships, with the gawky Oslyabya as his flagship. He was reputed to be an efficient officer, but many of his fellow-officers were put off by his physical characteristics; he was short, extremely obese, and (what was rare in the Russian Navy in those days) beardless, and he had an odd little walk and a treble voice. Perhaps the most luxuriant beard in the Navy—a splendid white one—belonged to the commander of the third division, Admiral Oskar A. Enkvist, another small man, who was celebrated for his dreadful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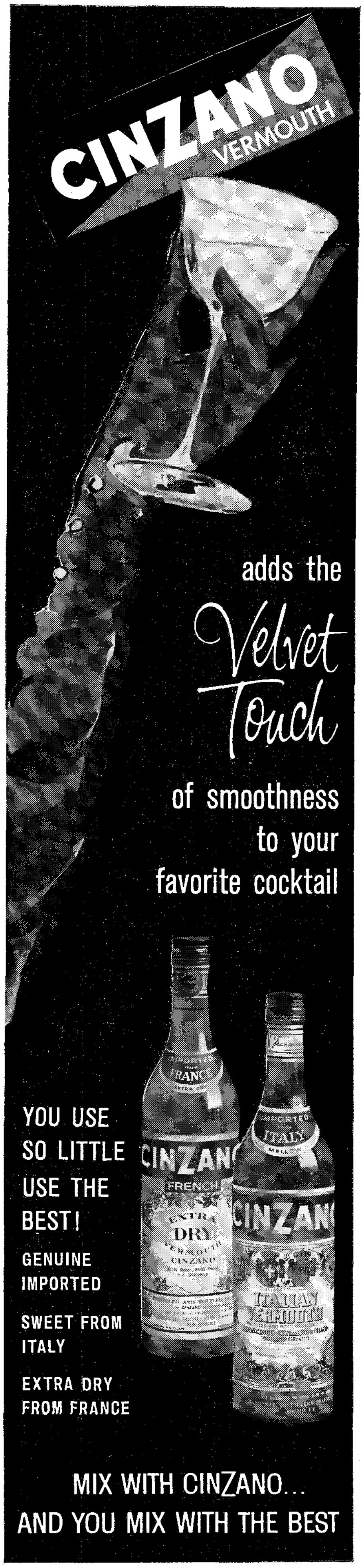
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memory and for the fact that he had known Togo well when the two men were young naval officers stationed in England. But while Rozhestvensky obviously had no particular liking for von Felkerzam or Enkvist, there was one officer on his staff whom he had a pronounced distaste for. This was Commander Nikolai Klado, a sharp-featured man who wore pince-nez and who went along on the trip as the representative of the Commander-in-Chief of the Russian fleet in the Far East. Although Klado had never been in action, he had managed, mostly by writing clever, pompous, and highly opinionated articles for the *Novoe Vremya*, to establish himself as his country's leading naval theoretician and strategist, and he had been among the most clamorous of those officers who had maintained that Rozhestvensky should take along every available ship, no matter how old, slow, or ineffective. Once the two men—both strong-willed and short-tempered—were bottled up on the same ship, they could scarcely conceal their contempt for each other. Rozhestvensky would have done anything to get rid of Klado.

On a lower level, the best that could be said for Rozhestvensky's officers and men was that, by and large, they were poorly trained. The men who had put on the glittering display of marksmanship at Reval had long since been shipped out to the Pacific, and for officers Rozhestvensky had to rely mainly on rusty reservists and merchant seamen, while his crews were largely peasant conscripts, who had little mechanical aptitude and no fighting tradition. ("Odorous, rough, coarse, but a happy lot," one Englishman who had seen them at close quarters said.) "One half have to be taught everything because they know nothing," a gunnery lieutenant on the Suvoroff complained, "the other half because they have forgotten everything or, if they do remember anything, it is obsolete."

Not until it was too late was it discovered that among the crews were scattered a good many revolutionaries, whose chief hope was that Russia would lose the war. "If we had gained a victory over the Japanese," one of them wrote later, "we would have hindered the revolution." Most of the potential rebels were enlisted men, but some were officers—notably a certain Vasilieff, an engineer on the Oryol, who took along a whole library of subversive books and pamphlets to lend to the bluejackets. As things worked out, the Oryol's career was marked by one near-disaster after

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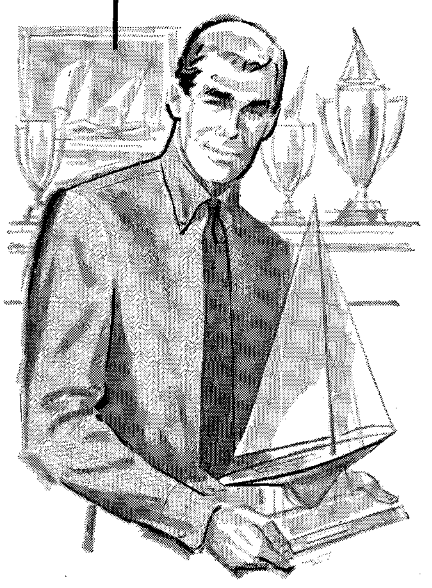

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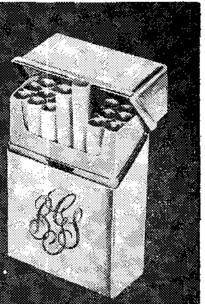

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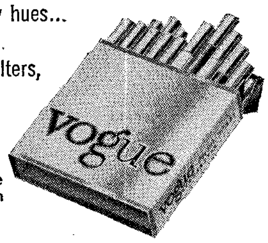

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another. When she was on the stocks, she almost burned down. When she was launched, she almost sank. In dock, she tilted over on her side. On trial cruises, scrap steel found its way into her cylinders. And when, at last, she was ready to leave for the Far East, she grounded.

But of all Rozhestvensky's problems the worst was coal. Indeed, until the advent of the oil-burning engine—ironically, it was first used in warships in 1905—coal was the governing factor in the policy of every navy in the world. It was expensive, it was heavy, it took up a great deal of space, and it was used up fast. For Britain, the answer had been a network of naval coaling stations all over the globe. Russia, however, did not have a single base on any conceivable route from the Baltic to Port Arthur (the arctic route was ruled out automatically, because of ice), and neutral ports would very likely be closed to the squadron, in accordance with international law. International law was sometimes freely interpreted, and it might be winked at, but even so the Russians would have a hard time of it. The English, who supported Japan's cause, would naturally refuse to help, and the Germans, while sympathetic to Russia, had few bases that would be of any use. The French, sensitive to pressures from both sides, might be obliging and then again they might not. "Couldn't the Dutch government cede us one of the many islands off the Sunda or the Molucca archipelago?" *Novoe Vremya* inquired plaintively.

There was only one solution, and that was to coal at sea. Naval authorities everywhere—and especially the old salts in the British Admiralty—were certain that this could not be done by a

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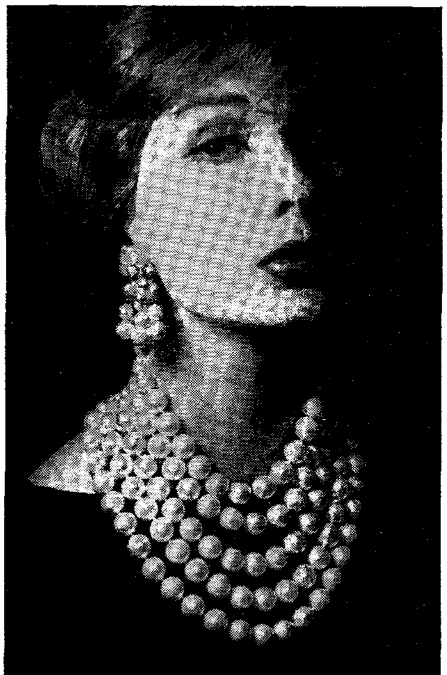
fleet as large as the Russians', since coaling at sea was a difficult operation even for a single ship in a flat calm. Each of Rozhestvensky's forty-two ships would have to take on coal thirty or forty times, in unpredictable weather and almost certainly outside the three-mile limit; the voyage could not be made on less than half a million tons. Yet, fantastically implausible as coaling at sea seemed, this was precisely what Rozhestvensky intended to do. Early in the summer, news leaked out that the Hamburg-Amerika Line, which had a huge fleet of colliers, had agreed to supply the squadron with coal at predetermined rendezvous points all the way from the Baltic to the Orient. Whenever possible, Rozhestvensky would insinuate his way into neutral ports and meet the colliers there; the rest of the time, the colliers and the warships would heave to on the high seas, and the coal would be transferred from the colliers to the warships sack by sack.

ROZHESTVENSKY's mission, as expressed by the Czar, was "to wipe the infidels off the face of the earth." Put less grandiloquently, it was to get the ill-assorted fleet to sea, make a journey of almost twenty thousand miles, lift the blockade of Port Arthur, and destroy the Japanese Navy. Even if the Russian squadron had been well equipped, even if it had had plenty of supply bases en route and a safe harbor at its destination, the undertaking would have been difficult. As things were, it was prodigious. When Rozhestvensky took over, some of his ships were still on the stocks, others had yet to be taken out of storage, and most of the rest, lying in the Kronstadt roadstead, a few miles west of St. Petersburg, were in various stages of disrepair. The whole job of supplying the fleet had still to be tackled, and the Admiralty—a labyrinthian organization, given to graft and intrigue—was not likely to be very efficient. Fortunately for the Russians, the task was no more stupendous than Rozhestvensky's energies. Sustained by great physical strength and what one of his subordinates called "nerves of tempered steel," he plunged into the job of fitting out the armada. An eighteen-hour workday was normal for him; sometimes he went three nights without sleep. Slashing through red tape and using disciplinary measures that did not always stop this side of tyranny, he goaded his officers on, fired them when he had to, and fought for everything from shells, torpedoes, and



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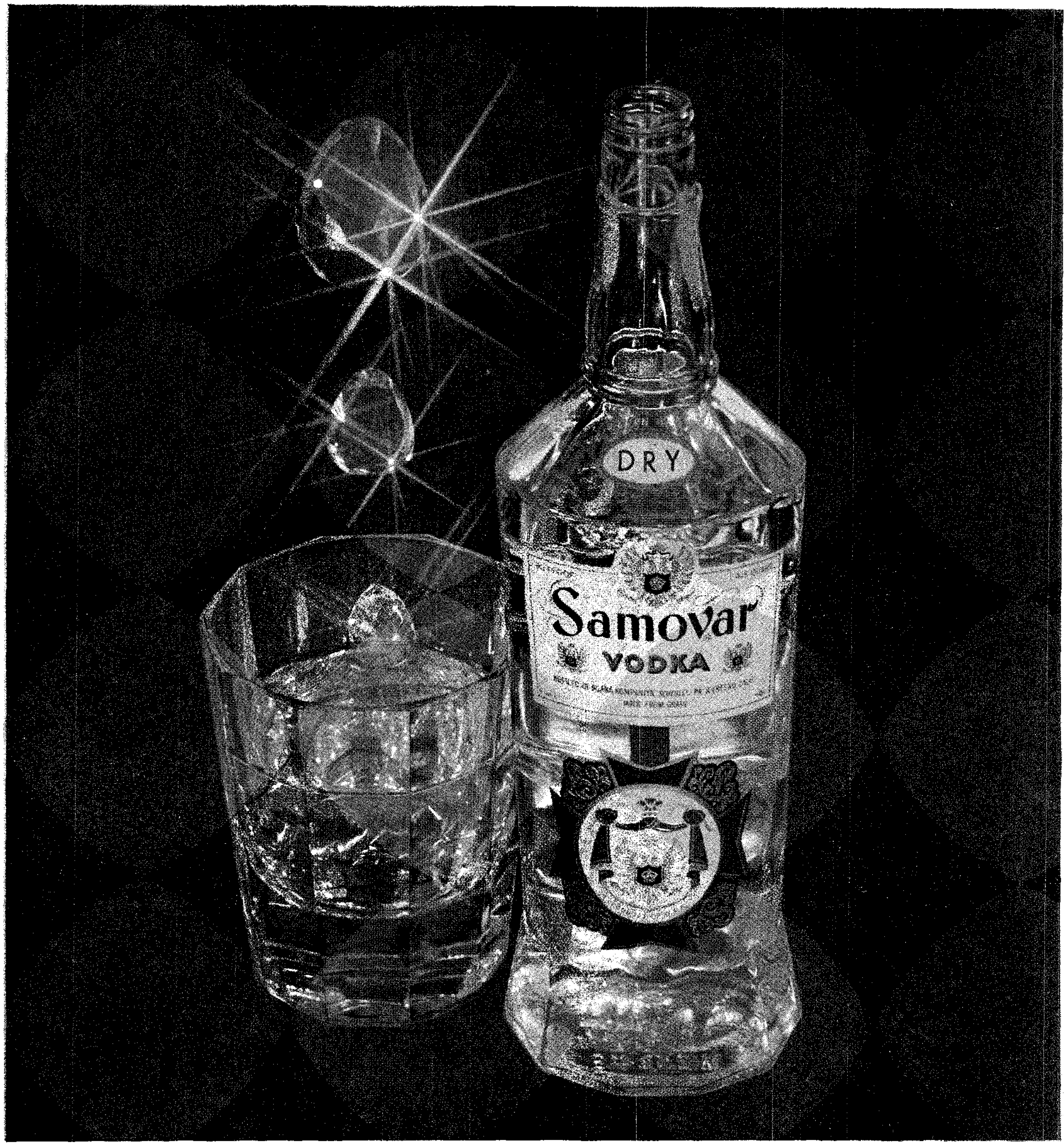

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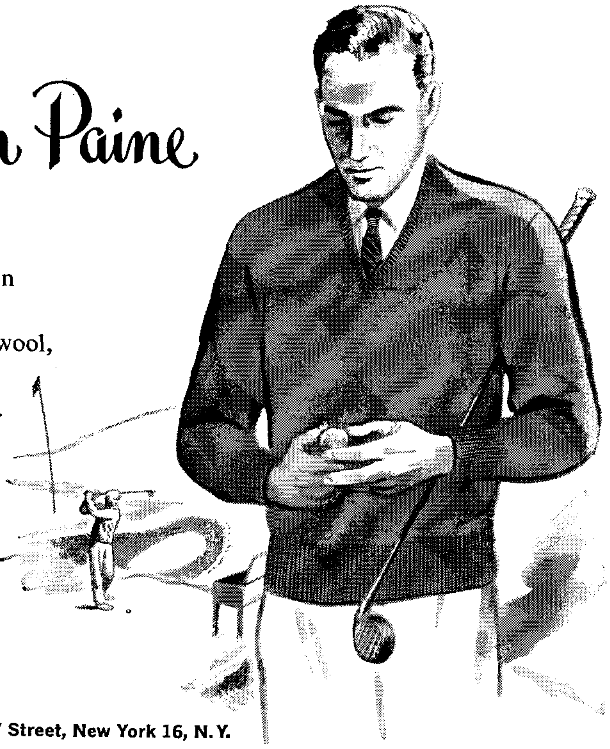
"We shall sail on July 15th," Rozhestvensky told a correspondent for *Le Petit Parisien* a few weeks before that date, but he was either overoptimistic or, more probably, deliberately misleading. In Europe, and, of course, in Japan, there was intense speculation about the date of the squadron's departure and the route that it would take—the alternatives being around Cape Horn, through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal, and around the Cape of Good Hope. But up to the very last moment no foreigners—aside, no doubt, from the officials of the Hamburg-Amerika Line—had any definite information, and even most of Rozhestvensky's top officers were kept in ignorance, too. Meanwhile, out in the Far East, the Russian position was becoming more critical than ever, as Togo succeeded in annihilating two more Russian battleships, several cruisers, and two commanders-in-chief.

Actually, it was not until the middle of August that Rozhestvensky felt he had made enough progress to formally board the Suvoroff and assume command of the Second Pacific Squadron. "Safe voyage and success against the enemy," the Admiralty wired at once, and he promptly expressed his thanks, though the wire was many days premature. At the time, he was still waiting for some of his vessels to be pronounced seaworthy, and late in August he took the rest of the squadron to sea for a short shakedown cruise, and for elementary maneuvers, night gunnery practice (with his smaller guns), torpedo firing, and mine laying. Practically nothing went right. "We did not make a single strike," one of the gunnery officers reported frankly when the cruise was over, and the Suvoroff's navigation officer was in equal despair. "Moving in close formation, keeping stations—let us hope we shall learn all this during our long voyage," he wrote. "But battle exercises, the execution of different tactical plans—those require years of preparation." One morning, Rozhestvensky sprang a surprise alarm, and his Order No. 69, issued later in the day, tells what happened: "Today at 2 A.M., I instructed the officer of the watch to issue the signal for defense against a torpedo attack. Eight minutes afterward, there was no sign of anyone taking up his station. All officers and men were sound asleep. And when at last a few hands of the watch did appear, what did they do? Nothing. It seemed that they did not know where to go,

Alan Paine



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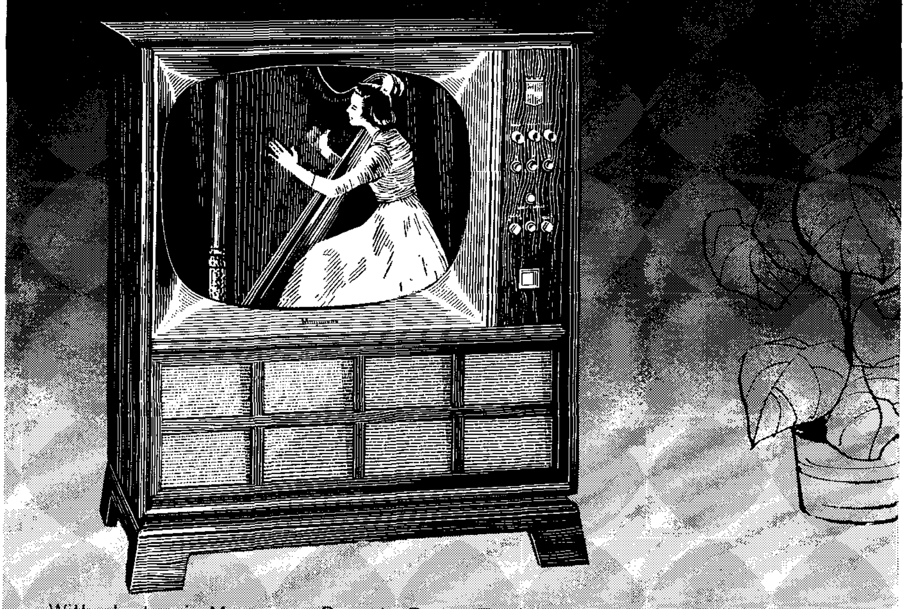

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nor was there a single searchlight ready for use."

The shakedown cruise lasted about a week, and then the squadron returned to Kronstadt. For the next few weeks, lighters and pinnaces brought out ammunition and supplies, including crates of dried vegetables (for the sailors, whose staple diet was soup) and crates of champagne (for the officers), and launches brought out wives and children who had come to say goodbye. Finally, on the still, hazy afternoon of September 17th, with the harbor cleared, the squadron weighed anchor and set off; the four new battleships, so overloaded that their lower decks were almost awash, were towed out of the roadstead by tugs. There were dangerous shoals just outside the harbor, but the Suvoroff, the Borodino, and the Alexander III got past them safely. The Oryol, however, came to rest on a sandbar. The incident spoiled the majesty of the fleet's departure, but it did not seem to embarrass the Oryol's sailors, who, with shouts of mixed mockery and enthusiasm, ran to and fro on the main deck in an attempt to rock the ship off. "Take care, boys!" one of them called out. "We may capsize her if we don't look out!" The sprinting sailors didn't capsize her, but they didn't dislodge her, either, and it was not until two days later, after dredgers had cleared a passage, that she was able to join the rest of the squadron.

MANY European newspapers were under the impression that the squadron was finally on its way to meet Togo, but it wasn't. The official send-off, with the Czar present, was to take place at Reval on October 10th, and the squadron spent some of the intervening days at sea, practicing maneuvers, and the rest at Reval Harbor, sprucing up the vessels for the imperial visit. "A fury of cleaning and polishing took possession of the ship," A. Novikoff-Priboy, a sailor on the Oryol, wrote later in a book of memoirs about the voyage. "Again and again we washed the gangways with soap and water; we scrubbed the bridges, touched up the paint, scoured the brasswork. Engines and stokehole were not forgotten, though it was most unlikely that the visitor's exalted feet would tread the narrow ladders giving access to the bowels of the ironclad." The emphasis, though, was not solely on cleanliness. As the squadron got ready to sail, Russia had been seized by religious fervor and hatred for the infidel enemy. One bulletin distributed to the crews said, "The Cza-

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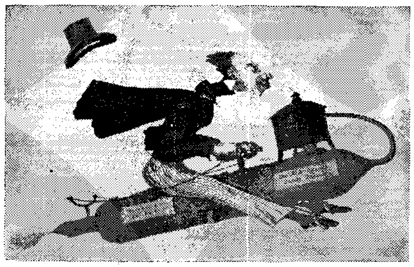

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rina has given official intimation that she intends to present each ship that has a chapel [as all but the smallest ships did] with a chalice of her own workmanship. This is because Their Most Gracious Majesties know that in their inmost hearts all men of the fleet, both high and low, are but awaiting the time when they may effectually do their duty to God and to our country." And a fleet order went: "Holy water is to be sprinkled by priests as a blessing on guns and decks."

In Reval, the morning of the tenth was cool and blustery, with brief squally showers and patches of sun. At nine in the morning, Rozhestvensky, wearing full-dress uniform, complete with the Crosses of St. George and St. Vladimir, the scarlet ribbon of the Order of St. Anne, and the silver cords of a staff officer, was waiting on the platform of the local railway station as the royal train pulled in. When the Czar and the Czarina arrived, accompanied by Admiral the Grand Duke Alexis and several other admirals, Rozhestvensky took the whole party off to the wardroom of the Suvoroff, which had been lavishly decorated for the occasion. There, the admirals talked of naval matters, while Nicholas listened entranced, and then the group had lunch and went out on deck. The sky had providentially cleared, the bands on all the battleships struck up, and the Czar went aboard his imperial pinnace to pay a visit to the seven battleships. On each one, the sailors, in new blue jumpers and black trousers, shouted "Long live Your Imperial Majesty!" as the Czar climbed to the bridge, from which he made a speech, telling the men to take vengeance on the insolent Japanese who had troubled the peace of Holy Russia.

All in all, it was a glorious day, but in the evening the spell was broken. The Czar and Czarina had departed, but the Grand Duke Alexis had stayed on to give the officers a banquet. There were many glasses of champagne and many speeches. When it was the turn of the Alexander III's captain, Nikolai Mikhailovich Bukhvostoff, known as a man who never hesitated to speak his mind, he said, "You have all wished us a lucky journey and have expressed the conviction that we and our brave sailors will smash the Japanese. We thank you for your good intentions, but . . . we know that Russia is not a sea power, and that the public money spent on the building of ships has been wasted. You wish us victory, but there will be no victory. But," he added solemnly, "we

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will know how to die, and we shall never surrender."

THIRTY-SIX hours later, the squadron left Reval, and the next day, as if reluctant to leave Russian waters, it stopped off at Libau, three hundred miles down the coast, to take on more supplies. Again the departure was not propitious. The weather was wretched—"low gray clouds, half fog, half drizzle," one of the sailors wrote, "dark faces . . . heads drawn into turned-up collars . . . general nervousness and irritability." This time, the Suvoroff, steaming slowly out of the harbor at the head of the fleet, struck bottom. "This is an infernal harbor!" stormed Rozhestvensky. A few moments before, he had sent a furious message to a battleship that had lost her anchor, and several times on the brief journey from Reval he had issued his favorite reprimand—firing blank (or, in one case, live) ammunition across the bow of an offending vessel. The next day, though, the squadron proceeded out of the Baltic in reasonably disciplined formation, and Rozhestvensky, for the first time, surveyed his forces with something like pride, even with a flicker of confidence. That morning, off the Danish coast, the squadron found three Hamburg-Amerika colliers waiting, on schedule—a good omen—and the coaling went off without a hitch.

Ahead lay the dangerous waters off the Skaw, a cape at the northern tip of Denmark, but at the time Rozhestvensky was not primarily concerned about navigational hazards; what worried him was the Japanese. For months, St. Petersburg had been receiving reports that Japanese suicide detachments—armed merchantmen, destroyers, torpedo boats disguised as trawlers—were lurking in Danish and Norwegian fiords, ready to pounce on the squadron. How the Japanese might have got to the North Sea was a matter for conjecture, and the Russians conjectured that it was with the connivance of Great Britain. Months before the sailing, the Russian Admiralty had dispatched a man to Copenhagen to set up a network of spotters who would spy on the infiltrators, and now, with dozens of Russian-paid operatives at their posts and eager to prove their worth, Rozhestvensky received a torrent of reports about suspicious vessels in isolated creeks. The rumors of torpedo boats alarmed him, above all; they were the most effective weapons against battleships, and he was desperately afraid of losing one of his ironclads. Watches

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were doubled, and after sundown searchlights swept the water continuously. "No vessel of any sort whatever must be allowed to get in amongst the fleet," ran an order from the flagship, and any merchantman or fishing vessel that approached was promptly signalled off, its departure hastened, on occasion, by shots. One unidentified vessel that attempted to come up to the flagship but was scared off later managed to make contact with a Russian destroyer. It turned out that the intruder had a message for the Commander-in-Chief from the Czar: His Imperial Majesty had been pleased to promote Rozhestvensky to the rank of Vice Admiral. "We cannot but be moved to tears when we read in this telegram of the supreme solicitude of Their Majesties," the Admiral said in a fleet order the following morning, adding, "I do not wish thoughtlessly to appropriate this kind consideration all to myself, but to share it equally with my officers and men. Heaven above will surely bless all those who are about to undertake this difficult voyage on behalf of our country."

On the morning of October 20th, the squadron was anchored just off the Skaw, taking on coal. All morning long, Rozhestvensky received reports of suspicious vessels approaching from Norway, and in midafternoon he ordered Enkvist's cruisers and destroyers and the auxiliaries to break off coaling operations and head down the North Sea. A couple of hours later, von Felkerzam and his division followed, and a couple of hours after that Rozhestvensky set off, with the four big battleships. According to plan, the three divisions were not to meet again until they reached Tangier; each was to coal at a different point on the way. For the men of Rozhestvensky's division, it was a jittery night. At about nine o'clock, two silvery shapes were seen high up in the sky, moving slowly from southwest to northeast. The Russians did not doubt for an instant that these were Japanese reconnaissance balloons. To Rozhestvensky, they were a proof that the enemy was one step ahead of him; to the sailors they were an omen of disaster. The balloons disappeared and, like flying saucers, were never seen again.

The following morning, the four battleships steamed down the North Sea in a thick fog, each vessel feeling its way forward cautiously amid a great clamor of foghorns—"trying to outdo one another," Novikoff-Priboy said, "in the loudness of their stentorian halloos . . . shrieks of agony, as if to an-

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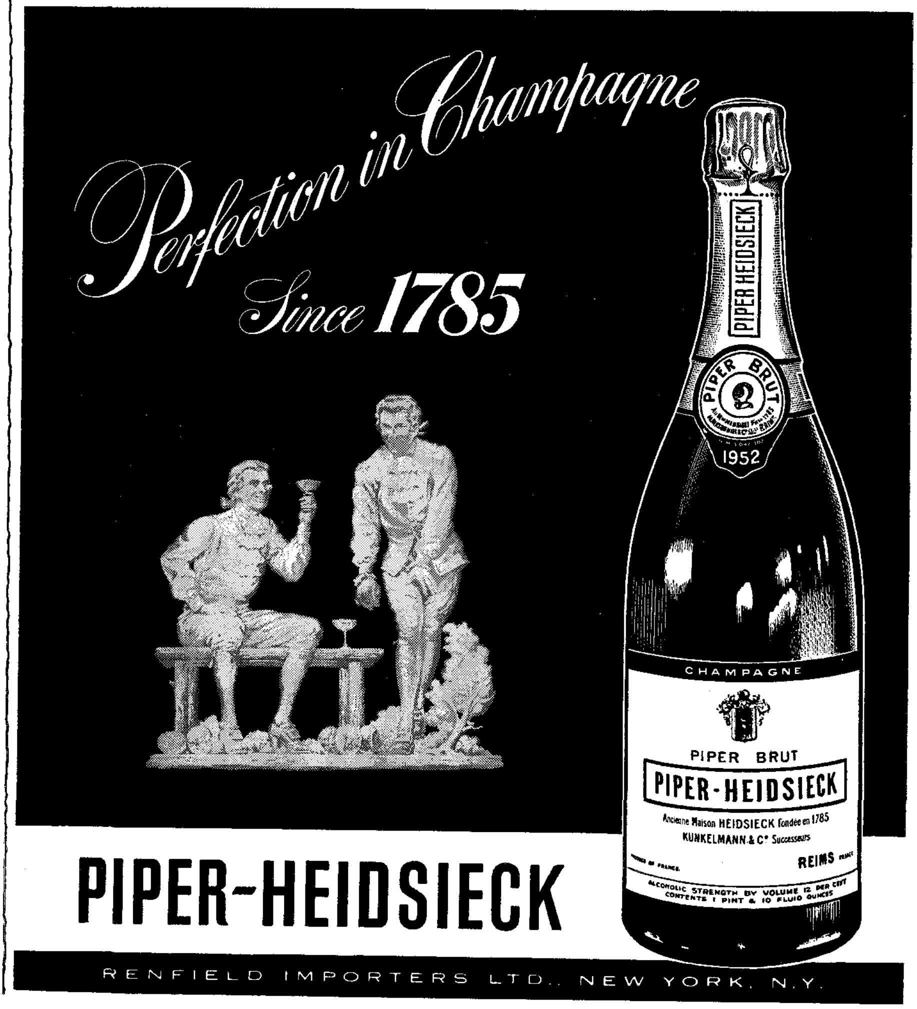

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nounce some terrible misfortune." Many of the crew were having their first experience of dense fog at sea, and there was constantly mounting tension. Then, at noon, a wind came up and the fog cleared. From the flagship, only her three sister ships could be seen, widely scattered in loose formation. Enkvist's cruisers, with the auxiliaries, and von Felkerzam's ironclads were doubtless far ahead, and the Kamchatka, which had had engine trouble during the night, was far behind. The day passed uneventfully, and then, at nine in the evening, the Suvoroff received a message from the Kamchatka: "Chased by torpedo boats. We are firing at them."

"How many?" the Suvoroff demanded. "From which side?"

"About eight. From all directions."

"Have they discharged any torpedoes?"

There was a short pause—perhaps the Kamchatka's radio operator had dashed out on deck for a glance over the rails—and then came the answer: "We haven't seen any."

It seemed curious that the Japanese should single out the old Kamchatka and neglect the battleships. "Someone's making a fool of us," one of the Suvoroff's officers remarked. At eleven o'clock, the Suvoroff signalled the Kamchatka again: "The Admiral wishes to know whether torpedo boats still in sight."

The repair ship was still afloat. "We cannot see any," she replied promptly.

Some ninety minutes later, Russian bugles were sounding the call to action. There was a furious din, compounded of the shouting of the men, the rattle of ammunition carriers in their hoists, the roar of hand trucks on their rails, the boom of gongs transmitting orders, and, at last, at 12:43 A.M., the crack of the six-inch guns opening fire. On each battleship, men ran to their posts, shouting "Where are they?" and "It's a full-scale attack!" and "We're hit!" According to Novikoff-Priboy, "Some seized life belts. . . . Some crossed themselves, while others mouthed curses." A steward on one of the battleships later told Edgar Wallace, then a reporter for the London *Daily Mail*, "A midshipman rushed into the messroom and exclaimed, in most excited tones, 'The Japanese are attacking us!' All the officers immediately rushed on deck. Some little time afterward, a sailor came down to me and said that Lieutenant —— wanted me to bring up on deck two glasses of brandy. Just as I reached the upper deck, I heard shooting. All

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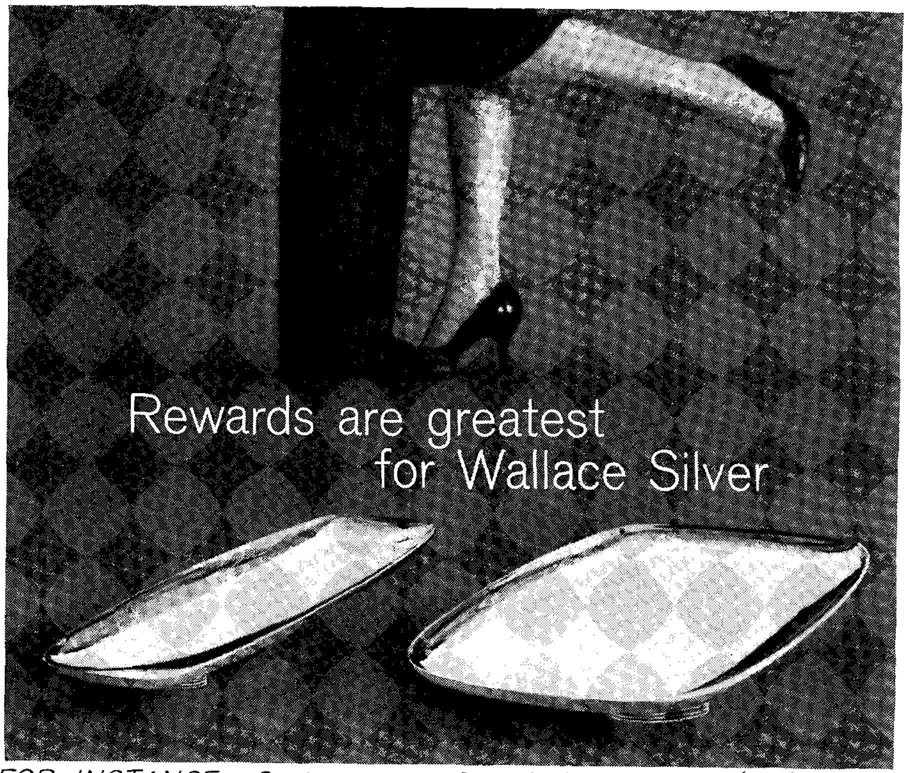
the sailors were lying on their faces, and the officers were all under cover and were talking at the tops of their voices. Midshipman B—— was waving a drawn sword, crying out, 'The Japanese!' "

It had all begun on the bridge of the Suvoroff. Two green flares had been sighted to the southwest, and the Suvoroff had promptly flashed the signal "Engage enemy," but it was several minutes before the flagship's searchlights, flitting and darting about, could find the enemy—a group of little vessels, barely half a mile away, gleaming white in the blinding light. The Russians opened a withering fire, and in short order three of the little boats were hit, and one of these was listing heavily; the tide of battle was running with the Russians. Then, suddenly, from the west, searchlights began sweeping over the ironclads, and a moment later shells were whining overhead. There was a cry of "Cruisers!" The Japanese were clearly bringing up reinforcements—or, rather, their main fleet. The Russians swung their great gun turrets around and returned the fire.

TWO days earlier, a fleet of about forty trawlers, each weighing a hundred tons and carrying a crew of eight or nine men, had set out from Hull, on the west coast of England, for the most famous fishing ground in the North Sea—the Dogger Bank. The ships—collectively nicknamed the Gamecock Fleet—arrived at the Bank late in the afternoon of the twenty-first, and began trawling almost at once. They were still hard at it at midnight, when the lights of several large ships were seen to the northeast. The ships were warships, the fishermen guessed, and no doubt British. The trawlers had red, white, and green lanterns for identification, and it was not like the Royal Navy to disturb fishermen, but it soon became clear that the warships were bearing straight down on the Gamecock Fleet. The captain of the lead trawler thereupon sent up a couple of green flares to warn the other little vessels to move off to windward.

When the Russian searchlights came on, the trawler crews were surprised but not alarmed, and when the firing began, they took it to be nothing more serious than night gunnery practice. It was rather to avoid a collision than because of the gunfire that they were clearing out. A moment later, though, the sea around them was churned by hundreds of exploding shells. Now panicky, the fishermen waved their



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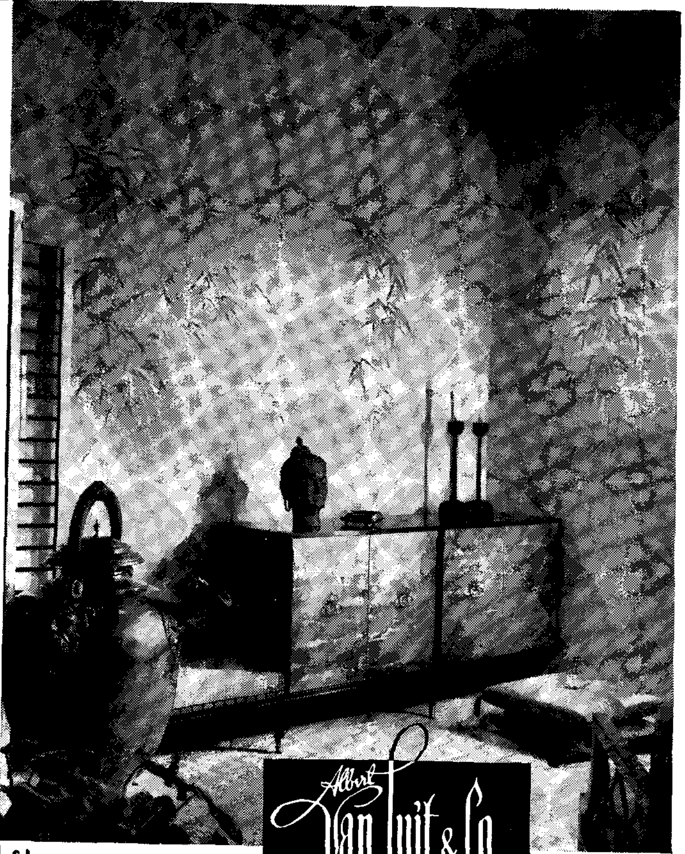

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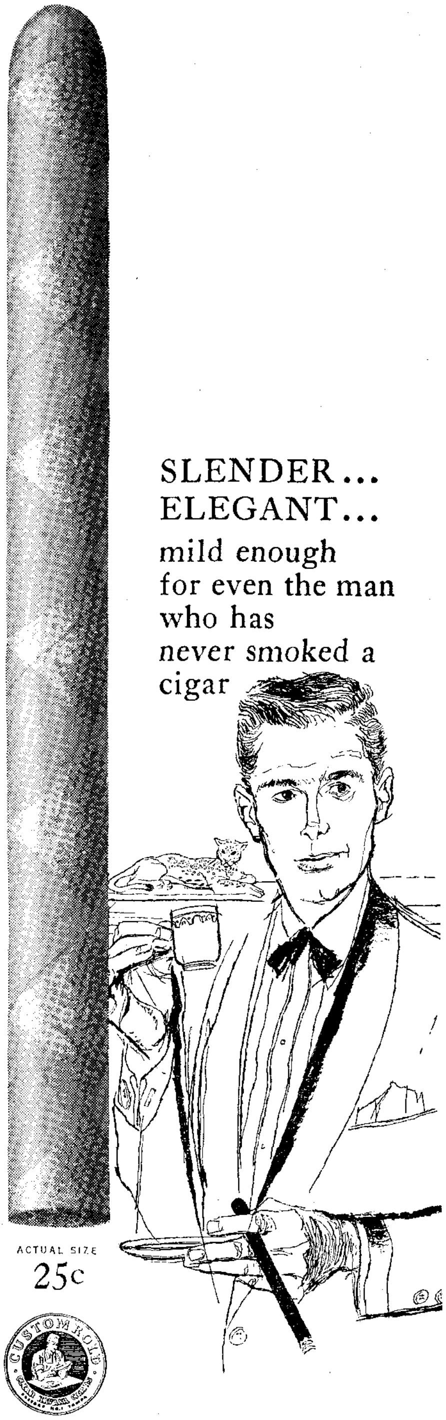

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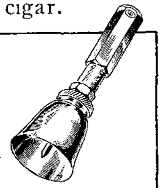

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arms and shouted at the tops of their voices. "To show what we were, I held a big plaice up," one said later. "My mate showed a haddock."

It needed more than a haddock and a plaice to halt the Russian gunners. From the Suvoroff, the range was down to a hundred yards, and there was certain to be a hit before long. "Going on deck, I saw several ships which had covered us with their searchlights and which were all firing at us simultaneously," a fisherman on a trawler called the Crane said later. "I ran below again, and was followed by the boatswain . . . who had nearly reached the bottom of the ladder when he fell backward, crying 'I'm shot. My hands are off!' I turned to help him, when another shell burst through the Crane's side and hit me on the left arm, tearing away the flesh." Within a few moments, the captain of the Crane had been decapitated, most of the crew had been wounded, there was blood all over the fo'c'sle, the first mate was frantically trying to launch a boat, and the trawler itself was listing badly.

Just then, the cruisers appeared in the west, and for ten minutes the battleships and the cruisers, about half a mile apart, exchanged a hail of fire. The cruisers were signalling each other wildly, and finally it dawned on the men on the bridge of the Suvoroff that the signals were Russian signals and the cruisers were Enkvist's. "Switch off searchlights!" Rozhestvensky ordered. "One beam up." This meant break off action, but the firing died slowly, and on the Suvoroff, just a few yards from where Rozhestvensky was standing, an overzealous gunner was preparing another six-pound shot for the listing Crane. Rozhestvensky rushed at him, grabbed his shoulder, and shouted, "How dare you?"

It was 12:55 A.M.; the action had lasted just twelve minutes. Now, with all lights extinguished, the cruisers re-formed and steamed away to the southwest, and the battleships followed, in a ragged column. Breathless and garrulous after their baptism by fire, the gun crews squatted among the scattered shell cases on deck; no one had seen fewer than a dozen enemy torpedo boats, and there were loud tales of torpedo trails skating past a hairbreadth away. In the wardrooms, the officers discussed the action over vodka and tea. While there had been a blunder over the cruisers—Enkvist obviously had gone off course—hardly anyone doubted that Japanese vessels had concealed themselves among the trawlers.

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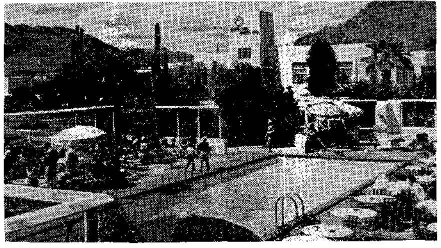

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It was too bad that the Russians had hit some of the trawlers (English, no doubt), but what could you expect in a night action? On the Suvoroff, only the head surgeon denied that there had been any torpedo boats, and he was quickly silenced. As it happened, the surgeon had had plenty of time to look around during the skirmish, for there had been no serious hits and no injuries on the flagship—and none on the other battleships, either. Admiral Enkvist's medical staff had been busier. Two of the cruisers had been damaged, and the chaplain of one had been killed.

Only von Felkerzam's ironclads had missed the battle. They had, it turned out later, seen the lights of the Gamecock Fleet, recognized the boats as trawlers, and gone their way. Now this division led the squadron down the North Sea and into the English Channel. On October 23rd, small crowds gathered at vantage points on the coast to watch the ships steam along beneath the dense black cloud of their own smoke, hugging the three-mile limit. Toward midday, von Felkerzam halted off Brighton's new Palace Pier, to take on coal from a pair of waiting colliers, and for two and a half hours people on the pier and on the beach had a good look at the stocky black ironclads.

That night, the trawlers came back to Hull Harbor. Like any other fishing port, Hull was accustomed to sudden death, but this was a disaster that, for the moment, no one could quite understand, and indignation gathered momentum slowly. The next morning, a deputation of Hull fishermen presented themselves at the Foreign Office, in London, and told their story, and within a few hours the Dogger Bank Incident, as Fleet Street christened it, had brought on a surge of national outrage. "Is the wretched Baltic Fleet to

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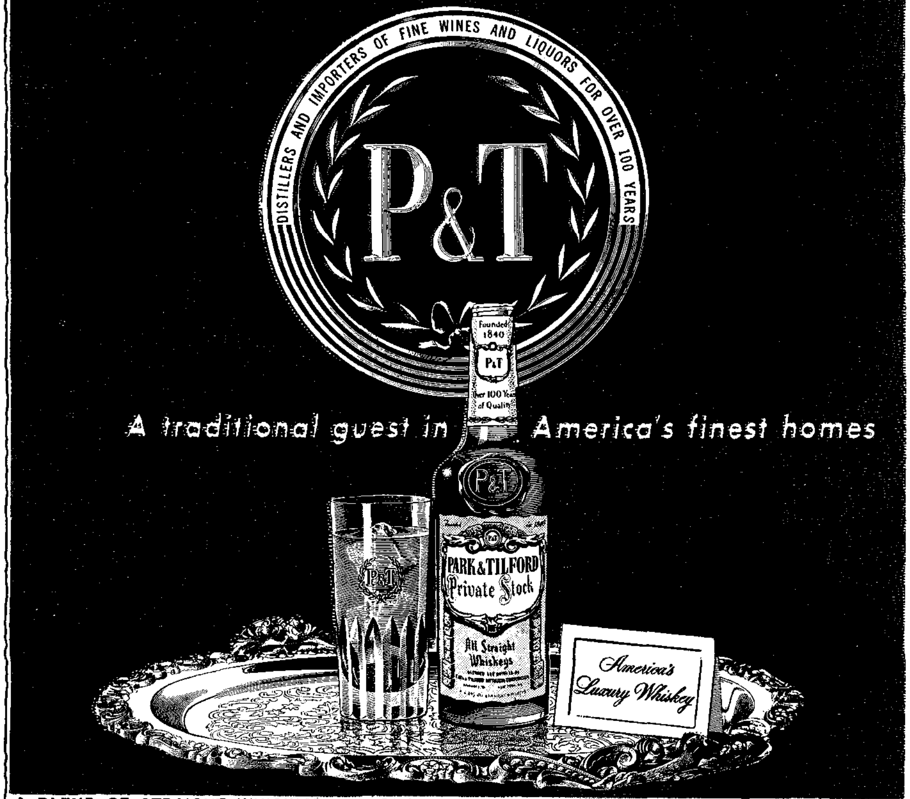
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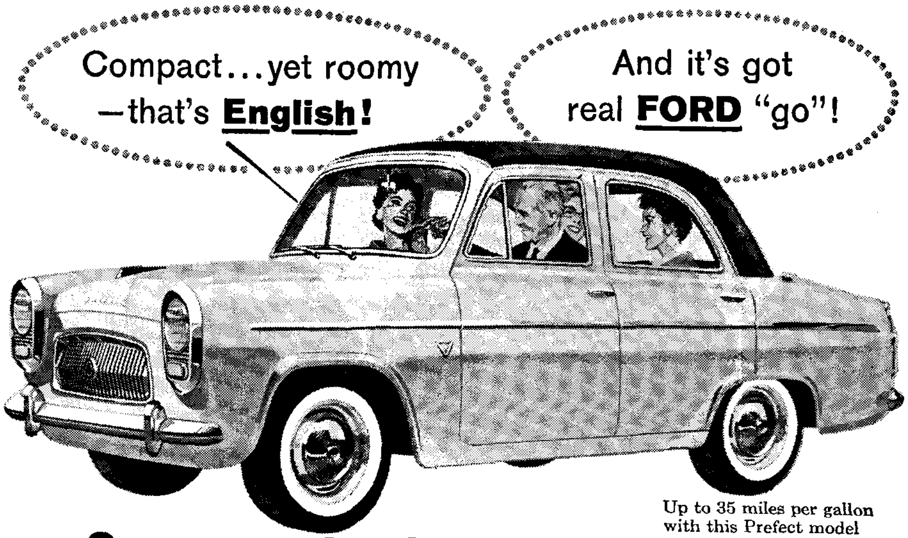
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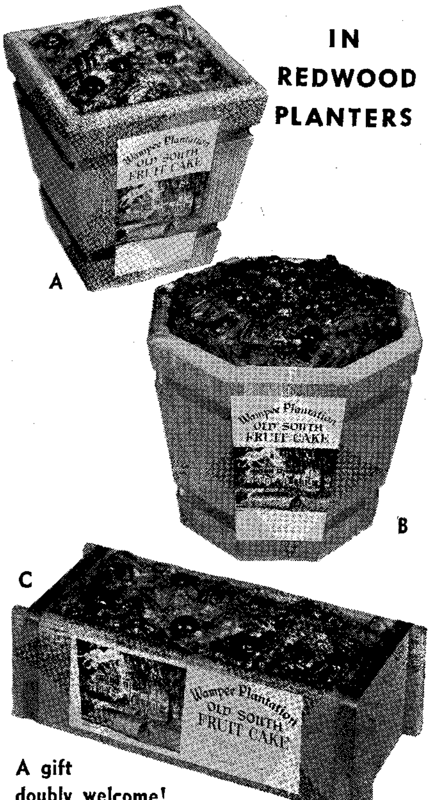

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be permitted to continue its operations, with its inefficient commanders, its drafts of raw landsmen, its blundering navigators, and incompetent engineers?" the *Standard* asked on October 25th, and it seemed that the answer was to be no. Britain was on the brink of war. "The mind of the Government, like the mind of the nation, is made up," stated the *Times*. In St. Petersburg, the British Ambassador handed the Russian government a strong note, demanding an explanation, an apology, and an assurance that the guilty officers would be dealt with severely, and at once. Later in the day, an answer was received from the Czar—sincere regrets but no apology. That evening, the British Admiralty issued orders to the Mediterranean, Channel, and Home Fleets to prepare for war, "as a matter of precaution." From all sides, the Royal Navy closed in on the Russians. The Home Fleet, with eight battleships and four cruisers, had been in Scotland, and it left at once for the Channel. The Channel Fleet—the battleships Caesar, Victorious, Hannibal, Illustrious, Jupiter, Magnificent, Majestic, and Mars, as formidable as they sounded, and the cruisers Theseus, Endymion, Doris, and Hermes—steamed out to shadow Rozhestvensky. The Mediterranean Fleet—a dozen battleships and forty-four cruisers, destroyers, and gunboats—was put on a war footing, and so was Gibraltar. Within twenty-four hours, twenty-eight battleships were ready to destroy the Second Pacific Squadron at a word from Whitehall. With the English behind him and the English ahead of him, Rozhestvensky was now, as a satisfied correspondent to the *Times* put it, "the ham of a strategic sandwich."

FOR the moment, the Second Pacific Squadron knew nothing of all this. The three divisions—now about fifty miles apart—steamed out of the Channel and into the Bay of Biscay. It was rough and very cold there until October 26th, when a warm sun rose in a cloudless sky. Ahead, the sierras of northern Spain shimmered through the heat haze, and barely visible beyond them were snow-capped peaks. To most of the sailors, the southern heat was a delightful novelty. For Rozhestvensky's division, the next coaling station was Vigo, on the west coast of Spain, and when the battleships arrived in the wide, smooth harbor, they found five German colliers waiting for them. The ships' bunkers were low, and Rozhestvensky gave orders for coaling to begin

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at once. When a cutter drew up alongside the Suvoroff and several Spanish officials came aboard, he was prepared to receive an official greeting. Instead, Vigo provided the first of many cold welcomes for the Russians. The Spaniards insisted that the ships could not remain in their waters longer than twenty-four hours, and could not replenish their store of coal, or anything else. Rozhestvensky was furious. "Some of our ships are damaged," he told the Spaniards. "We have coal for only two days' sailing. It is imperative that we stock our bunkers." The officials shrugged, expressed their regrets, and left. Before they had reached the quay, Rozhestvensky ordered the colliers to come alongside and be ready to coal at a moment's notice, and armed sentries were posted on the ships, with orders to shoot anyone who attempted to interfere with the coaling. If the Admiral was to be treated like an antagonist, he was ready to behave like one. The coaling did not begin quite yet, though.

In the afternoon, Rozhestvensky went ashore and, to his surprise, was received by a guard of honor and a military band. The Spaniards, having done their duty, were hospitable. In an easier atmosphere, Rozhestvensky assured the port commandant that he would not disobey the order, and the commandant agreed that that was sensible, particularly since there happened to be a British cruiser squadron in a bay nearby. Soon afterward, a British man-of-war steamed into the harbor and anchored uncomfortably close to the Russian battleships.

It was in Vigo that the crews of the battleships learned that at Dogger Bank they had set off an international crisis. Newspapers were distributed on the vessels that first night, and a swarm of rumors swept over the division. One had it that war with Britain was imminent, and another that the Russian admirals and captains were to be court-martialled, while a third, and milder one, had the ironclad divisions ordered back to Reval. By this time, the Continental newspapers were nearly as outraged as the British. The *Berliner Tageblatt* remarked that the Russian commanders "must be all the time in an abnormal state of mind," and described Rozhestvensky as "an exceedingly nervous gentleman, who gets into a state of boundless excitement over trifles," while another German paper wrote, "It is to be presumed that the noble Russian sea dogs were drunk, and therefore unconscious of what they were doing." Rozhestvensky himself, who read the

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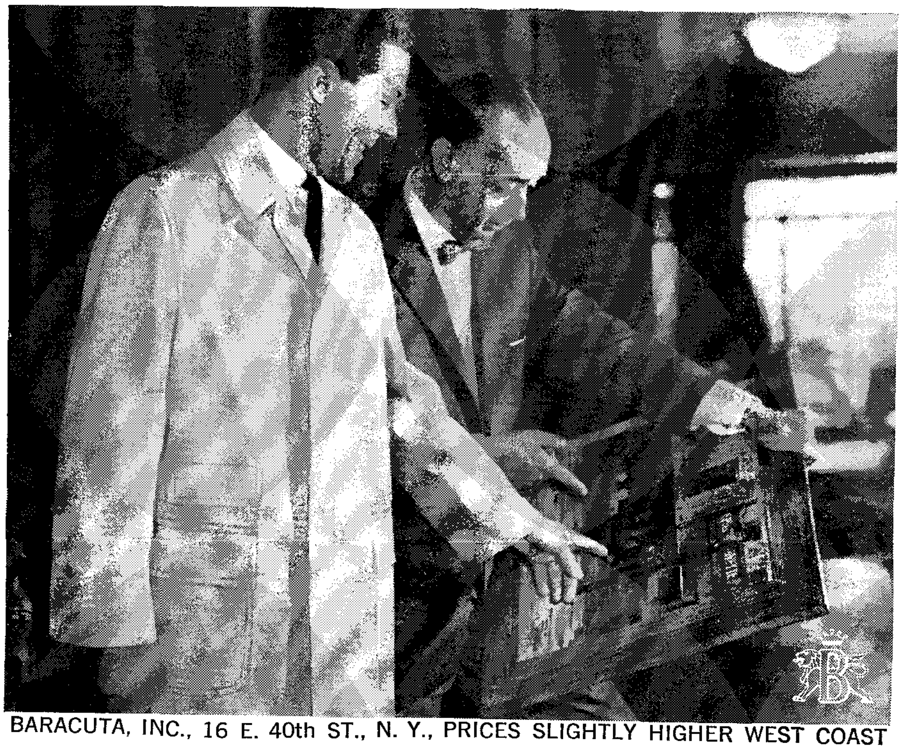

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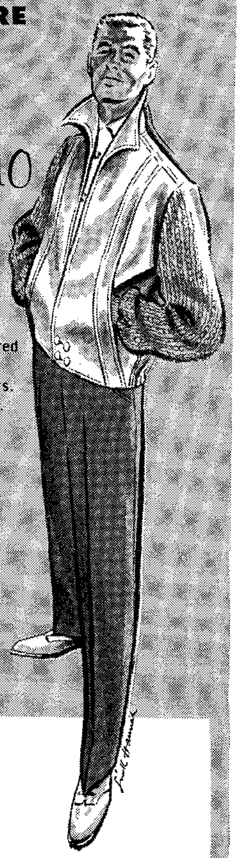

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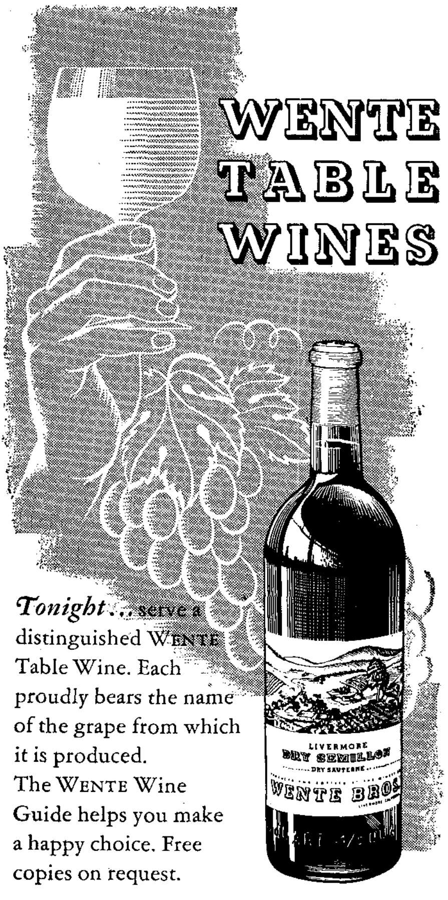
papers in his cabin, with Clapier de Colongue at his side, took it all cheerfully enough; he was confident that St. Petersburg would put an end to this nonsense. Practically every paper compared the naval strength of the Russians and the British, and when the Admiral read an article stating that the entire Royal Navy, with its twenty-eight battleships, was hovering outside Vigo Harbor, he remarked to Clapier de Colongue, "A strange amusement, this, counting up the ships. If we were to come to blows, all we would be concerned with would be the first four enemy battleships. How many more there might be would mean nothing to us."

The following morning, the British government seemed determined to keep the Russian battleships in custody at Vigo, with the Royal Navy standing guard outside, until satisfaction was obtained from St. Petersburg, but within a few hours England seemed to have agreed that the squadron might be released, for the Admiral received word that the Spanish government would allow the ironclads to take on four hundred tons of coal each. Everyone—officers and men together—set to at once, spurred on by a promise of two extra tots of vodka for the crew of every ship that refuelled quickly. Coaling went on all through the night, and by ten o'clock in the morning not four but eight hundred tons were safely aboard each battleship.

At the request of St. Petersburg, Rozhestvensky sent two long telegrams to his government from Vigo, giving the Russian version of the Dogger Bank Incident. "The incident of the North Sea," he declared in the first one, "was provoked by two torpedo boats that, without showing any lights, advanced under cover of darkness to attack the vessel steaming at the head of the division. When the division began to sweep the sea with its searchlights, and opened fire, the presence was also discovered of several small fishing vessels. The detachment endeavored to spare these boats." In the second telegram, he struck a conciliatory note. While suggesting that it was imprudent for "foreign fishing vessels to involve themselves in this enterprise," he begged, "in the name of the whole fleet, to express our sincere regret for the unfortunate victims of circumstances in which no warship could, even in times of profound peace, have acted otherwise."

These messages were widely publicized, and soon British passion was on the wane; only three vessels had been damaged, after all, and the Russians had



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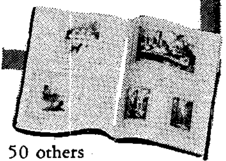

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apologized. On the thirtieth of October, Arthur James Balfour, the Prime Minister, said in a speech that all was well; the Russian government had ordered the battleships to remain at Vigo until it was discovered which officers had been responsible, and an international commission would be set up to conduct an investigation. The Czar, he went on, had shown great wisdom. Actually, if Balfour was correct in reporting the bargain, Rozhestvensky almost instantly violated it. On the first of November, he and his battleships left Vigo. He did, however, leave four witnesses there to testify before the international commission. (When it had completed its work, months later, it ordered Russia to pay Britain sixty-five thousand pounds for the damage caused at the Dogger Bank.) Three were junior officers—one each from the Oryol, the Borodino, and the Alexander III—and the fourth was Commander Klado. As the banished Commander left the Suvoroff, one officer murmured to another, "The rats are leaving before the ship sinks."

Whether or not the British had agreed to Rozhestvensky's departure, they did not leave him in peace. Most of the way to Tangier, British cruisers sported with the Russian battleships, darting ahead and crossing from port to starboard in beautifully executed movements, and then falling astern, only to steam past at full speed barely half a mile away. Sometimes there were just two or three English men-of-war in sight, sometimes half a dozen. At night, British searchlights played first on one, then another of the Russian battleships. "It's disgusting to treat us like this!" a midshipman on the Oryol exclaimed angrily. "Following us about, shadowing us as if we were criminals!" The ultimate humiliation came in the early morning of November 2nd; the Oryol's steering gear broke down, and Rozhestvensky had to halt the division while repairs were carried out. The British cruisers turned about and re-formed suspiciously to the Russian rear, in impeccable battle order, and Rozhestvensky, watching from the bridge of the Suvoroff, could bear it no longer. "Those are real seamen," he told one of his officers. "Oh, if only we—" Then he broke off, walked swiftly across the bridge, and disappeared down the ladder.

The next day, November 3rd, was more cheerful. The British cruisers at last drew away, and the crews celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Czar's accession. Toasts were drunk to the Czar and, less formally, to the

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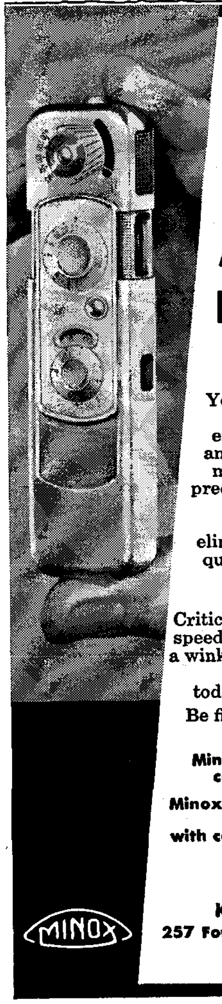

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destruction of the Royal Navy. In the seamen's quarters, vodka ran freely, and there were speeches and repeated cheers. At three in the afternoon, the four ironclads steamed slowly into the Tangier roadstead and anchored alongside von Felkerzam's battleships and Enkvist's cruisers. Together for the first time since Libau, the crews, flashing messages or merely shouting, excitedly exchanged news with old friends: "We had three hits," "I counted twenty Japs," "Didn't those British make a fuss?" "Do you know what happened to So-and-So?" Even the Kamchatka had turned up at the rendezvous, boasting of the three hundred shells she had fired on that fateful evening and hotly denying newspaper reports that her targets had been a Swedish merchantman, a German trawler, and a French schooner. But officers and crews were not given long to gossip. A dozen Hamburg-Amerika colliers had arrived before them, and they were already far behind schedule; there would be a prize of fifteen hundred rubles for the ship that coaled fastest. Everyone stripped to the waist and set to work.

The Sultan of Morocco had welcomed the Russians with great cordiality, and, to prove his disregard for power politics and Western opinion, had let the world know that they could stay in Tangier as long as they liked. Rozhestvensky went ashore in full-dress uniform to express his gratitude. The shore batteries accorded him a seventeen-gun salute, and a deputation of robed sheiks from the royal household, accompanied by officials of the Russian consulate in morning coats and bowlers, took him into town for the exchange of courtesies. Rozhestvensky courteously declined the Sultan's invitation to stay on; he wanted to get away at once.

Back on the Suvoroff, he finally made his plans for the voyage known. He had decided to split the fleet: von Felkerzam would go through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal with the old Sisoy Veliky and Navarin, three light cruisers, and all the destroyers, and Rozhestvensky would take the rest of the squadron, including von Felkerzam's flagship, the Oslyabya, around the Cape of Good Hope. The two detachments would meet at Diego Suarez, at the north end of Madagascar. Nobody quite understood the reasoning behind this plan, and there was much argument in the wardrooms. The official version was that the draft of the bigger ships was too great for the canal, but some of the officers

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calculated that there would be at least six feet to spare. Perhaps Rozhestvensky feared torpedo-boat attacks in the narrow confines of the Red Sea; if so, it was interesting that, as someone astutely pointed out, he was prepared to let the ships that he had not wanted in the first place run that risk. A more charitable view was that he feared for the safety of the old ironclads on the long, rough Cape trip. In any case, at nine that same evening the Sisoy Veliky, renowned chiefly for her prodigious consumption of coal, led von Felkerzam's detachment through the Strait of Gibraltar.

Rozhestvensky wanted to get the rest of the squadron under way the next day, but a gale during the night held up coaling. In the morning, as the ships coaled, local peddlers swarmed aboard, and business in postcards, white shoes, and topees was brisk. In the afternoon, two ships joined the squadron—a supply ship, carrying a thousand tons of frozen meat, which meant postponement of the dreaded day when the crews would have to start on the salt beef, and a twin-funnelled hospital ship. She was to remain permanently with the squadron, and her clean white hull and her hundred white-clad nurses—tantalizingly inaccessible though they were—were to give the crews comfort during the months ahead.

So far, every departure from port had been conspicuously undistinguished—and it was unfortunate that there had always been a lot of people watching, among them newspaper correspondents—but the departure from Tangier, on the morning of November 5th, turned out to be worse than anything that had gone before. It was a series of wild *faux pas*. The ships had been instructed to form up into a complicated cruising formation; there were to be two columns—the five battleships to starboard, and the Kamchatka (of all ships) leading the auxiliaries to port. Enkvist was to bring up his remaining vessels into a wedge at the rear. Nothing so difficult had been attempted before; the Admiral had given few details, but no one had quite dared to ask questions about such things as the speed and the distance between vessels. The result was two and a half hours of pandemonium, with Rozhestvensky storming from one end of his bridge to the other while Clapier de Colongue worked desperately to sort out the melee. Just as it appeared that the squadron might put to sea after all, the anchor chain of one of the transports got caught in an underwater cable. "Cut it away!" her captain

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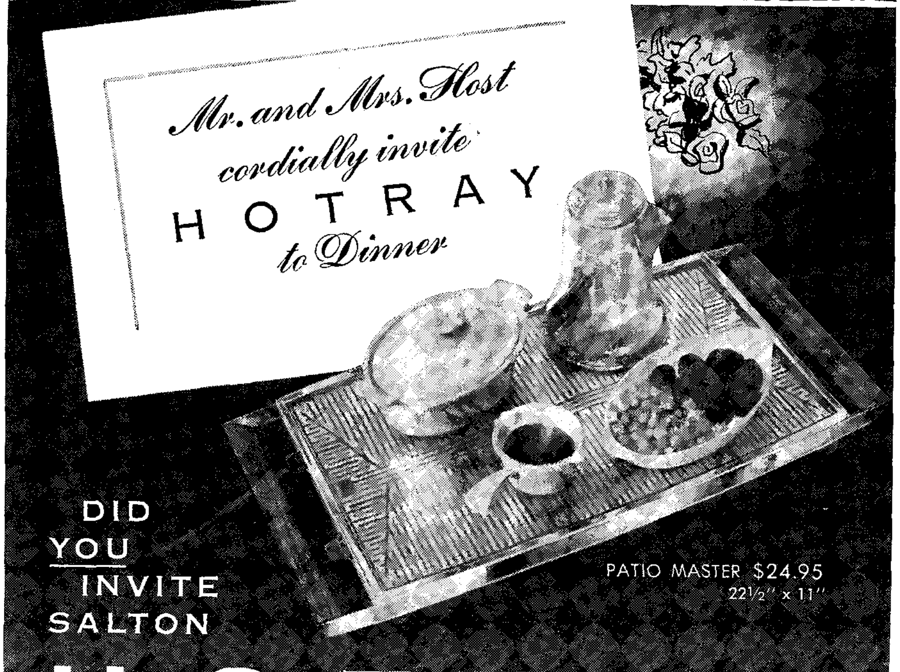

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was told, and Tangier's communications with Europe were severed. At last, some order was established, but then the Suvoroff's steering gear jammed, and the bewildered captain of the Kamchatka suddenly found the flagship steaming straight toward him. A collision was avoided by a few feet, and the other auxiliaries scattered.

DAYS of comparative peace followed, broken only by occasional engine trouble and by the appearance, from time to time, of British cruisers. Speed was eight knots, the weather was clear, the sea was calm. At Dakar, in French West Africa, a week later, eleven colliers, with thirty thousand tons of coal, were waiting, and even before the squadron had dropped anchor, they were moving toward the ironclads. Here Rozhestvensky sprang another of his surprises: the big battleships, with a bunker capacity of eleven hundred tons each, were to carry exactly twice that much, and the smaller vessels were to overload correspondingly. An order entitled "Instructions for Storing Coal," issued from the flagship, read like a glossary of an ironclad's anatomy: ". . . in any spare space in the upper deck, lower deck, gun deck, poop, and in the cockpit, over closed, water-tight manhole covers, in the bathrooms, drying rooms, engine-room workshops, wing passages, fore and aft torpedo flats, twelve-inch-gun-turret passages, in bags between the 47-mm. guns, loose on the quarterdeck, with some means to prevent it falling overboard. . . ." There were three pages of this. The cabins of the officers up to the rank of commander were not spared; any corner of the ship would do as long as the engines could work, the ship could be steered, and the crew was not actually asphyxiated. "Compartments in which coal is stored should be from time to time ventilated by rigging wind sails through the skylights," the instructions said, but asphyxiation was not much of a danger, since there would hardly be room for men to squeeze below decks. Dakar marked the beginning of the Russians' ordeal by coal.

Just as the coaling began, the French port admiral came out in a launch and told Rozhestvensky that it must cease at once. The Japanese and British governments were about to protest the Russian fleet's entry into neutral waters. Rozhestvensky was in no mood to stand any nonsense. "I intend to take on coal unless your shore batteries prevent me," he said. The two men eyed each other cagily. "You sure-

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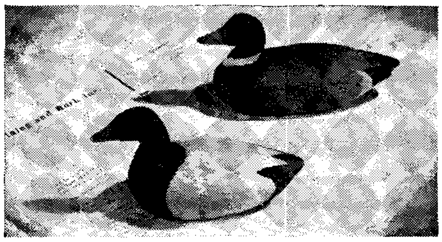

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ly must know that we have no shore batteries," the Frenchman replied. The tension broke, there was some laughter, and the success of the voyage was toasted in champagne.

With the thermometer at a hundred and twenty degrees and the humidity in the nineties, the crews set to work. Soon a black cloud enveloped every warship and its attendant collier, and to watchers onshore the harbor appeared to be filled with smoldering hulks. From the decks of the men-of-war, the sun looked like an orange ball. Every now and then, a man fainted and a bucket of water was thrown over him; when he came round, he picked up his sack and went on loading coal. A few cases of heatstroke had to be taken more seriously; on the Oslyabya the son of the Russian Ambassador in Paris, a Lieutenant Nelidoff, fell down dead. And all the while, the ships' bands played rousing tunes. "The work," one officer said, "goes better to music."

After twenty-nine hours, the coaling was completed, and the blackened sailors lay about on deck, almost too exhausted to drink their tots of vodka before starting work on cleaning the ships. Soon the French port admiral appeared on the Suvoroff again, to report that he had received a cable from Paris; the French government expressly forbade the refuelling of the Russian warships in the neutral harbor of Dakar, he told Rozhestvensky, and, if necessary, steps would be taken to prevent it. Again the two men laughed. Three hours later, the squadron weighed anchor and moved on down the coast of Africa. —RICHARD HOUGH

(*This is the first of a series of three articles.*)

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DEPT. OF UTTER CONFUSION
(HOMEOWNERS' DIVISION)

[*From the Milford (N.H.) Cabinet & Wilton Journal*]

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Simoneau and son from Wilton purchased from the Blanchards the Pike house and moved in on Monday.

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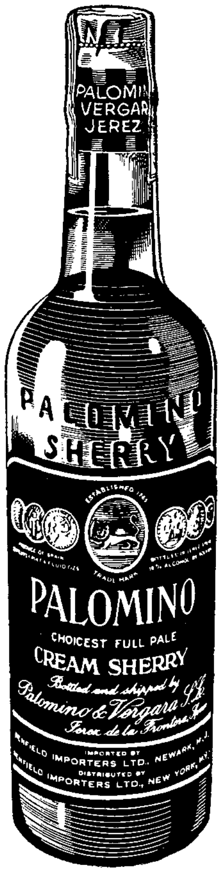

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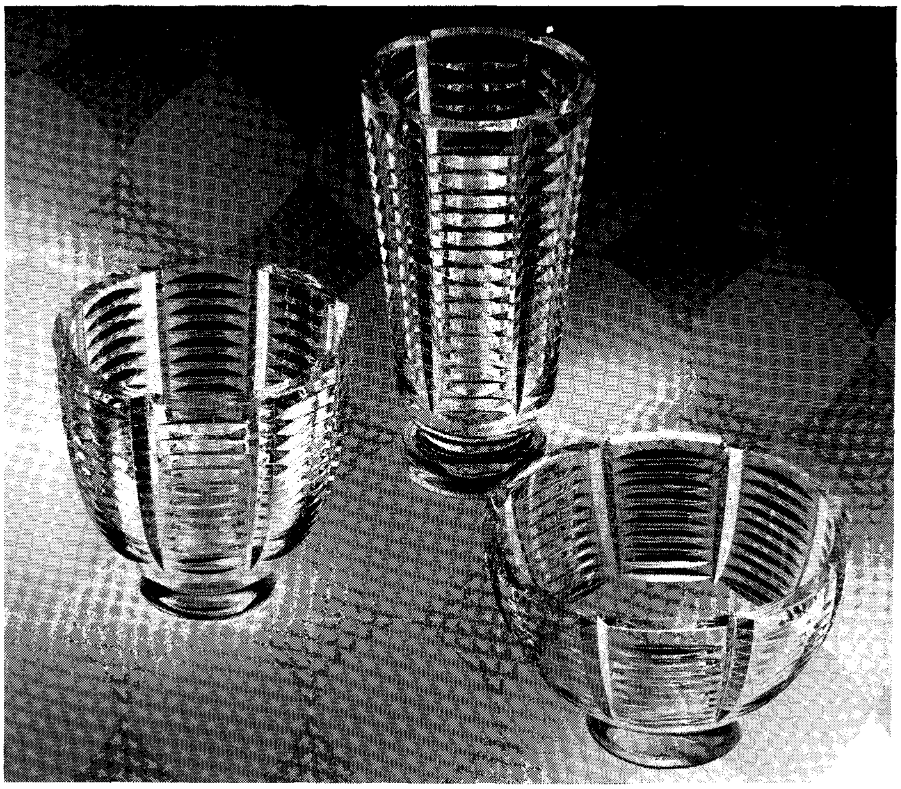

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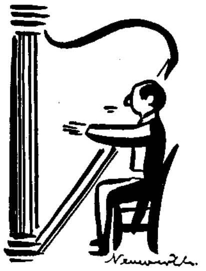
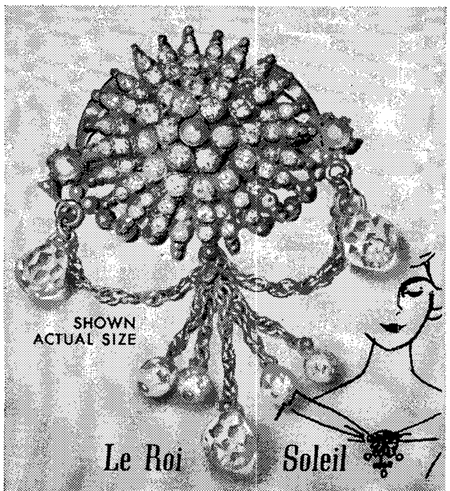
MUSICAL EVENTS

Saluting Mr. Ives



AT its opening concert in Carnegie Hall last Thursday, the New York Philharmonic introduced (as nearly everybody knows by now) a changed policy: giving its Thursday-night affairs the character of informal dress rehearsals and permitting the conductor—in this case, Leonard Bernstein—to comment at length on the music. The method is not exactly new. It has long been used in what are known as music-appreciation courses, and concertgoers who are as old as I am remember that the late Walter Damrosch used to employ it, with quite happy results, thirty years or so ago in his concerts with the old New York Symphony. But it is a practice new to the Philharmonic, and I must say that the other night it injected a very pleasant and stimulating note into the proceedings, increasing the intimacy between conductor and audience, and providing an atmosphere of fun and personal involvement that has been sorely lacking in the staid ceremonies that symphony concerts have lately become. Mr. Bernstein is, of course, a handsome, persuasive, and extremely articulate gentleman, who talks about music as eloquently as he conducts it, and the charm with which he fulfilled his dual role as lecturer and conductor exerted an undeniable spell on his listeners, giving them a sense of participation in what was going on and eliciting no end of excitement, which showed itself in rapt silences as well as fervent applause. While I myself may not have agreed with everything he said, such disagreements as occurred to me were certainly unimportant in the face of the interesting social phenomenon that was in progress. Mr. Bernstein was occupied in selling music—some of it very fine music—to his audience; the audience, a large and eager one, was obviously delighted at being sold the product so ingratiatingly and skillfully; and the Philharmonic's new venture appeared to have started out as a huge success. Moreover (though I must ask pardon for saying so, since critics were requested not to comment in detail on the quality of the performances but to consider the evening merely as a rehearsal for the rest of the week's con-



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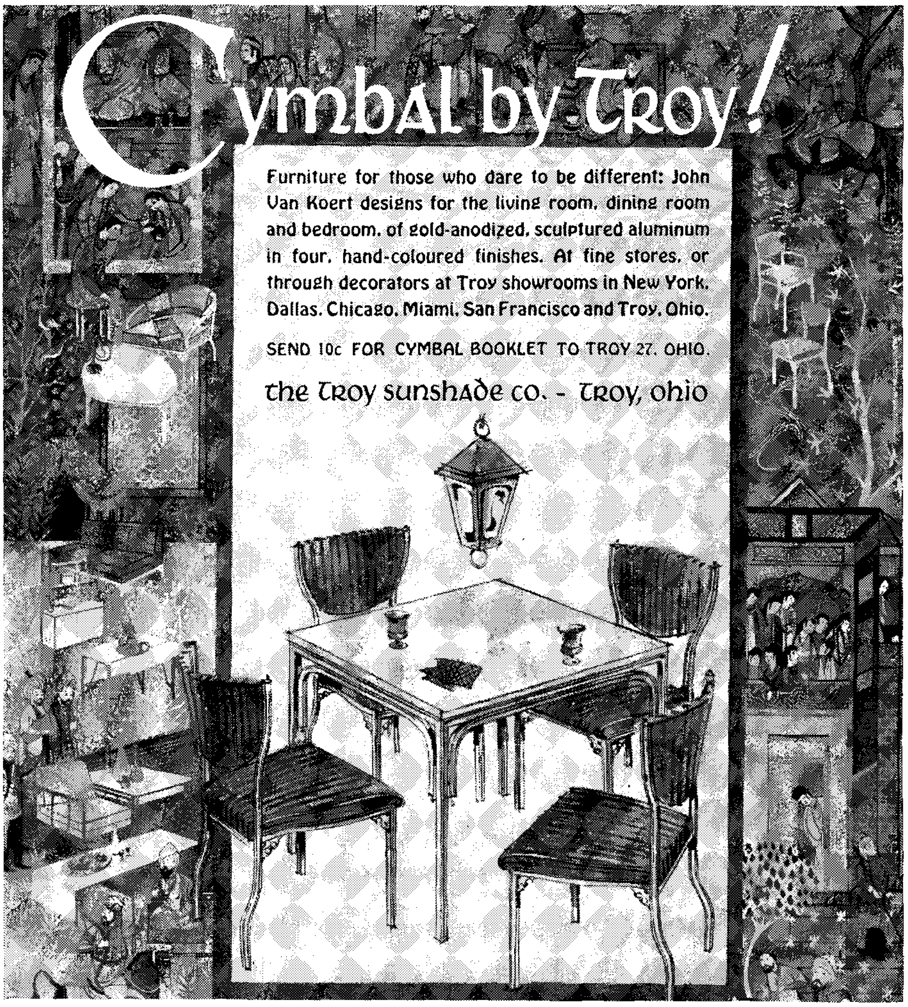
certs), the orchestra played with a sort of tautness and responsiveness that it has shown only intermittently during the past few decades. Mr. Bernstein had evidently infused into it some of the same spirit of enthusiasm that he imparted to his audience, and this infusion seemed to have a distinctly rejuvenating effect on the work of the players.

The most interesting composition on Mr. Bernstein's program—which also included Berlioz' "Roman Carnival" Overture, William Schuman's "American Festival" Overture, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony—was, by all odds, the Second Symphony of the American composer Charles Ives, a truly great and rarely heard work, whose reappearance made the evening a memorable occasion. The late Mr. Ives has, of course, by now become something of a legend. The complete apathy with which his work was treated during his lifetime, coupled with a large amount of recent propaganda on the part of a minority who are certain that he is the greatest composer America has ever produced, has given him a controversial status that, to my mind, is scarcely warranted by the intrinsic character of most of his music. Personally, I am an Ives enthusiast, and I am not sure but what he really *is* America's greatest composer. In my opinion, though, the controversy that surrounds his work is useful only in bringing him to further public attention, and I am convinced that many of his partisans like him for the wrong reasons. I shall pass over here the much publicized innovations that technical thinkers have credited him with. To me, the fact that he discovered and occasionally used certain dubious tricks like atonality and bizarre combinations of sound long before Stravinsky and Schoenberg did adds not a jot to his stature as a composer, though it may be of interest to pedants. I am, at the moment, more interested in some other points and opinions about his music, which have also been widely circulated, and which Mr. Bernstein touched upon in his comment the other evening; namely, that Ives was somehow a "primitive" (Mr. Bernstein drew a rather facile analogy with Grandma Moses), that he was as purely and nationalistically American as a Connecticut quahog, and that he liked to borrow themes and other musical ideas from every source on earth, including the folk songs of his time and the works of the masters. There is a certain amount of truth to this last point, since "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and a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few other scraps of identifiable folklore enter into the weft of his Second Symphony, and there are passages in it that are undoubtedly reminiscent of Brahms and Wagner. But the case can easily be overstated, and I think Mr. Bernstein overstated it—especially when he strove to show that a certain singing theme in the symphony derived from the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth, something that was not at all obvious to me. In any event, I am by no means convinced that Ives was a "primitive." Primitiveness in music exists only on the level of folk music and jazz. To get the effect of primitiveness out of a hundred-man orchestra is a highly sophisticated feat, usually performed by decadent composers like Stravinsky, and it is always the result of supreme artifice. Such artifice is detectable now and then in Ives' music, and when it appears, it only proves him to have been one of the most sophisticated of composers and a master of the technique of his craft.

In considering Ives' rock-ribbed Americanism, let us take another look at this symphony. Actually, except for its final chord—a violent dissonance tacked on, God knows why, and bearing no relation to the rest of the work—it is a noble and moving essay in the grand symphonic tradition developed by the Germans and Austrians long before Ives' time. Like nearly every great master in musical history, Ives began by imitating the masters who preceded him; thus it is not surprising to find reminders here and there of the work of Brahms and Wagner. As for "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" and the other folk references, they are intermittent, and are wonderfully woven into the symphonic texture of the score, which everywhere moves with the dignity and complexity characteristic of the great reservoir of Central European musical thought—the reservoir from which all important symphonic thinking derives. The Second Symphony is, I think, one of the finest compositions ever to emerge from the mind of an American composer, but if you ask me why I think so, I must drop overboard the stock arguments of the Ives cult and point out that its fine qualities arise not from any self-conscious nationalism on Ives' part but from its strong, masculine inspiration, its spiritual dignity, its unabashed clarity, and a sort of emotional sincerity that has become uncommon in contemporary music. Of all the music with which I might compare it, it reminds me most of that written by the great, and equally misunderstood, sym-

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phonic genius Anton Bruckner, and in saying this I am according it—in my own mind, at least—the highest possible praise. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

JAZZ

The Great Things

THE tone of the concert given early last Friday evening in Carnegie Hall (and duplicated later that night) was pretty well set by the short, vacant opening remarks of its m.c., Symphony Sid, a disc jockey with a voice like a dredge: "It's so nize to have you here to listen to a lot of the great things I'm sure you'll enjoy." Symphony Sid then introduced the big band of Ted Heath, ending with a fortissimo rumble into the microphone that was neatly incorporated into Heath's first number, an equally loud blues that had, among other things, a solo by the drummer, who kept his hands close together directly in front of his stomach as if he were expertly dealing an enormous pack of cards. (The band's movements were tic-like all evening: The bass player hovered all over his instrument, like a bee; the various sections ceaselessly stood up and sat down; the soloists ran from their seats to the microphone and back.) From all reports, Heath's band, which has sixteen pieces, is extremely popular in its native England, a country whose reverence for jazz has always seemed slightly improper. A brisk dance band that is a cross between Glenn Miller's and Jimmy Dorsey's (except for its rhythm section, which, by playing as if it were mopping the floor, suggested a rhythm section that Harry James had in the early forties), it ran through ten or so numbers, which included some stampeding; some well-tested solos; swelling rendition of "Star Dust," "Over the Rainbow," "High Noon," and "I'm Beginning to See the Light;" and a five-part suite. It then fell back to accompany half a dozen selections by its singer, Dennis Lotis, whose thin, slightly flat voice rattled through the hall like loose change. The band's final piece, a kind of rain dance, displayed the drummer soloing in total darkness with luminous drumsticks while the rest of the band waved phosphorized maracas around.

Ahmad Jamal, a thirty-eight-year-old pianist who hunches toward the keyboard as if he were proselytizing it, followed the intermission. Jamal is a genuine musical curiosity, whose style is vaguely akin to an attenuated version of Count Basie's. He will play some ordinary chords, drop his hand in his lap

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for ten measures, reel off a simple, rhythmic single-note figure (often in the high registers), drop his hands for five or six more measures, slip in an arpeggio, drop his hands again, plump off some new chords, and so forth—all of which eventually gives the impression achieved by spasmodically stopping and unstopping the ears in a noisy room. Accompanied by bass and drums, which sustained a heavy, warlike thrumming that seemed to frown on his efforts, Jamal played five numbers in this fashion, and after a time everything was blotted out but the attempt to guess when he would next lift his hands to hit the piano. It was trying work.

Dakota Staton, the singer, swam on almost immediately in a huge pale-blue bouffant dress that displaced about a quarter of an acre, and, backed by an unidentified quartet (piano, bass, drums, and flute or saxophone), delivered a dozen selections in a manner that moved precisely and unwaveringly between Sarah Vaughan (slow tempos) and Dinah Washington (fast tempos). Her enunciation, however, resembled a taffy pull. Symphony Sid closed the concert, just two and a half hours after it had begun, with some booming words that were lost in the sounds of the audience scrabbling for the exits, lest it be caught again. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

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We're *still* frozen with fear.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Examiner*]

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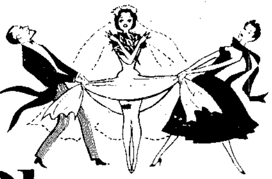

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LETTER FROM LONDON

October 1

IF there is nervousness here among ordinary people, as distinct from politicians, over the possibility of America's landing herself in a war over the offshore islands, it is uncommonly hard to see it with the naked eye or to hear it with the casually tuned-in ear. The leaders of the Labour and Liberal Parties and of the Trades Union Congress, it is true, have all come out flat with statements expressing alarm at the unfortunate jam in which Washington's China policy is now fixed, and have invited the Prime Minister to be equally blunt in announcing that this country will not get involved in any shooting, come what may. Mr. Macmillan's private reply to the worried trade-union leaders, who called on him in Downing Street and departed saying cheerfully that they were satisfied, has been amplified in public by a ringing silence—an old-fashioned and perhaps regrettable diplomatic device, many people feel, in view of the recent unprecedented display of wordy irritability elsewhere between world powers. The leader of the Opposition, Mr. Hugh Gaitskell, in proposing a downright emergency resolution on Quemoy to the Labour Party conference up at Scarborough this week, described this silence as "deathly," and implied sinister goings on behind it, though his point was somewhat damaged by the fact that the trade unions had already nipped in for their personal briefing and had not appeared to be unduly stricken by what they were told.

Anyhow, vast numbers of English seem to have settled things so quietly and firmly in their own minds that any mention of the United States in Londoners' conversations last week was likely to be centered ruefully on Newport and the disappointing behavior of Sceptre, rather than on Washington and the latest reported Dulles tack around explosive floating objects in the Formosa Strait. There is none of the argument rumbling about the place that there was over the rights and wrongs of the Middle East interventions, maybe because public opinion is for once, it would seem, pretty well united in thinking that the coastal islands are part of China's mainland, that continuing to boost the ghost

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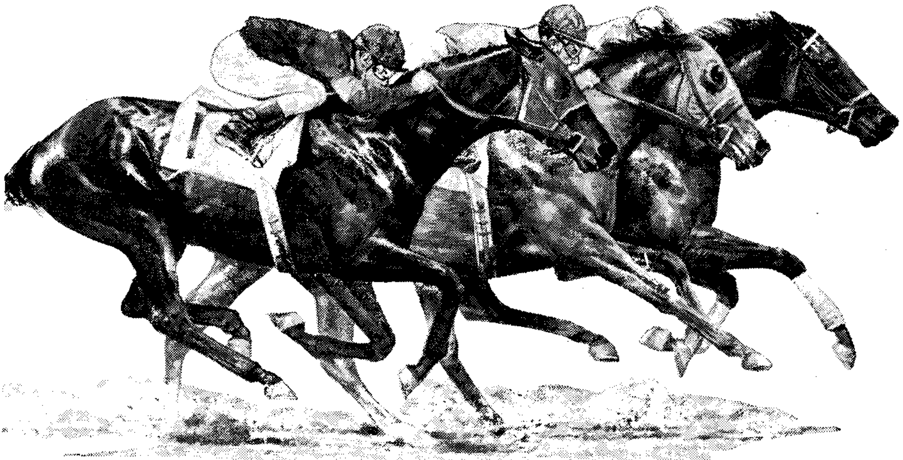

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regime of Chiang Kai-shek has no future, and that continuing to be myopic to the solid-flesh claims of four hundred and fifty million people waiting outside the doors of the United Nations is impossible. This fine, calm, objective view is, of course, partly due to much the same sense of disengagement with which Americans here were able to observe the turmoil over Suez. Now the boot is on the other foot. The detachment would doubtless not hold up very long if Hong Kong seemed threatened, or if the worst really looked as though it were coming to pass, or even if Parliament were back from its recess and airing its anxieties every day. But at the moment, as far as ordinary talk goes, there is so little speculation or concern that Quemoy and Formosa might be spots out in space, a matter for debate only among Martian tacticians. The British Government view on how far it is prepared or not prepared to back up the American position—a point that the Opposition says it still finds ambiguous—will no doubt be further defined (if events do not force a sharper definition beforehand) when the Conservatives meet for their Party conference in Blackpool on October 7th.

THIS is the traditional season for political conferences, when each party holds its meeting to harvest the sweet and sour of the year's labors. The disastrous pervading characteristic of the Liberal conference at Torquay a couple of weeks back was mainly woolliness, with a slight trace of Gladstonian mothballs, according to angry young and middle-aged Liberals now holding a post-mortem on the thing. Since the Party had taken such remarkable strides forward in the past few months, this should have been its best and brightest conference in years, but the press, which went prepared to report triumph, remained to laugh, and to write funny, damaging pieces for their papers. According to them, the mechanics of the occasion were managed with what appears to be the major Liberal sin of amiable amateurishness, allowing too much limelight to illuminate the Party's elder statesmen, rather than its highly intelligent, able younger men, who have been winning the victories, and giving altogether too much rope to the delegates, who proceeded to make cat's cradles of confusion and hang themselves, plus the conference. Though Jo Grimond, the Party leader, reportedly pulled things together on the last day with a fighting, radical speech that said more Socialist things than any Socialist here has ut-

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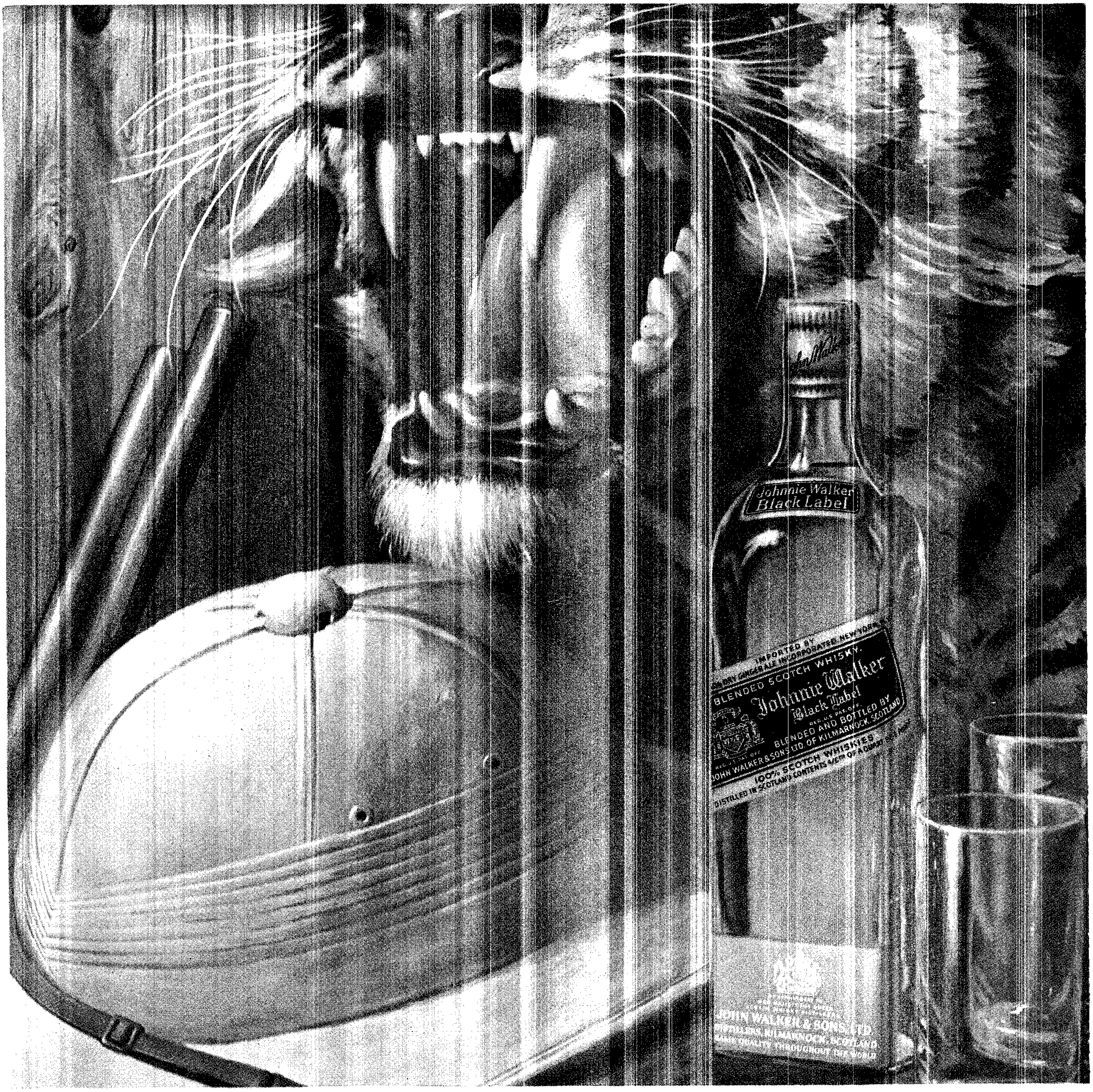

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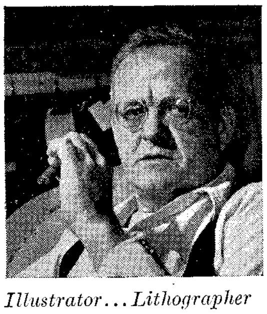

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tered for some time, the general effect of Torquay is considered to be unfortunate, especially at this critical moment, when much of the former Conservative support that Liberals collected in recent by-elections is probably going happily back home.

The Labour conference may also contain surprises before it finishes. It received a severe preliminary shaking, which enchanted the Tories and raised Labour tempers all around, over the matter of the vice-chairman of the Executive Committee, Mrs. Barbara Castle, and the opinions she brought back in her suitcase from a holiday in Athens, Cyprus, and Ankara. Globe-trotting lady members of the higher Socialist echelons seem doomed to get into hot water, as was instantly recalled by Conservative columnists (and doubtless by the worried Labour Party Executive Committee, too), who remembered the acute general indignation when a former Labour Minister, Dr. Edith Summerskill, visited Cairo shortly after the Franco-British invasion and passed some stringent remarks reflecting on the British there. Mrs. Castle, an attractive-looking red-haired woman who was one of the original Bevanites, had the misfortune, or the unwisdom, to divert public attention from the important and unexceptionable result of her travels, which was her interview with Archbishop Makarios in Athens. During it, the Archbishop put forward his surprise suggestion that Cyprus should be united to neither Greece nor Turkey but should eventually become an independent state, perhaps remaining in the British Commonwealth and protected by a United Nations guarantee. Having chosen the modish oblique device of giving out major announcements via a visiting interviewer, the Archbishop later sanctioned his remarks officially. They were received here with marked caution, not to say downright chilliness. It has just been announced that the British "partnership" plan for Cyprus, under which a Turkish commissioner as well

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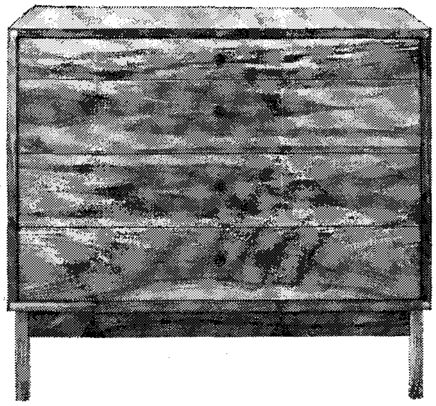

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as a Greek one will take a hand in governing, will go forward for sure this very week, though the Greek government, the Labour Party, and a host of responsible newspaper editorials have been urging the Government to suspend it and take a closer look at the Makarios proposals, which for the first time appear to throw overboard the demands for union with Greece. The timing of the Archbishop's move, on the eve of the British scheme's coming off, seems suspiciously pat, as has been pointed out, but the refusal to delay the scheme has disappointed many people, who feel that his sudden about-face is certainly worth examining, in the hope that it might somehow lead to the solving of the deadly, seemingly insoluble Cyprus problem.

In all this, however, any kudos that Mrs. Castle might have gained from her curious role as bearer of the Archbishop's change of mind was lost sight of in the row that broke out over some remarks she was reported to have made in criticism of the tough behavior of British troops on Cyprus when searching villages for terrorists after their comrades had been blown up from ambush or shot in the back while walking unarmed down the street. The storm that immediately burst, including a fierce attack from a trade-unionist colleague of hers on the Executive Committee, must have reminded Mr. Gaitskell all too painfully of how much the votes of angry service men and their families might affect Labour's chances in the next general election, which do not look too rosy anyway. His hasty soothing statement saying that Mrs. Castle had been misquoted and that she had been travelling as a "purely personal" tourist (who presumably got in to see the Archbishop as part of her sightseeing), and his adding that he and his colleagues well understood "the almost intolerable provocation" that the terrorist murders were imposing on British forces in Cyprus, created a furor and were received with rage by many in his own Party, who felt that Mrs. Castle was being thrown to the wolves. The Party conference greeted her with loud cries of approval and will doubtless install her as this year's chairman by a generous majority. What the troops in Cyprus will make of all this it is hard to say.

Mr. Gaitskell's leadership had already been coming under some heavy fire from his Left Wing, which thinks that the Party's policies have become boringly respectable, devoid of all the old crusading fire, and that they and

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those of the Conservatives are as alike as two bright welfare-state pins. In an effort to right this, the conference, in its debate on Labour's education policy, clamored emotionally (and only narrowly lost the vote) to have Eton, Harrow, and the rest of the public schools swept into oblivion—thus running directly counter to the decision of the National Executive Committee, several of whose members up on the platform were very definitely not wearing their public-school ties for the occasion. As a corrective to any feelings of top-heavy jubilation that may be displayed at Blackpool on October 7th, though, the Conservatives have just been sharply reminded by Lord Mancroft, a Government Minister Without Portfolio, that before the 1950 general election the public-opinion polls showed them ten points ahead of Labour in the country but that it was Labour who won.

THE autumn exhibition season has opened splendidly with "Masterpieces of Byzantine Art," which was one of the highlights of this year's Edinburgh Festival and has now travelled south to the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it will be on view until November 9th. This is by far the most important collection of the sumptuous works of art—Christian, mostly—produced in Constantinople workshops between the early fourth and the fifteenth centuries ever to have been brought together in one European spot (the only other, and smaller, exhibitions were at Grottaferrata, Italy, in 1905, and in Paris in 1931), and the result is a rich treat for ordinary Londoners, as well as for the specialists who are thronging to it. David Talbot-Rice, professor of the history of fine art at the University of Edinburgh, and his wife worked for two years on the assembling of these rare, often frail precious objects from distant museums and church treasuries, which only fairly ambitious travellers can have visited. (Professor Talbot-Rice and Mr. John Beckwith, of the Byzantine Department of the Victoria and Albert, collaborated on the erudite, remarkable catalogue—almost a collector's piece in itself.) The Soviet Union, for instance, sent along nineteen exhibits, including calm holy figures in mosaic and on painted icons, banished now from religious to secular air in the Hermitage Museum, in Leningrad, and the Museum of Fine Art and the Tretyakov Gallery, in Moscow. It also lent the stunning Concesti Amphora, a magnificent silver-gilt urn that a fourth-

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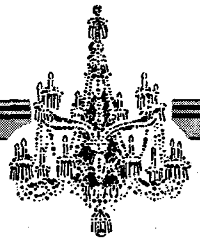

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century craftsman in the Black Sea area, letting his fancy stray back to the old pagan days, decorated with an amazingly vigorous clutter of leaping amazons and hairy centaurs. Some of the most fascinating exhibits are the imperial and consular diptychs (thin leaves of ivory carved and inscribed to commemorate some special occasion, and sent to favored friends as a sort of exquisite greeting card); the jewel-and-enamel-studded gold covers that pious rich men had constructed in order to bind splinters of the true Cross and other sacred relics; and the large fragment of silk, with a design of chariot racing—its purple now faded to brown—which wrapped the body of the Emperor Charlemagne for burial in 814. A handsome bronze bust of the Emperor Constantine beaks from a spotlighted plinth in the entrance hall of the exhibition, surrounded by groves of large potted cypresses, which were transported from Surrey and are watered carefully every day in their Kensington exile by museum attendants.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

THINKS PLAY QUESTIONABLE

BANGOR

EDITOR, BANGOR DAILY NEWS:

May I first say that I am delighted that we have a fine cultural organization like the Civic Theater in Bangor. However, the news that the Civic Theater has invited Sadie Thompson to star in their production of "Rain" makes many of us wonder if we as citizens shouldn't pay closer attention to this group. The very subject of "Rain" is questionable, and while this type of material makes a fine play for Broadway, we question whether it is dramatic fare for Bangor. Miss Thompson herself has a questionable background and a too well-known reputation.

Surely the Bangor Civic Theater group could find a more suitable play and more suitable star for their production.

MARTA KIRK

The writer is mistaken in saying "Sadie Thompson" has been invited to star in the play. "Sadie Thompson" is a character in the play, not an actress.—*Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

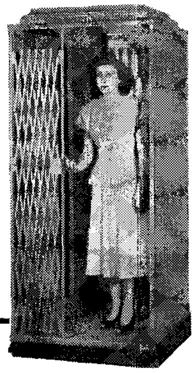
Just the same, we don't like the sound of her.

•

Mrs. Jack Becker, president, conducted the business meeting, at which time it was voted to sponsor a membership tea during the first week of November.

Also approved was a recommendation to give $25 to be used for the purchase of school lunches for indignant children. —*Mulberry (Fla.) Press.*

Better watch out. They'll press their advantage.



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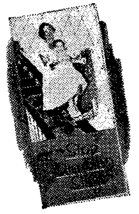

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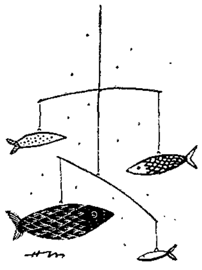
THE ART GALLERIES

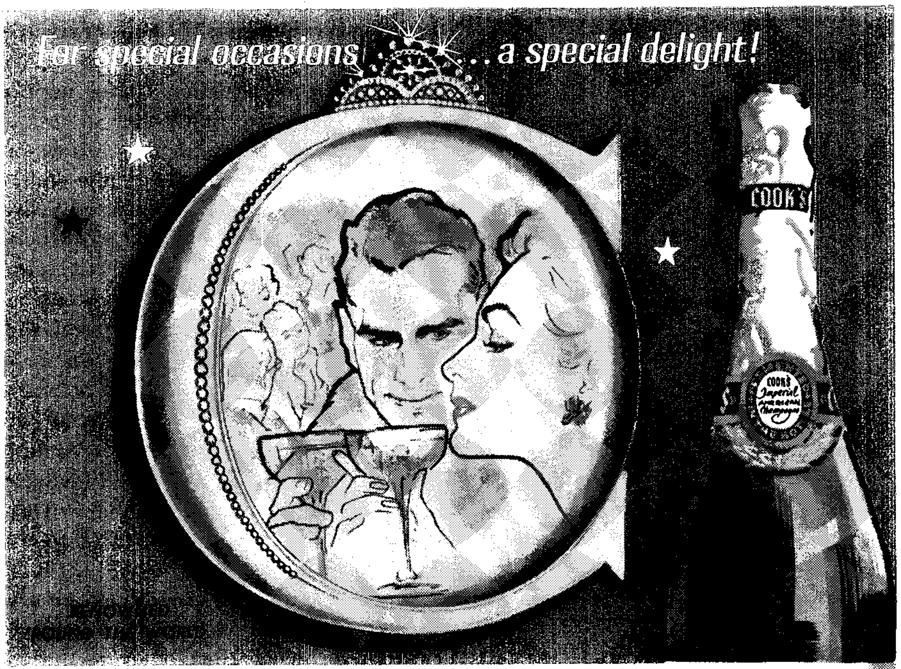
Arthur G. Dove



THE season, it seems to me, has been unusually late in starting, but it's getting under way at last, and the main event of the moment, unquestionably, is the Arthur G. Dove memorial exhibition at the Whitney, supplemented as it is by a small and interesting showing of his water colors at the Downtown Gallery. No matter what one thinks of his work—and I have reservations about it—Dove was one of our most inventive, original, and adventurous artists, and also one of the most dedicated, and his mature life, with its single-minded devotion to painting in spite of poverty and other obstacles, has a Murgeresque quality that is rare among the Americans. Since, oddly, he's still not very well known, a glance at his background may be in order.

Dove was born in Canandaigua, New York, of what seem to have been extremely practical parents (his father, a successful contractor, apparently had no objection to his son's taking up art just as long as he made money at it; in a cruelly paradoxical way, he was generous with aid in Dove's early years, when he was doing well as an illustrator, and stonily unhelpful when the going got rough), and Dove's only training—until he was well on his way through college—was in the law. Perhaps because of this, and because he was almost entirely self-taught, his early progress was slow.

Thus one of his first paintings in the Whitney show, the small "Landscape at Cagnes," done in 1909, when he was twenty-nine, is a most tentative performance. A study of a house atop a sparsely wooded hillside, it is cautiously restrained both in color and in design, and otherwise distinguished only by a pleasantly lacy quality in the treatment of the trees and a tendency, unusual at the time, to abandon perspective in favor of "flat" composition. The next few paintings on the list, chronologically—notably a series of six small "Abstractions," all on natural subjects—are similarly hesitant, and it's not till his compactly patterned "Abstraction" of 1914, the green, spiky "Plant Forms" of the year following, and the slightly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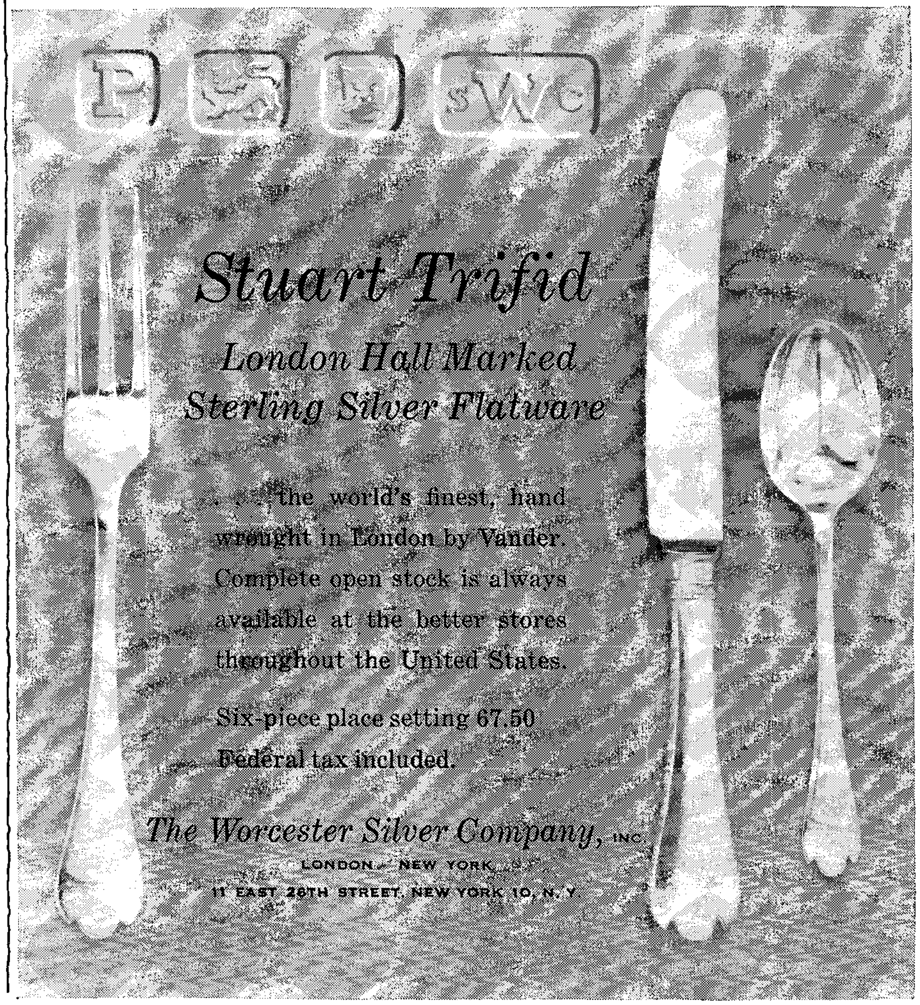

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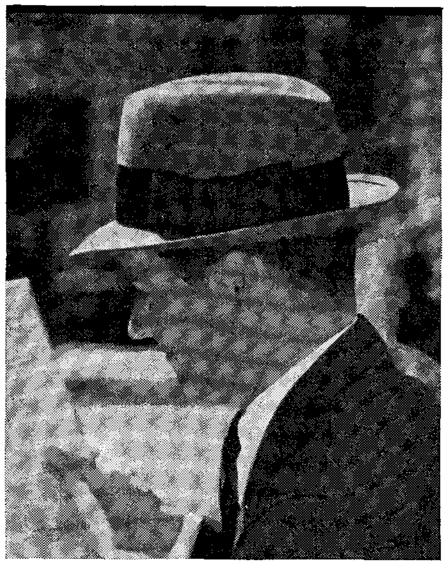

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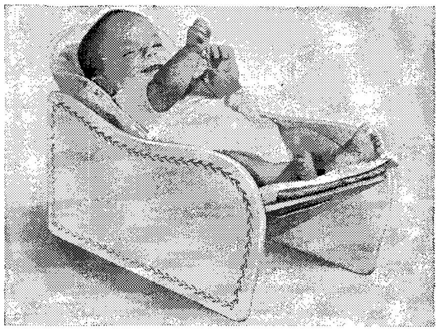

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later, very rhythmic "Thunderstorm" that one begins to feel a real sense of assurance and settled purpose in his work.

Dove by then had had a couple of years abroad, financed by a few thousand dollars he had amassed as an illustrator, and aided further his still prodigal father, and he had made contact with Alfred Stieglitz, who was to be his friend, dealer, and impresario for the rest of his life. His sales were desperately meagre—unfortunately, they remained so—but his exhibitions at Stieglitz's Photo-Secession Gallery and elsewhere had already created quite a stir, some of it even favorable, as embodiments of the new "abstract" tendency in art. In a sense, he was launched, and the dominant characteristics of his style were established. Yet it is hard to this day to decide just what his influences were.

Had he seen Kandinsky's work, or the work of the earlier German Expressionists? There is little information about Dove's background in this respect. He did often attest to a debt to Cézanne, and it seems clear that his close friendship with Alfred Maurer, himself a convert to the new styles, must have led him to some contact with the paintings of men like Picasso, Braque, and Gris, who were just formulating the Abstract school. But even in France, around 1909 and 1910, the whole Abstract movement was still in its infancy, and besides I find a persistent "German" quality about Dove's approach which differs sharply from that of the French.

Sometimes, of course, and more often than is usually granted, influences arise not so much from direct contact as from a simple something-in-the-air during an epoch. Historically it would have been almost impossible for him to have seen or even heard of Kandinsky's first ventures into abstraction, for these had barely begun at the time Dove was in Europe, and in view of his decided orientation toward France, through Maurer, Stieglitz, and others, not to mention the sundering effect of the First World War, he could hardly have had much time or inclination to study the Expressionists. Yet there's a startling resemblance to Kandinsky in such a piece as his explosive "Abstraction No. 2," while in many others there is a blurred quality, born of an emphasis on mass rather than on line—"Dancing Tree" and "Parabola" are typical—that links him more with Macke and Nolde than with any of the Frenchmen of the period. And where did he

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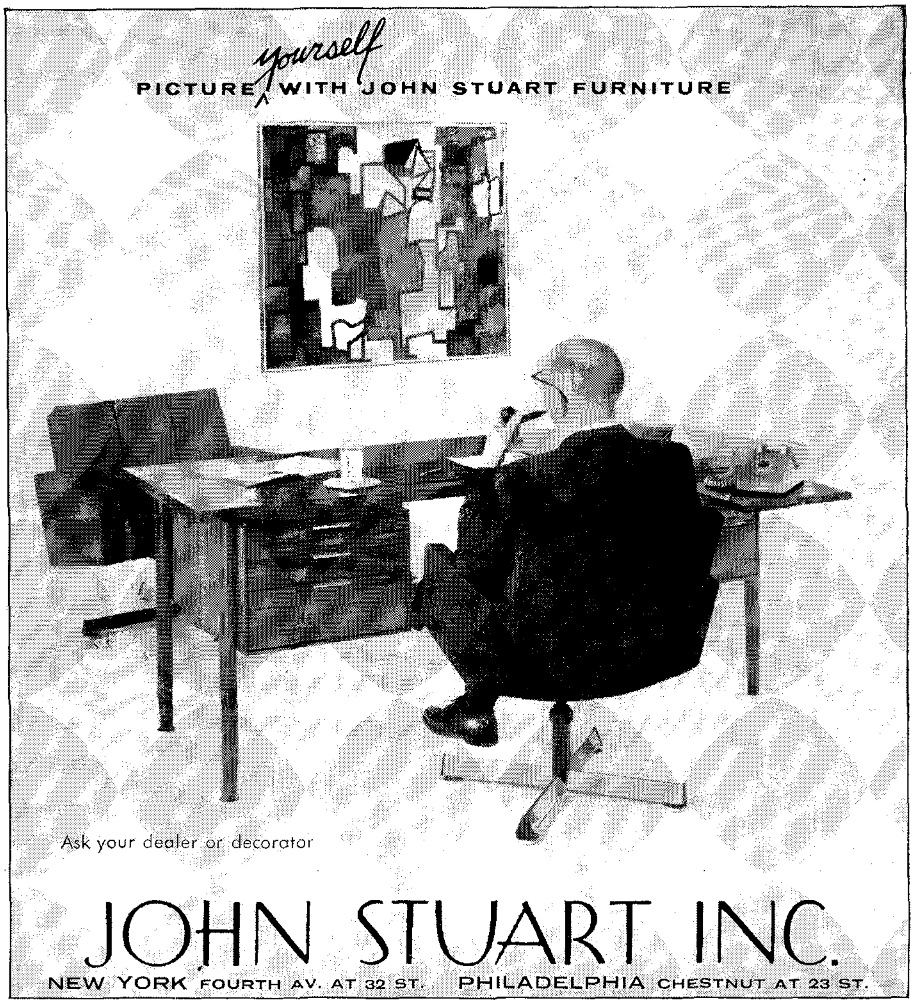
get his interest in collage? The earliest example shown—though it's two or three years short of being his first—is a charming little sea scene called "Huntington Harbor" dated 1926, with real sand for the beach and real wood for pilings. It's true that the French had begun experimenting with the technique a decade or so earlier. Dove, though, had been living for years, pretty much a recluse, out on Long Island, and he could scarcely have kept up with such late developments. As far as I know, he was, all the same, the first American to do collages in the modern fashion.

On the whole, Dove seems to me to be, as I have suggested, a case of being not so much the direct subject of influences as a kind of polarizer, more or less intuitively adopting and adapting them, and he also appears not so much to have affected as to have anticipated the work of later men. Did Arshile Gorky study his paintings? I doubt it, and yet Dove's "Flour Mill II" suggests it, as, similarly, one can find, if one wants, faint premonitory hints of Baziotes in "Cow I" and of O'Keeffe in the "Sunrise" series.

All this may seem to make Dove out to be a great painter, one on whom a whole period turns. I'm afraid, though, that the truth is otherwise, for Dove had faults that limited him severely. Like Feininger, John Sloan, and William Glackens, he started out as an illustrator. But, unlike them, he never succeeded in getting wholly away from tricks of that trade, and all his life he had a tendency to fall back on a storybook whimsey that at times, as in "The Bessie of New York" (a fat little tugboat waddling along, its windows coyly doubling as eyes), is downright embarrassing.

Worse, he seems never to have established a firm relationship between his subjects and his stylistic approach to them, and in this respect his partial espousal of the abstract manner may have hampered his development. For abstraction, whatever else it may be, is basically an intellectual process. Discarding the surface aspects of the subject, it calls for an analysis that goes into its deeper meanings, and since Dove's attitude was incurably emotional, the body of his work has a spotty quality—now good, now bad—which is damaging. When he was good, he was good, no question about it, but when he was bad he was occasionally close to horrid. It must be added that there were times when some wholly intuitive rapport with the subject guided his impression, and then—



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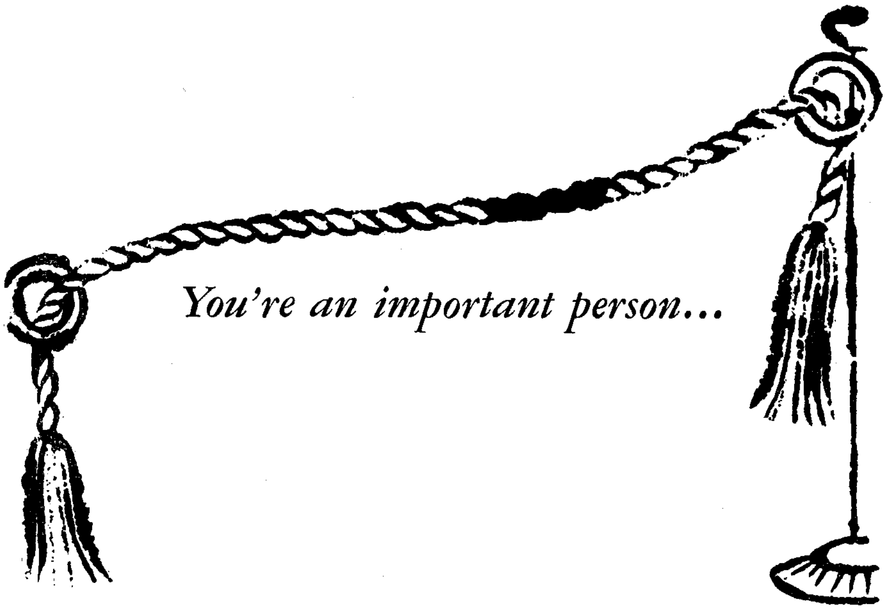

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see the erupting "Green, Gold and Brown," the practically quintessential "Goat," and the haunting "Telegraph Pole," among many others—he was very, very good indeed.

THERE are a few other shows I'd like to mention. The group of Dove water colors at the Downtown, most of which have never been shown before, is a fairly unpretentious affair. But though most of the paintings are small—sketches, really—a number of them seem to have been preliminary studies for his larger pieces, and so serve as a highly illuminating behind-the-scenes view of the artist at work. . . . An engaging first solo of welded sculpture at the Alan is by a young Chicagoan named Richard Hunt. His debts to David Smith and David Hare are obvious here and there, but not distressingly, and in such pieces as the rearing "Growing Spatial Theme" and the imposing "Hero Construction" he reveals a nice sculptural astuteness. . . . The most spirited exhibition at the moment is a collection of paintings at the Martha Jackson by eighteen Japanese artists, all new to us and all members of the recently formed Gutai (or Embodiment) Group of Osaka, dedicated, I gather, to overthrowing the traditional Japanese styles as summarily as possible. There is something disconcerting about the affair. It's as if the old Bauhaus had been transported to the Orient and then spurred on to feverish activity, for, in addition to painting, the Gutai not only practice ballet, theatre, architecture, and so on, more or less communally, but do it in a mixture of the imitative and experimental that borders on the frenzied, frankly borrowing anything from Pollock's dribble techniques to those of the Tachistes in their haste to get started. The disconcerting thing is that in spite of this crash-program approach, the work on view is generally pretty good, and one can't help wondering whether it is, after all, as easy as this to produce passable modern paintings. I don't think so myself, but I'm sure the show will leave some people worried and a lot of others triumphant. At any rate, it's an excellent chance to see one of the latest developments in the unpredictable East.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Herald Tribune*]

The continuing study indicated that persons with the most illness also had the widest variety of medical difficulties, both major and minor, Dr. Hinkle said.

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He comes by his design talent naturally, with no formal artistic training. He learned from his father, a noted professor of Sculpture at the Royal Academy in Copenhagen. Young Mr. Quistgard has won all kinds of awards and pieces of his are on exhibit in museums all over the world. He's thirty-seven years old, bearded and wears knickers, and when he visited Neiman-Marcus to pick up his Fashion Award, he wasn't hard to pick out in the Texas crowd.

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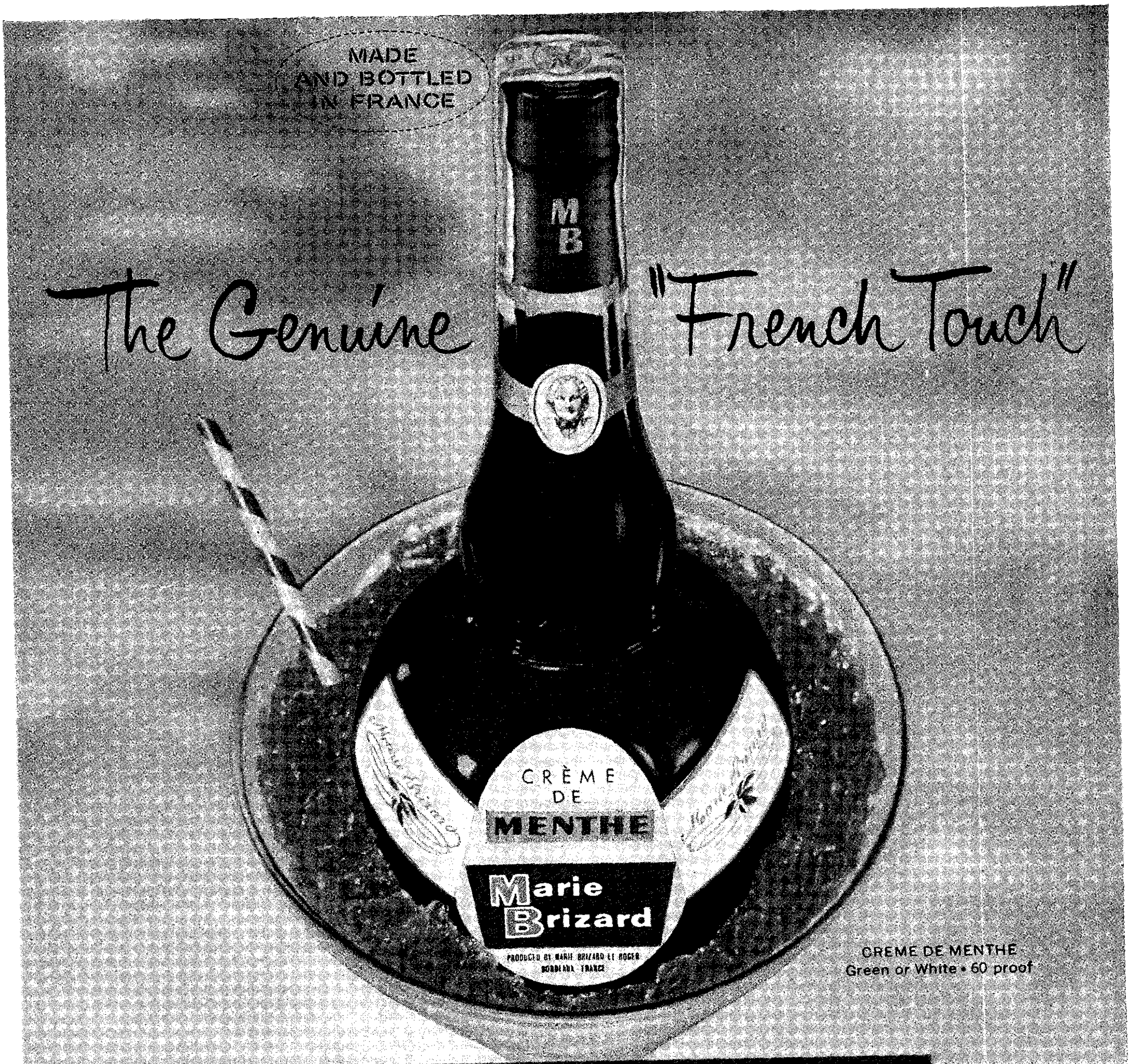
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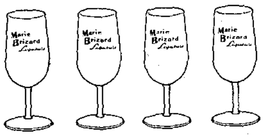

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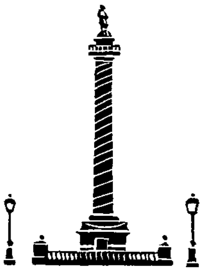
LETTER FROM PARIS

OCTOBER 1



THE towering majority of referendum yes votes given this past weekend to General Charles de Gaulle—almost eighty per cent in France and a fraction more than ninety-six per cent in Algeria—is so impressive that it has changed France's relations not only with herself but with the rest of the world. Certainly the Western democratic peoples now eye France with real hope for the first time since November, 1945, when the General initially took power for what turned out to be merely three months. And the time before that—the final opportunity in a regular Republican France—was September, 1939, or nearly twenty years ago, at the start of the war, which is a long, long time for doubts. Even the General, with his oracular, intellectual truthfulness, says that his new constitution is not perfect but "corresponds to the necessities." *Le Figaro* has just remarked, "Even an excellent constitution, which no country has, cannot suffice to reconcile different political points of view." Deputy Pierre Poujade, with his vulgar knack of sometimes hitting the nail on the head, has just said, "With the help of God, who is certainly also a Gaulliste, [the General] is now going to try to reconcile the irreconcilable and give satisfaction to Christians and Marxists, to liberals and collectivists—in short, to all sections of his new majority, or to nobody."

What all these power dissensions produce is the scandalous, bigamous accumulation of France's sixteen political Parliamentary parties, which the French continually deplore and vote for. Though often bastard fractionizations, they are based on six political conceptions that represent profound, legitimate differences of contemporary Gallic opinion on man's relation with government, and are the real, separate, and specific essences of French political thinking—essences and conceptions so ineradicably opposed that already many French are saying that they must deadlock, if not strangle, the Fifth Republic, even under the exceptional authority of de Gaulle. As the public and the politicians admit, only panic fright and helplessness to do anything else temporarily led four of these divergent political

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forces to unite long enough to vote the Fifth Republic in over the weekend—that quartet being the old anti-clerical republican force, the political spine that divides the French body politic toward the Left and the Right; the pro-clerical Catholic force; the forces of the Right; and the Socialists, a mildly Leftish, respectable brand here. The two recalcitrant forces that refused to take cover and, as a consequence, voted no were the intellectual Left liberals and, of course, the undeviating Communists. It would seem that the French—the most logical, literary-minded nation, made up of the most individualistic citizens, whose brains and fertile political imaginations invented the eighteenth-century French Revolution, thus influencing and redating all the Western world—are today, in the twentieth century, bringing their own republicanism to impotence not only through breeding too many theories but through the overuse of logic. To all this, their inherited medieval taste for schism has added the final weakening touches. In June, *Le Monde* announced, with its customary authority, that "the Fourth Republic died of widening splits, which separated the boundaries of the political parties from the real frontiers of public opinion." As far back as three years ago, M. Edgar Faure, then Premier of France for the second time and one of the nation's shrewdest younger political brains, said publicly, "I want to speak my conviction, resulting from personal experience, that in the present [multiple-party] condition of the regime, government of France is not scientifically possible. The problem is not, as is often said, one of governmental instability. It is one of governmental impossibility. The governments here are unstable because they are impossible." This is the fractioned French political state that very likely even de Gaulle's constitution and new electoral laws cannot greatly stick together. In any event, that will be his second difficult task. He is now working on his first and even more important difficult task in Algeria, which voted its almost unbelievable ninety-six-per-cent-plus for integration with France in the face of the bankrupting Algerian war for independence.

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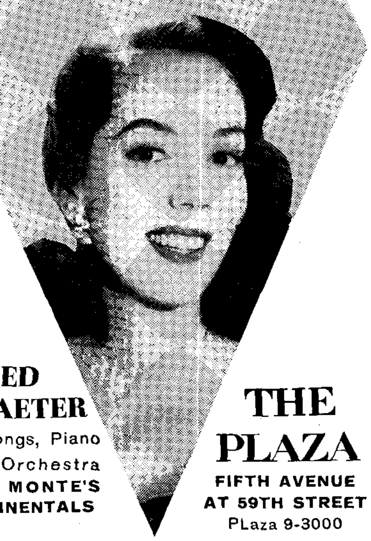

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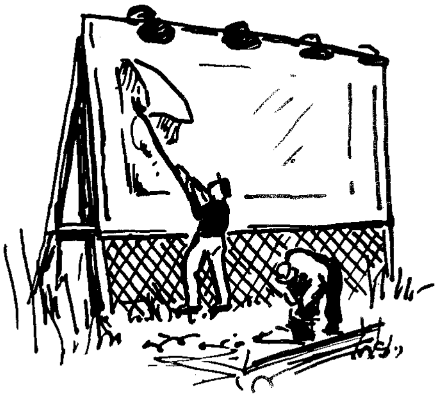
by a galaxy of the most famed international artists. Well, practically the whole setup, including the creations of the Spaniards Picasso and Miró, was opened last week, and the public, the professional art critics, and even modern-art lovers do not like it, by a loud majority. Of Picasso's eighty-square-metre fresco—slapped onto plasterboard panels and put up crooked (so the panel figures don't jibe perfectly) in a dark corner of the corridor outside the Assembly Hall—the weekly paper *Arts* apologetically says, "Indubitably, the glory of its author recommends it, but the figures are summary, heavy, vaguely like those in a nightmare." According to the ex-chief of the Louvre, M. Georges Salles, who served as the French delegate on UNESCO's committee of artistic counsellors, Picasso's fresco merely represents a bathing scene. There is one white disc-faced female with triangular breasts, of his war-period style; one recumbent, foreshortened male figure (who, through economy of outline, is shaped like a pretzel) baking himself in the sun; and one half-female, seen only from her ballooning hips on up—the implication being that the rest of her is hidden underwater, as she is apparently wading. In the center is a characteristic postwar-Picasso bouquet of what looks like four white skeleton arms and fingers on black. What is sure is that when the afternoon sun brightens the fresco's plain blue and green-blue lower panels, they look as if they had been painted slapdash by Picasso's children, with brush strokes going every which way. Miró's contribution of a short, thick ceramic-brick wall that separates nothing from nothing in an empty garden space is decorated with red spots, ticktacktoe stars, black rings, and a blue moon. "Why so much art that looks like playthings?" an irritated Paris critic asked, including in his disgruntlement the American Alexander Calder's gigantic two-ton black mobile near the Avenue Suffren, which passing children do in-



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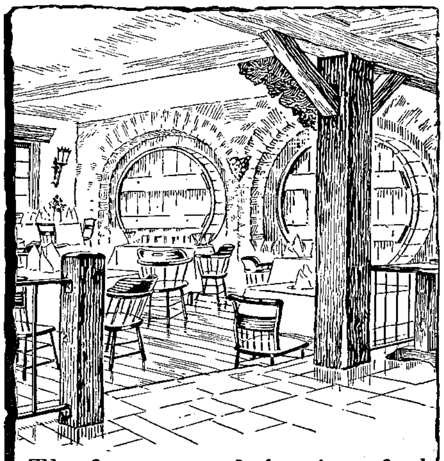

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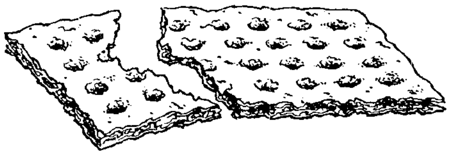
deed pause to admire. Yet if you get a beeline perspective on the building and the Tour Eiffel beyond, a kind of artistic metal aerial brotherhood is established between the two—the single connection that UNESCO has with the neighborhood. The English sculptor Henry Moore's garden figure, with holes, and the French sculptor Jean Arp's abstraction are not yet placed—perhaps luckily, for the Mexican Rufino Tamayo's fresco in one of the larger conference rooms was snubbed by the critics as being "lost in its own loose red colors." It, at least, is the only decoration with a title—"Prometheus Bringing Fire." The Italian Afro's painting outside the seventh-floor restaurant was called "a discolored daub;" the Chilean Matta's canvas in the bar was said to look like "unidentifiable machines;" and only the Hungarian Brassai's splendid photomontage of reeds and rushes, also in the bar, pleased the critics, as a reliable creation of nature "amid so much artistic speculation."

The uncontestedly admired aesthetic contribution is the large Japanese garden, planned by Isamu Noguchi, on the Avenue de Ségur side, with its upright green and gray stones worn to contemplative shapes of beauty by time at work on nature, and with its dwarf conifers—both stones and trees having been presented to UNESCO by the Japanese government. There are panels of running water atop walls, and an arched stone bridge leading nowhere except into the imagination. In the apogee of criticism of the whole UNESCO building and its contents, *Le Monde's* critic finally said sharply, "This new aggrandizement of UNESCO demanded the destruction of eighty-three trees on the Place de Fontenoy. The future will decide the worth of this functional architecture, denuded of aesthetics and sensitivity." This seems to bring us back to the old-fashioned criterion that only God can make a tree.

THE new Brigitte Bardot film, "En Cas de Malheur" ("In Case of Emergency"), is attracting Paris crowds willing to queue up on the sidewalk to see her—in this case literally to see all of her for a few seconds when, leaving the bathtub and the camera lens behind her, she heads natively for her bed, as devoid of clothes in that brief, energetic, naked scamper as she is of lubricity. She has also attracted astonished praise from movie critics and the public in general for her unexpected ability to act. Something like twenty-four movie roles ago, her Franco-

Unexpected Flavor



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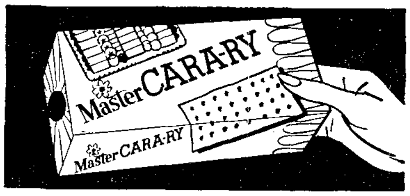

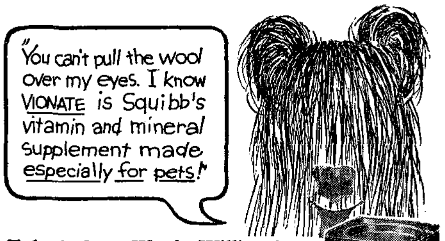
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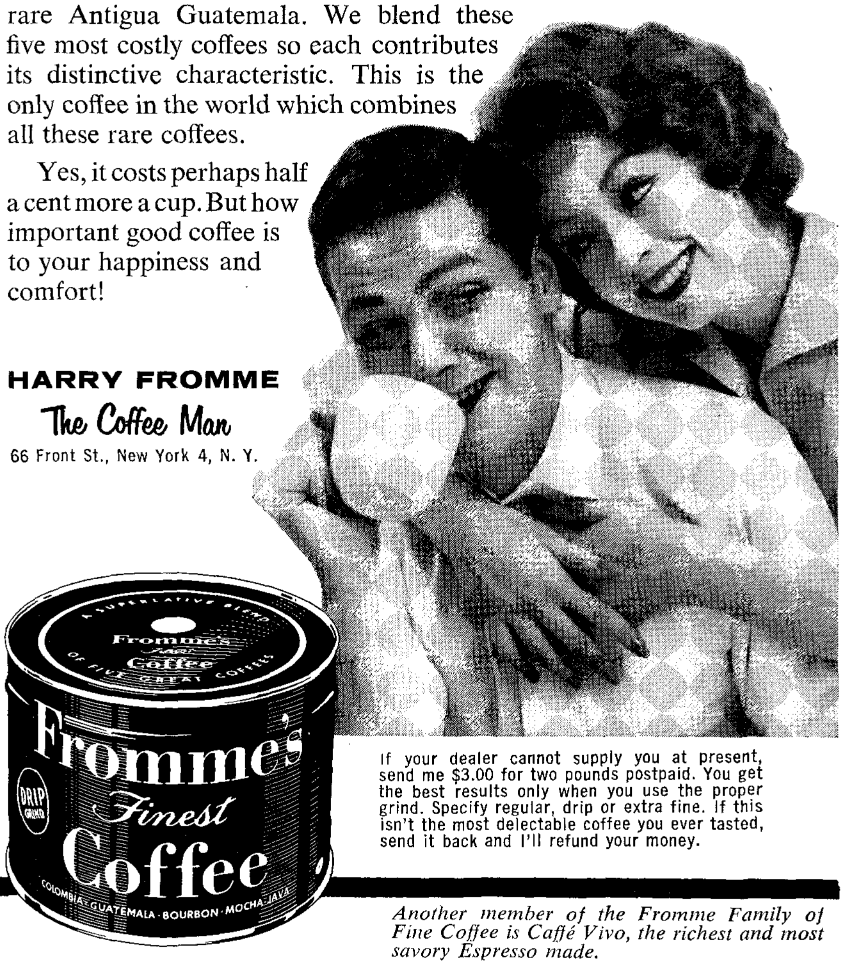
Russian discoverer and ex-husband, the ambitious studio novice Roger Vadim Plemiannikov, truthfully declared that she could not act at all but that her screen gift—far lower, and thus more fundamental—was for "sincere, lucid immorality," since she was as pure as an animal in her "lack of conscience . . . without excuses for her sexual behavior," this being his philosophical modern ideal for today's amoralist young French generation, which he had the intuition to think she could symbolize. In her new film, she almost confessionally acts out a coherent spoken, physical, and psychological characterization of the concentrated blond female sexuality, undisturbed by mind or morals, that first made her famous in "Et Dieu Créa la Femme," a significant international carnal spectacle. The film critic Claude Mauriac, son of the Academician François Mauriac, insists in his review of the new movie that Bardot "holds her own" against her co-star, the talented, long-experienced Jean Gabin, and that the two are "champions of the same category." Obviously, her acting comes exclusively from her having been directed, for the first time, by Claude Autant-Lara, one of France's most intelligent nonconformist cinematographers (he made Radiguet's "Le Diable au Corps" and Colette's "Le Blé en Herbe"), and from the fact that he found and magnified the perfect dramatic role for her as the young prostitute, thief, liar, drug vender, and indefatigable nymphomaniac in the Georges Simenon novel from which the film takes its title and story. The theme of Simenon's book—on which he has written several novels lately—is the destructive, volcanic sexuality of the middle-aging man, represented in the movie by a rich Paris lawyer, "the famous Maître Gobillot," to whom the cheap, unknown tart Yvette turns in impudent terror for legal aid when she and her girl friend are denounced to the police for their unsuccessful, childish holdup of an old jeweller's shop. The lawyer stoops to concoct a false witness, who saves them—and the first step has been taken toward stirring up Yvette's and Gobillot's fatal erotic maelstrom.

By intelligence tempered with tact and Gallic naturalism, Autant-Lara has created from this sordid melodrama a topnotch, daring French film. It contains questionable and ordinarily dangerous screen material, which, by his swift, factual handling, practically defies censorious criticism, like those unbelievable, shocking *crimes passionnels* that are daily front-paged in French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newspapers, with the authentic stamp of truth and of life's indelicacy still freshening all their details. In the psychological seesaw of the film, the educated, besotted man accepts the girl's admitted lies and her infidelities with her young working-class lover as—sure enough—invigorating "sincere immoralities" of a sort that he has never met on his rich, civilized, hypocritical level of French society. On the other hand, Yvette, with her innate petit-bourgeois instinct inflated by being set up in a swell apartment, is shocked by her young lover's jealous fury over the fact that she willingly pays her debt to her lawyer as she thinks a girl should, even if with the only valuable she possesses, her flesh. On her final visit to her young lover's bed, perhaps to confide the latest of Gobillot's mystifying generosities—that he is wild with joy to know she is carrying his child, which he forbids her to get rid of—her young lover stabs her. The film's last closeup of Bardot's famous body, covered in death, shows in the nude nothing more than her bare misshapen feet, with their enormous big toes—the only ugly part of her anatomy, one can safely say. Though in this film she seems more than ever a native of the Paris sidewalks, she was (as few of her French film fans seem to know) born in the *beau quartier* of Passy, of rich, fond bourgeois parents, who sent her to private school and to ballet classes. Her ex-husband Vadim seems to have been cannier in deciding for her that she would be more at home undressed on the screen. —GENÊT

●

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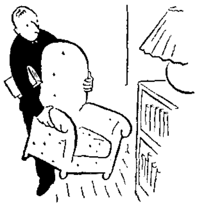
Life with Father



IF any generalization can be made about child-prodigy musicians—at least in a world that has become fiercely competitive and fiercely conformist—it is that they eventually grow to loathe their parents. Sometimes this loathing is suppressed and becomes a fertile source of adult neurosis. Sometimes it is open—a rebellion against the parents and against the art of music as well. But rarely does it cause—as it did in the case of Ruth Slenczynska, a meteoric prodigy pianist of the early nineteen-thirties—an adolescent crisis from which the victim emerges, after much soul-searching, as a well-balanced and emotionally independent adult artist. The reason for this is not just that a child is made to play the piano or the violin (almost every professional virtuoso of competence started his studies at a very young age); it is also the child's resentment at being made different from other children and at being forced prematurely into a public career for the gratification and financial benefit of a grasping and ambitious parent.

In "Forbidden Childhood" (Doubleday), Miss Slenczynska, with the skillful collaboration of Louis Biancolli, the music critic of the *World-Telegram & Sun*, tells of her development, her crisis, and her liberation with an objectivity and a candor that make it a hair-raising case history and a touching human story. Josef Slenczynski, her father, was the archetype of the prodigy's parent; that is to say, a monster. He was also an idealist, a minor pedagogical genius, and a man of destiny who pursued his goal with a purpose that knew no compromise. His goal was to be the father of the greatest pianist in the world. He was a disappointed violinist and the product of an impoverished childhood in Poland—one of those tenacious immigrants who scheme and bludgeon their way to success. He married his wife because he thought she was the sort of woman who would bear the prodigy he had in mind. Having begot an offspring, he first sat her at a piano when she was two, graduated her to serious lessons when she was three and a half (her mother was too frightened of him to protest), and stood by while she practiced, nine hours a day seven days a week, to penalize every error with an oath or a clout across the face. He explained to her that errors onstage would be greeted with rotten eggs and tomatoes, and once he even went as far as to throw a tomato himself. There was no doubt in his mind that he was conferring an inestimable blessing on her, and at considerable sacrifice to himself. "From morning to night, every hour of every day, every minute of every hour," he roared, "I do nothing but devote my life to you. . . . I'm going to do the impossible. I'm going to make an artist out of you—even if it kills us both."

When Ruth had learned all that she could from him, he placed her with other instructors—some of them celebrated pianists, to whom he referred loftily as "my teaching assistants"—but he remained the supervisor of all her waking hours, and often stood over her brandishing the handle of an old shovel. On a rare walk in the country, he fished her out of a stream into which she had fallen, and then had the happy idea of convincing her that he had saved her life. After that, he made her intone, "My life is yours. I must do as you say," over and over again.

The result was that Ruth Slenczynska, at the age of seven, became, for a brief period, internationally famous, earning her father from fifteen hundred to three thousand dollars a concert, and playing the piano with such mastery that critics and audiences from New York to Berlin declared her a genius of almost unbelievable gifts. Then, suddenly, she lost her youthful assurance. She had grown too old to pass for a prodigy, and critics now found her playing immature for an adult. Josef, enraged, punished her more and more severely. She started to falter, and soon disappeared from the concert halls. The psychological reasons for her decline are interesting, and she discusses them with great frankness. The main reason appears to have been

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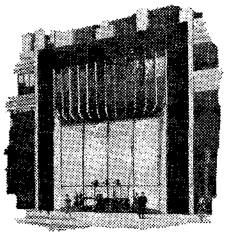

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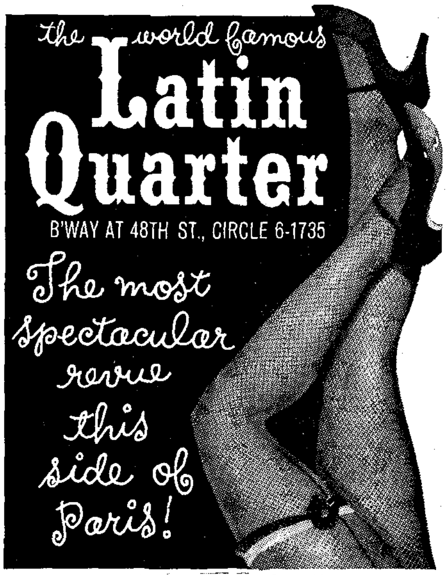
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her growing doubt of the virtue and uprightness of the parent from whom she had been separated for scarcely a moment of her life, and for whom, in her childish way, she had always had profound respect. She began having adolescent crushes on men whom she hardly dared prefer—but, in fact, did prefer—to her father. Her longing for the normal social pleasures of other girls began to outweigh whatever satisfactions her lonely career had provided. She defied her father and acquired a temporary hatred of music, developing an overwhelming sense of guilt and an attack of appendicitis in the process.

Finally, she had the temerity to run off and marry a young man who understood her plight and seemed to appreciate her both as a human being and as a pianist. Josef Slenczynski disowned his daughter and never saw her again. He refused her the slightest part of the money she had earned. His universe crumbled. He took to drink, and, after moving to another city to avoid what he fancied an unbearable public humiliation, he died. Ruth Slenczynska attended his funeral without emotion. Since then, painstakingly, she has been rebuilding her career as a concert artist in her own right, and learning the art of music all over again. It is quite a story, and the wonder is that she was able to retrieve her faith and interest in what had very nearly been an altar of human sacrifice.

NICCOLÒ PAGANINI, the great nineteenth-century violinist, was also, in the beginning, a child prodigy on bad terms with a moneygrubbing father, and an exhaustive biography of him happens to have appeared at about the same time as Ruth Slenczynska's book. This is the two-volume "Paganini, the Genoese" (University of Oklahoma Press), by G. I. C. de Courcy, once a European correspondent for *Musical America* and still a scholar, linguist, and translator of formidable attainments. Miss de Courcy's book could be the definitive work on Paganini for many years, and perhaps forever, since it examines every incident of the violinist's life, and every document pertaining to it, in a manner that leaves practically nothing further for anyone else to do. Probably no musician in history has been made the subject of so many extravagant legends as this strange man who passed through the age of Napoleon, Goethe, and Byron like a comet, distantly adored by politicians, writers, musicians, and audiences, and becoming the most celebrated virtuoso of all

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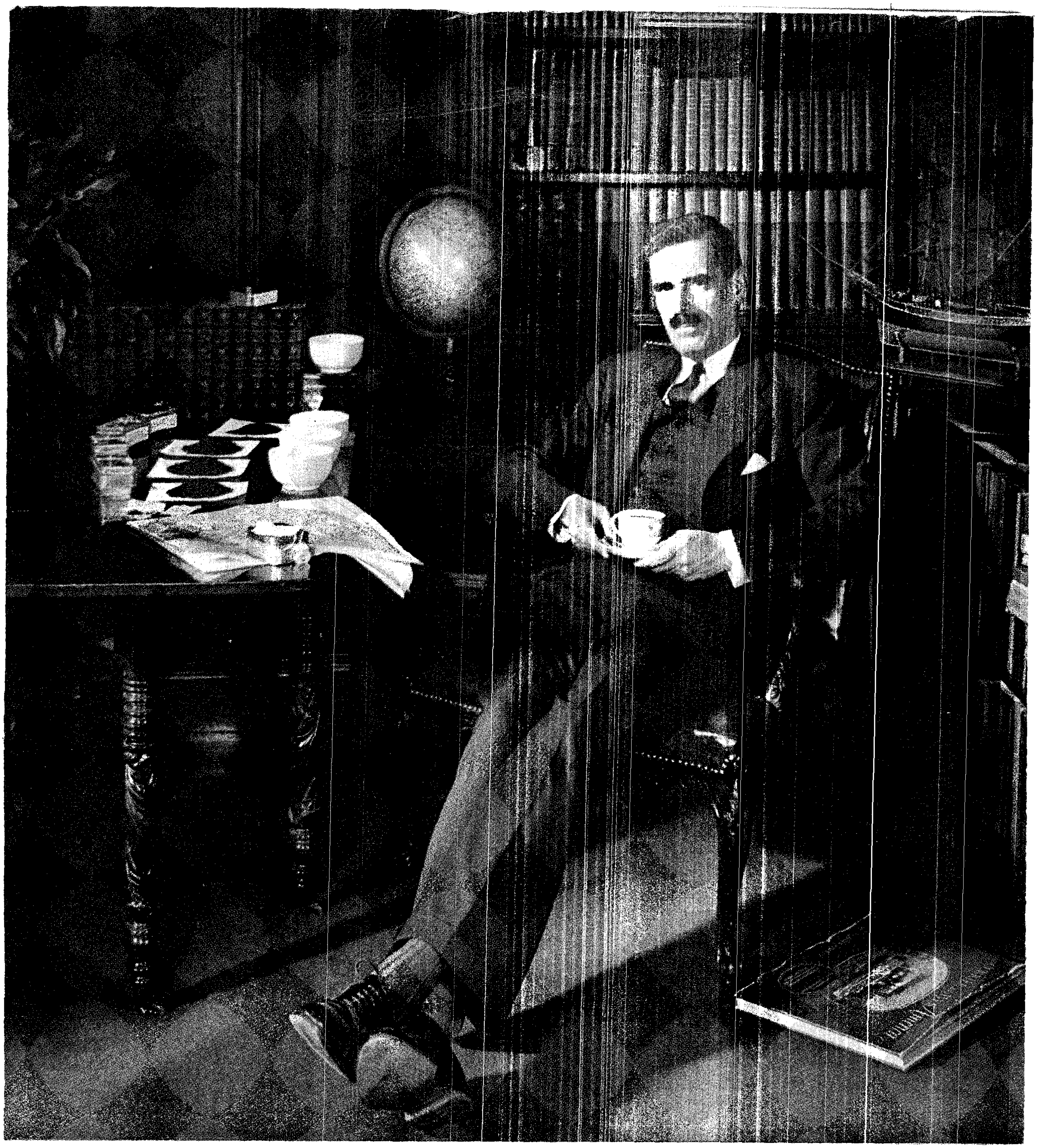

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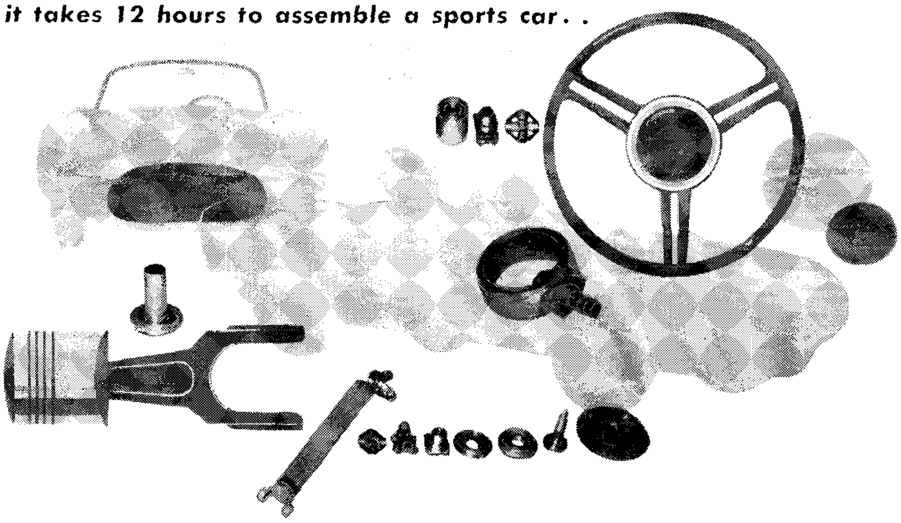
time—the embodiment, in his enigmatic way, of what the romantic era thought an artist should be. Miss de Courcy is no romanticist; she is an infinitely meticulous weigher of evidence, and she destroys legends right and left in telling us what really happened, which is fantastic enough.

Paganini, as she exhibits him, was an extraordinary violinist, but he was also a man of frail constitution and incredible energy who fought a delaying battle throughout his life against syphilis, tuberculosis, and simple sexual excess, which he pursued with a zeal that was almost suicidal. He was an awkward figure, with a skin as pale as parchment, a head too large for his fragile body, a hooked nose, and eyes that burned with the desperate fervor that is sometimes found in those of spirited invalids. Doctor after doctor attempted to cure his maladies with massive doses of mercury and with violent purges—a treatment that only caused his teeth to loosen and fall out, and finally made necessary the removal of part of his jawbone. The very dilapidation of his frame appeared to exert an irresistible spell over women, and his intensity of temperament, coupled with his glamour as an artist, made him a ferocious Don Juan. He had a number of illegitimate children, one of whom accompanied him on his restless tours across Europe and became his constant companion. Their mothers, and other female admirers, clamored for his attentions, brought breach-of-promise suits against him, entered nunneries, or nearly went mad. But none of them succeeded in salting him down, and he remained a bachelor.

Though he was first and foremost a great showman, and was not above interspersing the music on his programs with imitations of birdcalls and absurd pyrotechnical feats, he was also an artist. He appeared with other violinists in joint recitals that were really duels, with the audience applauding the victor—usually him. In Naples, a musicians' club, inviting him to a test of skill, provided him with an especially composed concerto that was so difficult they thought it unplayable. Paganini read the work at sight without missing a note. Not only that, he broke a string halfway through and played the rest of the music faultlessly on the remaining three strings. He didn't care whether his violin was in tune or not, for he could play in tune on an out-of-tune instrument. His amazing technical feats were assisted by a bridge so flat that he could perform smoothly on several

it takes 12 hours to assemble a sports car . .



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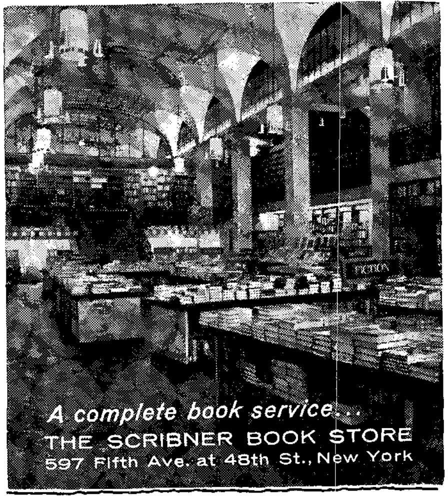

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strings at once. His tone, though, was conceded by his contemporaries to be small, and he rarely played music by any composer but himself.

Paganini was a gambler and an investor in dubious securities and financial schemes. He also had a reputation for niggardliness, and there was a legend (perhaps true) that he had been jailed for murder during his youth. All this, along with his bad habits among the ladies, caused violent criticism. He was so uncommunicative that his private life was a mystery to nearly everyone. He had no really intimate male friends, and his relations with women, though intimate enough, were all temporary. He realized a lifelong ambition by buying, from Prince Frederick IV of Salm-Kyrburg (a dignitary who apparently sold patents of nobility for a living), the title of Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas, and thereafter became known as Baron Paganini. His last large-scale venture in finance was a big gambling casino in Paris, where he proposed to play the violin while his customers played roulette and baccarat. Its rapid demise led to interminable lawsuits. Shortly afterward, he retired to obscurity in Nice, suffering from laryngeal paralysis. He died there at the age of fifty-seven, after refusing the last rites of the Catholic Church. The Bishop of Nice, in revenge, would not allow his body to be buried in consecrated ground, and it was kept for a time in the basement of Paganini's home; then it was transferred to a nearby leper house, and then to a vat in a nearby olive-oil factory, and finally it was interred by a group of his admirers close to the beach at Cap Ferrat in a macabre midnight ceremony. There he rested for two years, until the citizens of Genoa had his body brought to Italy. Ultimately, under the auspices of more tolerant ecclesiastical authorities, it found a final resting place, beneath a suitable monument, in the cemetery of Parma. This book, too, is quite a story, though Miss de Courcy's indefatigable scholarship sometimes dims its romance with pages and pages—admirable from the historian's point of view—of the most relentless documentation.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

BECAUSE Virginia Woolf was careless about keeping copies of her published essays and reviews, and left no record of them, all the essays in a new collection called "Granite and Rainbow" (Harcourt, Brace) were overlooked by her literary executor, Leonard Woolf. That we have them

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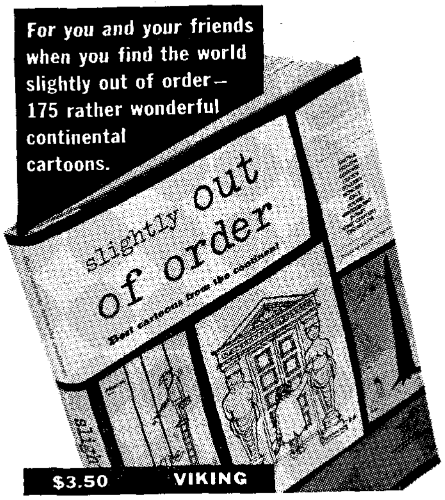

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now is owing to the diligence of two scholars, Miss B. L. Kirkpatrick and Dr. Mary Lyon, who dug them up from the back files of the London *Times Literary Supplement* (where, of course, they appeared anonymously) and other periodicals. Mr. Woolf does not explain in his preface why *he* didn't look in the files of the *Times Literary Supplement*, and one can only suppose that he is the kind of man who is not good at finding things, but it may not have been all that easy. In any case, they were found—thirteen essays and reviews dealing with fiction, and fourteen dealing with biography. They vary in quality, from two or three touchingly lively reviews of books that are long since dead as a doornail to a full-scale fifty-three-page survey of the novel that is a model of compactness and often in her best manner. Now she is wicked and brief: "The satirist [meaning Peacock] does not, like the psychologist [Proust, Dostoevski], labour under the oppression of omniscience." Now she is relaxed, unhurried, lyrical, astonishing in a wholly different way: "It would seem that the romantic spirit is an exacting one; if it sees a man crossing the road in the lamplight and then lost in the gloom of the evening, it at once dictates what course the writer must pursue. We do not wish, it will say, to know much about him. We desire that he shall express our capacity for being noble and adventurous; that he shall dwell among wild places and suffer the extremes of fortune; that he be endowed with youth and distinction and allied with moors, winds, and wild birds. He is, moreover, to be a lover, not in a minute, introspective way, but largely and in outline. His feelings must be part of the landscape; the shallow browns and blues of distant woods and harvest fields are to enter into them; a tower, perhaps, and a castle where the snapdragon flowers. Above all, the romantic spirit demands here a crisis and there a crisis in which the wave that has swollen in the breast shall break." With the exhumation of such passages as these, those thorough ladies Miss Kirkpatrick and Dr. Lyon have put the common reader considerably in their debt.

As a literary critic, Virginia Woolf was better at description than at prophesying. There was no way for her to know that what she brought to the English novel would not determine its future direction (though it exerts a continuing influence), for the simple reason that nobody can hope to match, let alone extend, her performance. And quite apart from that, her literary judgment

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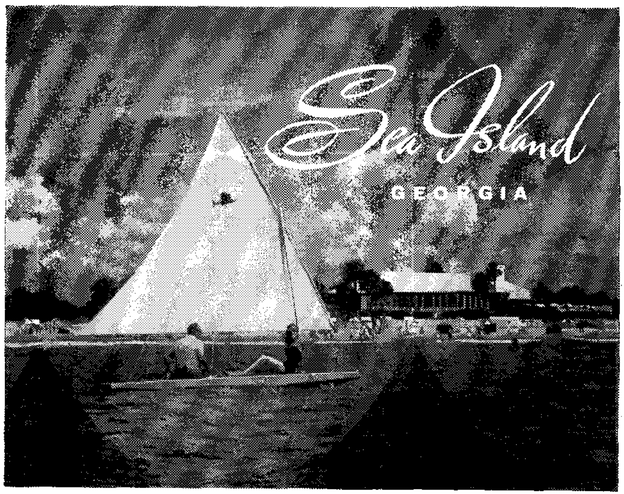

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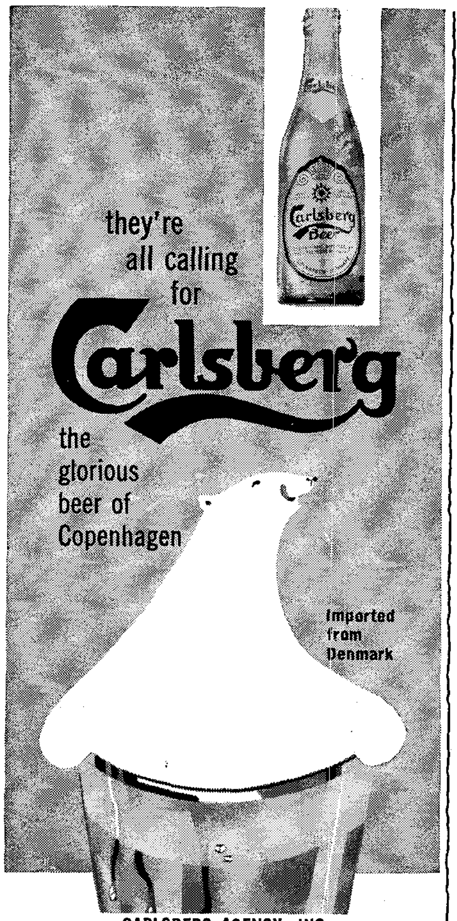

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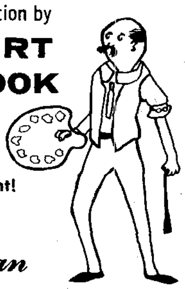

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was not always acute when applied to her contemporaries. She failed to appreciate the early Hemingway, as she failed to appreciate D. H. Lawrence. Who cares? Her gift was always for making the reader respond freshly to literary figures of the past, to classics that are in danger of going unread. For example, this on De Quincey: ". . . nevertheless there grows upon us a curious sense of intimacy. It is an intimacy with the mind, and not with the body; yet we cannot help figuring to ourselves, as the rush of eloquence flows, the fragile little body, the fluttering hands, the glowing eyes, the alabaster cheeks, the glass of opium on the table." And this, on the novels of George Meredith: "In Meredith the writer's sense of the poetry of youth, of love, of nature is heard like a song to which the characters listen passively without moving a muscle; and then, when the song is done, on they move again with a jerk." As with all great writers, one forgets—while thinking that one remembers—what she is like, until one sees once more that incomparable fancy take the hook and run with it. —William Maxwell

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Heroes and Orators, by Robert Phelps (McDowell, Obolensky). Roger, a free-lance writer of twenty-five, lives with his young and pregnant wife in a small house somewhere in the Catskills. Their nearest neighbor is Margot, an austere, middle-aged, hard-working commercial artist, who is the ex-wife of a university professor named Mark. Mark, who teaches at a small college in Pennsylvania, has a second wife, a girl named Elizabeth. The novel begins with the news of Mark's sudden death. Margot immediately hurries to Pennsylvania to bury Mark and to fetch Elizabeth, whom she adopts with a passion that is partly maternal and all possessive. Now we return to Roger. Roger has met Mark and been fascinated by him, and he has also met Elizabeth and been fascinated by her. Another person in the picture is Roger's foster cousin Gib. Gib is rootless, promiscuous, and destructive in a vicious, infantile way. With Elizabeth's arrival in Margot's home, the story shifts into its natural, permanent pace (a very slow one), as Margot, Roger, and Gib—three heavy, self-absorbed, self-conscious, humorless, but very disparate personalities—fight in their disparate ways

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for the possession, temporary or absolute, of Elizabeth. Elizabeth, who is stupid, egotistical, and vicious in her own way, merely watches them all and smiles. Mr. Phelps brings a good deal of talent and an enormous amount of careful observation to his joyless tale.

MADE FOR MAN, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday). The cheerful, offhand, thoroughly irreverent story of a beautiful and good-hearted musical-comedy star, Dame Marion Marne, who reluctantly decides that she has to die in order to enable her ex-husband to marry the girl he loves. The scene is England, Dame Marion's ex-husband is a commander in the Royal Navy, and his true love, who insists on a Church wedding, is "the most eligible maiden in England"—the young and lovely Duchess of Clowes. Since the Church refuses to sanction the marriage of a divorced man to the Duchess, who, as head of her family, is an important figure to the British public, Dame Marion goes ahead and does what she can to clear the path of young love. This is an amusing, leisurely book.

THE DAY ON FIRE, by James Ramsey Ullman (World). A novel based on the life of Jean Nicolas Arthur Rimbaud (1854-91), the great French teen-age poet, who was perhaps the most remarkable literary prodigy the world has ever seen. Mr. Ullman's hero, like Rimbaud, renounces poetry to become an African trader, and the author makes a lively adventure story out of his dark doings on the Dark Continent, even though next to nothing is known about what Rimbaud himself did there. The aim of this kind of book—part fact and part fiction—is to explain its subject more clearly than a biography could, but Mr. Ullman, in spite of his sympathy and inventiveness, hasn't really done so. He seems to suggest that Rimbaud—both in his genius and in his ferocious personal relationships—was striving to win his icy mother's love, and while this is an interesting thesis, it isn't altogether convincing.

GENERAL

MARLBOROUGH'S DUCHESS: A STUDY IN WORLDLINESS, by Louis Kronenberger (Knopf). An attempt to draw a likeness of Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, whose great gifts of beauty and intelligence were, in the eyes of almost everyone save her permanently infatuated husband, large-

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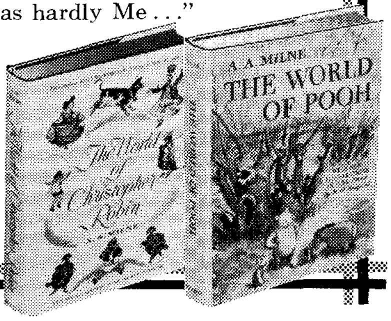

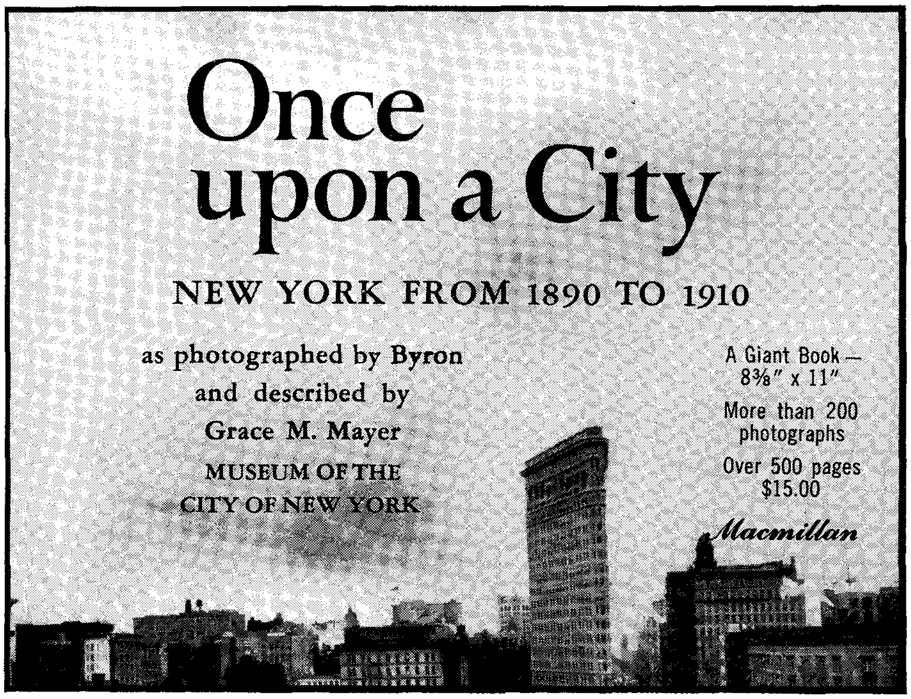

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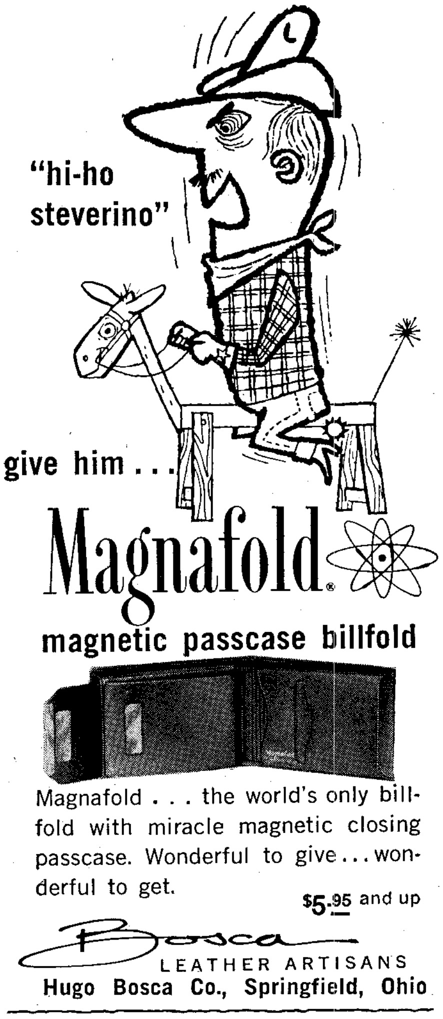
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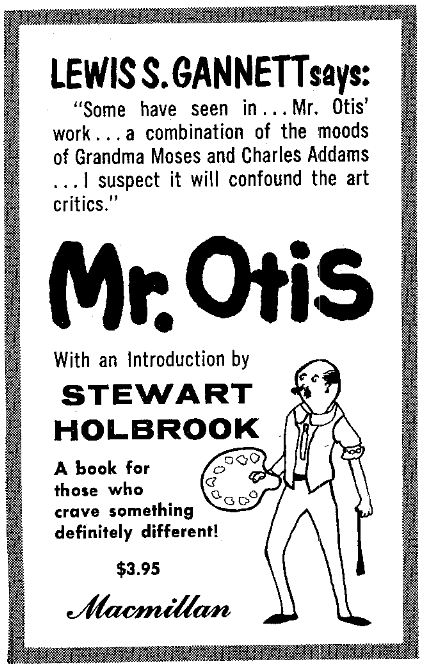
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ly overshadowed by her equally monumental arrogance, ambition, envy, tactlessness, and unwavering bad temper. The result, it must be said, is not entirely satisfying as a portrait, for Mr. Kronenberger has failed to do more than state the riddle of his subject's extraordinarily complicated nature ("I wonder," the architect and playwright Vanbrugh once remarked, "her family don't agree to lock her up"), but as a book—as a stylish evocation of the sparkling neo-Elizabethan age of Anne—it is a total delight. Illustrated.

NAMING-DAY IN EDEN, by Noah Jonathan Jacobs (Macmillan). A loquacious, dazzling, and wholly captivating book about language, which takes off from Adam's feat of conferring their true names on all the animals at a glance. Dr. Jacobs is proficient in more than a dozen languages and familiar with at least two dozen more, but rarely has learning been less of an encumbrance. He glides effortlessly from the fascinating trivia of linguistics (how nice to know that the Russians have made an adjective, *marktvénovski*, out of "Mark Twain," and the Germans a verb, *befriedrichnietzschen*, out of "Friedrich Nietzsche") to profound philosophical and theological considerations that arise out of man's being a language-using animal. Unreservedly recommended.

ANNE FRANK: A PORTRAIT IN COURAGE, by Ernst Schnabel, translated from the German by Richard and Clara Winston (Harcourt, Brace). In this biography, some forty-two people recall Anne and her family with affection and respect. Nearly all of them noticed that Anne was a remarkable child; some were most impressed by her gaiety, others by her imagination, and a few by the fact that, no matter how she suffered, she never lost compassion for her fellow-sufferers in the concentration camps. Several of Anne's stories and essays, published for the first time, confirm the evidence of her diary that she was a natural writer of considerable talent. Anne is not the only heroic figure in Mr. Schnabel's book; in the course of his research he found that many Dutch people took staggering risks to protect their neighbors from the Nazis. It is the villains who perplex him; as a German, he is haunted by the horror of what Germans did, but without exactly understanding how they came to do it. Still, his sad, illuminating, heartening book

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION OF The New Yorker, published weekly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1958. 1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, general manager and business manager are: Publisher, S. B. Botsford, 243 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Editor, William Shawn, 1150 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y. Managing Editor, None. General Manager, E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, New Jersey. Business Manager, None. 2. The owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Gardner Botsford, 240 East 49th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Stephen B. Botsford, 243 East 48th Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Raymond B. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Virginia Van S. Bowen, Bennington, Vt.; Peter F. Fleischmann, 120 East End Avenue, New York 28, N. Y.; Raoul H. Fleischmann, 955 Fifth Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; Leila Gibbon and Peter F. Fleischmann, Trustees, 25 West 43rd Street, New York 36, N. Y.; Jane Grant, c/o The Fiduciary Trust Co., 1 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Geoffrey T. Hellman, 228 East 61st Street, New York 21, N. Y.; Kingsley & Co., Box 491, Church Street, New York 15, N. Y.; Carl M. Loeb, Rhoades & Co., 42 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.; Jeanne B. Price, 20 Salem Road, Chappaqua, N. Y.; Vivian M. Samuels, 433 East 51st Street, New York 22, N. Y.; E. R. Spaulding, Saddle River, N. J.; R. Hawley Truax, 232 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.; Katharine S. White, North Brooklin, Me. 3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None. 4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner. 5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above was 307,660. E. R. Spaulding, General Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1958. (Seal). James V. Nazzaro. (Commission expires March 30, 1960.)

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shows that one does not have to understand evil to fight it.

CRUSOES OF SUNDAY ISLAND, by Elsie K. Morton (Norton). The adventures of the almost unbelievably resourceful Bell family, who settled on an uninhabited and hard-luck Pacific island in the last century, as told by a New Zealand journalist who got the story from one of the Bell daughters. After a year of malnutrition and harrowing adversity, the Bells prospered, but at the end of an idyllic decade fate (in the form of British annexation and a cyclone) smashed their venture as inexplicably as it had blessed it, the family broke up, and Bell returned to New Zealand an embittered crank. A superb story, but Miss Morton is no Defoe. Photographs.

EZIO PINZA: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, in collaboration with Robert Magidoff (Rinehart). Mr. Pinza, who died in May, 1957, worked on this book during his last illness—one of the very few periods in his life when he had time to spare. He came from a poor family, had little schooling, labored as a carpenter during his boyhood, and tried to make money as a bicycle racer during his adolescence. One day when he was eighteen, his father, who had simply made up his mind at Ezio's birth that the boy would be a singer, took him to a voice teacher, and so started one of the world's great singing careers. Poverty had taught Pinza to work hard, and hard work, he explains, helped him to make up for his sketchy education and to develop as an artist. But it was more than a marvellous voice knowingly used that made Pinza so exciting a performer; he had a wonderful warmth and vitality that nobody could have taught him. It seems that he had these qualities offstage as well, for his book reflects a tremendously attractive expansiveness. Its readers will probably find themselves missing him more than they had ever imagined they could.

THE INSOLENT CHARIOTS, by John Keats (Lippincott). A blast at the American automobile industry. Mr. Keats finds present-day cars ugly, costly, uncomfortable, and dangerous, and considers the manufacturers piratical, foolish, or afflicted with "creeping Charlie Wilsonism." The high point of the American automobile, he says, was reached with the Model T, in 1908 (as its low point was reached with the Edsel, in 1957), and unless the industry soon

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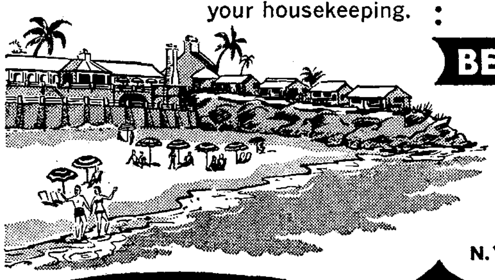
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produces a plain, safe, economical car costing under a thousand dollars, it will find itself in trouble. The author's impressive case is somewhat marred by his relentlessly cute style and the patent unfairness of a few of his arguments, but some brows will nevertheless be mopped in Detroit. Illustrated by Robert Osborn.

PEACE IN PICCADILLY: THE STORY OF ALBANY, by Sheila Birkenhead (Reynal). Albany is a remarkably handsome building in London's West End that proved too expensive a residence first for the Melbourne family and then for the Duke of York, who, in 1802, sold it for conversion into flats. Since then, it has been known for the interesting people who have lived there—Byron, Macaulay, Gladstone, and John Lane, proprietor of the Bodley Head and publisher of the *Yellow Book*, among them—and for the care with which its good looks have been preserved. Lady Birkenhead tells its story with no if-only-these-walls-could-talk nonsense; famous tenants move in, decorate their rooms, work, and entertain, while the world changes and Albany permits the installation of telephones, electricity, and, at last, female residents. A beguiling book, particularly for New Yorkers, who rarely have a chance to enjoy at first hand such architectural permanence.

LUNACY AND LETTERS, by G. K. Chesterton, edited by Dorothy Collins (Sheed & Ward). Thirty-eight previously uncollected newspaper essays. Chesterton was not immune to the occupational hazard of the weekly column—the occasional weeks when the great threshing machine runs with nothing to thresh—but his ratio of grain to chaff is extremely high, and who else would begin an essay, "That great wave of barbarism that swept over Western Europe in the nineteenth century, and which has been called the Rise of Rationalism . . ."?

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CORRECTION

An account in Saturday's Journal-Every Evening of a fatal shooting incorrectly stated that the shooting was preceded by an argument in Dutch's Chow Bar, 400 block East Fifth Street.

William H. Burton, proprietor of the restaurant, states that the shooting took place in his establishment without any argument. The Journal-Every Evening regrets the error.—*Wilmington (Del.) Journal-Every Evening.*

No rowdiness in *that* place.

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El Paso, Texas	American Furniture Co.
Elmhurst, Ill.	John M. Smyth
Evanston, Ill.	John M. Smyth
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Fitchburg, Mass.	Belleveau Drapery Shop
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.	Burdine's
Fort Smith, Ark.	The Boston Store
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Fresno, Calif.	E. Gottschalk & Co.
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Kansas City, Mo.	Macy's
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163rd St.	Burdine's
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Petersburg, Va.	Rucker's Drapery Store
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Pittsburgh, Pa.	Gimbels
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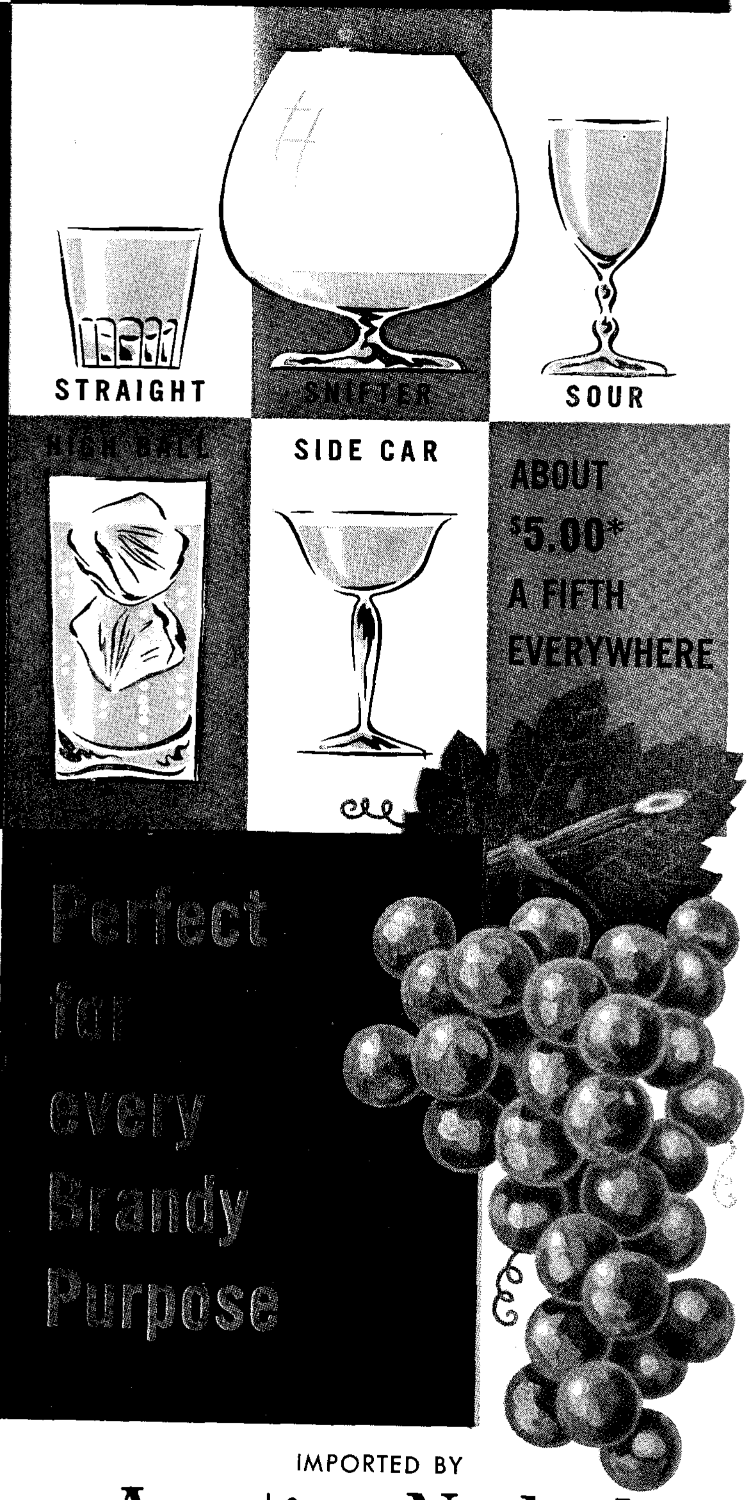

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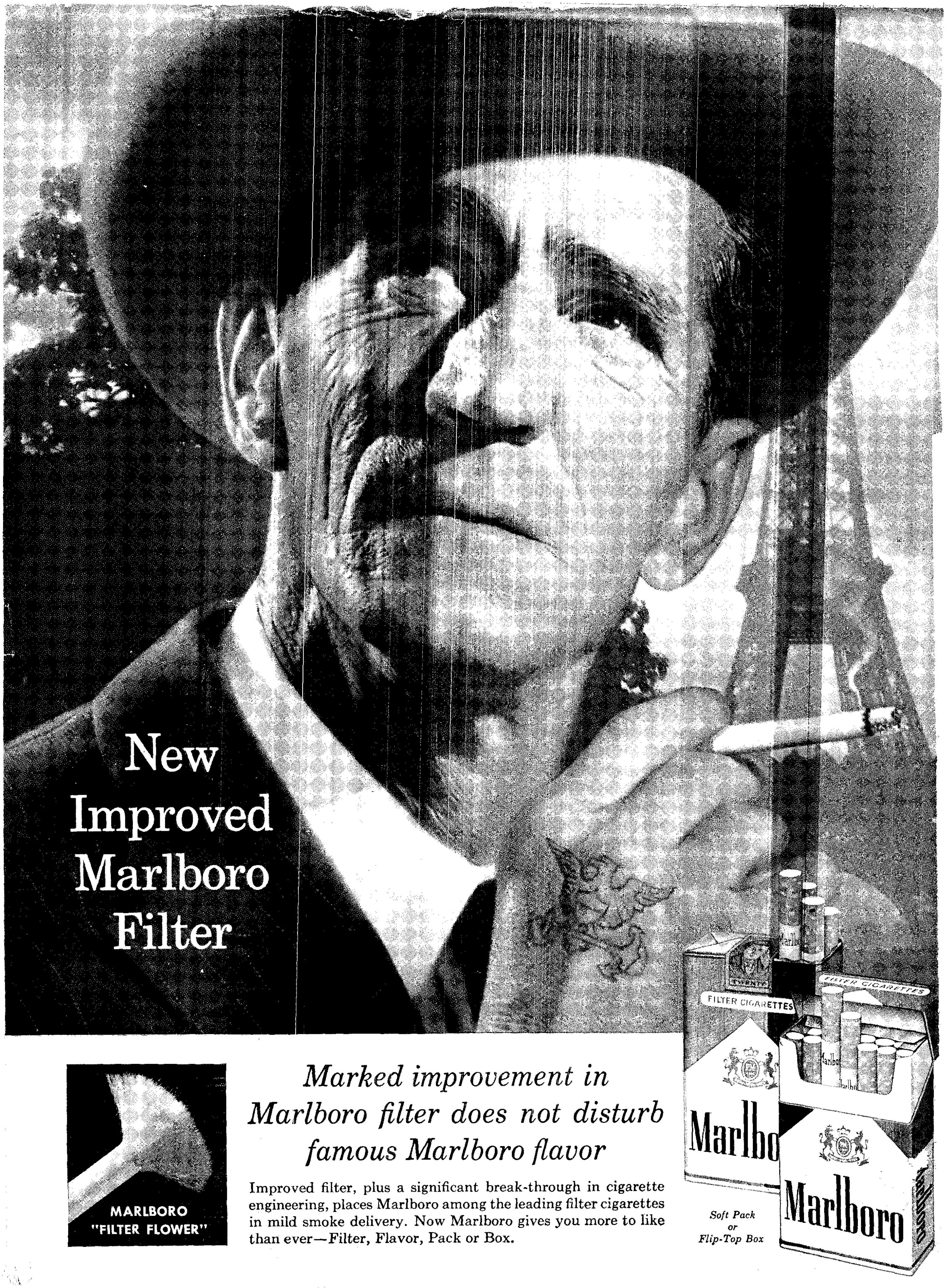

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